

NEW

**REAL
CRIME**

DEATH ROW

THEY PAID THE ULTIMATE
PRICE FOR THEIR CRIMES

**DEAD MAN
WALKING**

SENTENCED TO DEATH
FOR A CRIME HE
DIDN'T COMMIT



**Digital
Edition**



THIRD
EDITION

TED BUNDY AILEEN WUORNOS JOHN WAYNE GACY JR & MORE

DEATH ROW

THEY PAID THE ULTIMATE
PRICE FOR THEIR CRIMES

Some crimes are so heinous that no punishment seems fair. Even the death penalty, itself the ultimate retribution, is seen by some as an easy way out – after all, in death there is peace. In this brand-new title from the makers of Real Crime magazine, we reveal the killers on death row, from the infamous Ted Bundy – as well as an interview with one lucky victim who escaped his clutches – and Lisa Marie Montgomery, whose 2021 execution divided the globe, to those incarcerated under the most draconian criminal justice systems in the world and those who've been wrongly convicted. We also speak to Nick Yarris, whose innocence was only revealed after 22 years on death row.

「 FUTURE 」

DEATH ROW

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Future PLC Quay House, The Ambury, Bath, BA1 1UA

Death Row Editorial

Group Editor **Philippa Grafton**

Designer **Perry Wardell-Wicks**

Compiled by **Drew Sleep & Stephen Williams**

Head of Art & Design **Greg Whitaker**

Editorial Director **Jon White**

Real Crime Editorial

Editor **Ben Biggs**

Art Editor **Kym Winters**

Cover images

Getty Images

Photography

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Advertising

Media packs are available on request

Commercial Director **Clare Dove**

International

Head of Print Licensing **Rachel Shaw**

licensing@futurenet.com

www.futurecontenthub.com

Circulation

Head of Newstrade **Tim Mathers**

Production

Head of Production **Mark Constance**

Production Project Manager **Matthew Eglinton**

Advertising Production Manager **Joanne Crosby**

Digital Editions Controller **Jason Hudson**

Production Managers **Keely Miller, Nola Cokely,**

Vivienne Calvert, Fran Twentyman

Printed in the UK

Distributed by Marketforce, 5 Churchill Place, Canary Wharf, London, E14 5HU

www.marketforce.co.uk – For enquiries, please email:

mfcommunications@futurenet.com

Real Crime: Death Row Third Edition (RCB5679)

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Future plc is a public
company quoted on the
London Stock Exchange
(symbol: FUTR)

www.futureplc.com

Chief Executive Officer **Jon Steinberg**
Non-Executive Chairman **Richard Huntingford**
Chief Financial and Strategy Officer **Penny Ladkin-Brand**

Tel +44 (0)1225 442 244

Part of the

REAL CRIME

bookazine series



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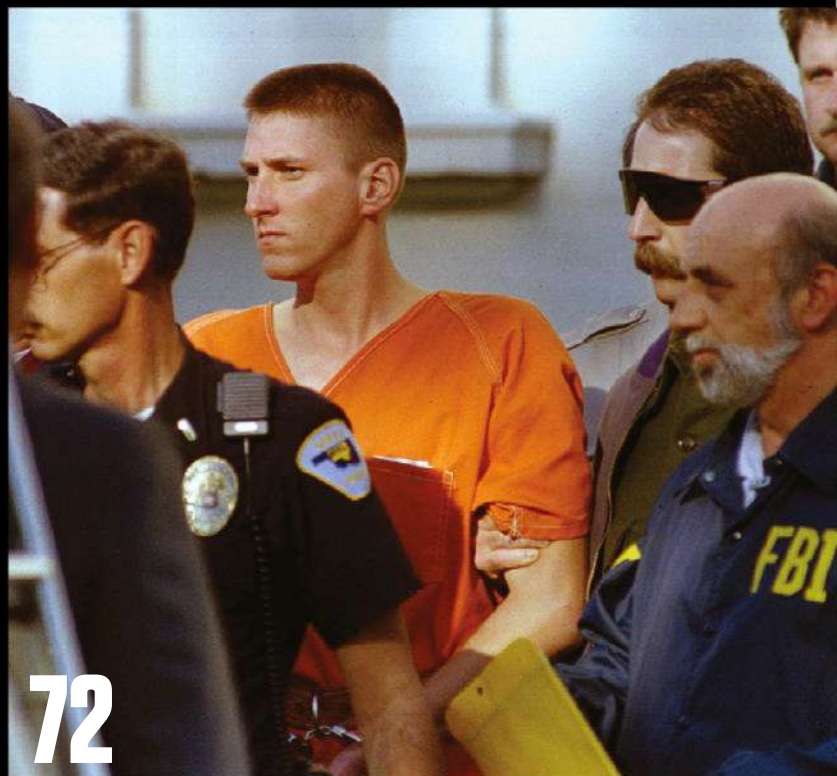
Three weeks of fear, two armed men, one modified Chevrolet and a psychotic multi-phase strategy of carnage. How and why did two killers leave ten dead in the Washington, DC area and pull the entire USA into a frenzied panic?

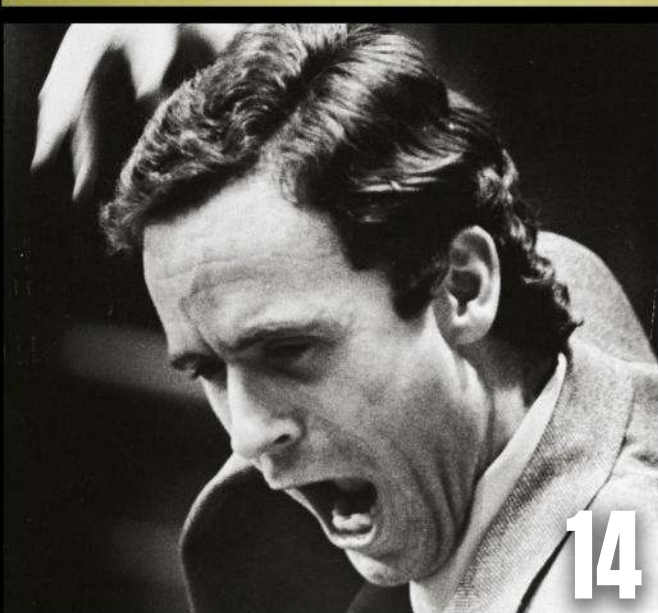
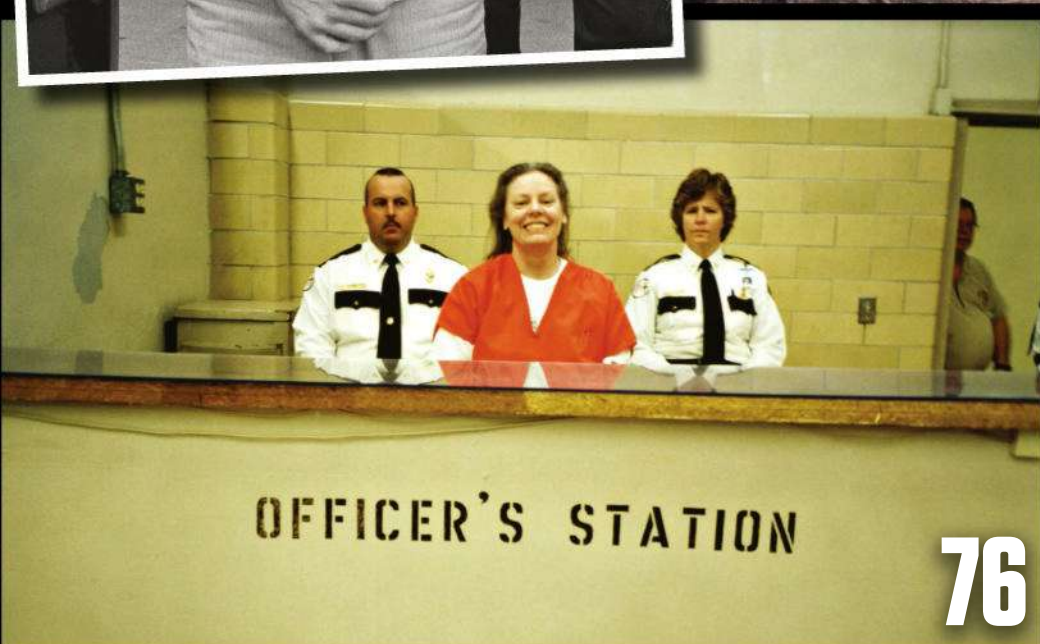
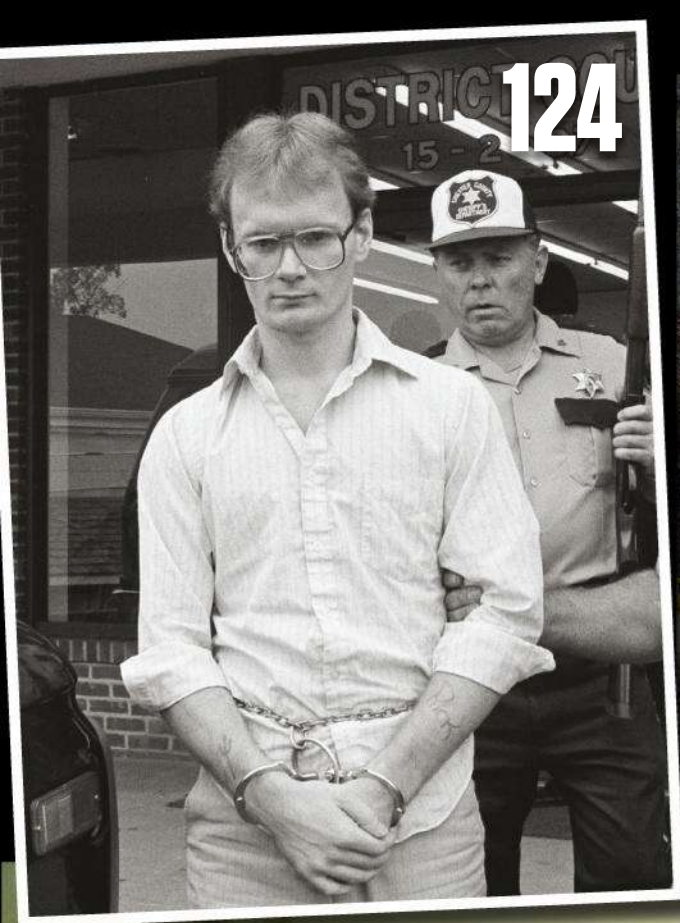
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Michael Gargiulo had a type: beautiful, lone females who didn't stand a chance against him, until one of them fought back and made him an A-list figure on the police's radar

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In 1982 Nick Yarris was sentenced to death for a crime he didn't commit. Exonerated in 2003, today he's free to talk about his suffering at the hands of the prison guards, the mental anguish of being on Death Row, and a system that seemed hell-bent on keeping him inside





ON PAIN OF DEATH

ABOLITIONIST MOVEMENTS HAVE MADE GREAT STRIDES DURING THE LAST CENTURY, BUT THERE'S STILL A LONG WAY TO GO BEFORE THE DEATH PENALTY FINALLY GETS THE CHOP

WORDS GAVIN MACKENZIE

The history of the death penalty does not begin with its invention. It's not an idea that someone just thought up one day – the death penalty has been the norm throughout most of human history. In the animal kingdom, violent (although not necessarily deadly) retribution is by far the most common form of punishment, and this was the same for human beings until relatively recently. What sets us apart from animals is that we're able to devise complex systems of social order, and can be just as creative when it comes to thinking up ways to punish those who don't keep in line.

BELOW The electric chair, invented by a dentist in the 1880s



THE DEATH PENALTY WORLDWIDE

ABOLITION CONTINUES ITS SLOW SPREAD ACROSS THE GLOBE

THE NETHERLANDS

While walking the plank is the best-known method of execution among sailors and pirates, keelhauling was also a maritime punishment between the mid-1600s and the mid-1800s. Devised by the Dutch navy, it entailed dragging the offending sailor underwater from one end of a boat's hull – which was usually covered in razor-sharp barnacles – to the other.

SCOTLAND

Although scholars are divided on whether it was ever really practised, the Blood Eagle is one of the reasons Vikings have such a barbaric reputation. It was a means of execution whereby the condemned's back was cut open and his lungs pulled out to form 'wings'. The best-known 'account' of the Blood Eagle took place in Orkney, during its time as a Norwegian colony.

UZBEKISTAN

In 2002, Uzbek authorities released the bodies of two prisoners who had died during their incarceration at Jasyk Prison in the Karakalpakstan region. Doctors who examined the bodies concluded that the two men had been immersed in boiling water while still alive. Their crime: practising the wrong kind of Islam.

VENEZUELA

In 1863, Venezuela became the first country in the world to formally and permanently abolish the death penalty, under the presidency of Juan Crisóstomo Falcón. There have, however, been reports of thousands of extrajudicial killings at the hands of the Venezuelan police in recent years.

CENTRAL AFRICAN REPUBLIC

As of 27 June 2022, the National Assembly of the Central African Republic abolished the death penalty.

SYRIA

In 2014, there were reports of ISIS crucifying prisoners in the Syrian city of Raqqa. The men were, in fact, executed by other means before being tied to crosses and displayed in the middle of a traffic roundabout.

IRAN

Not only does Iran issue higher numbers of executions for an unusually wide variety of crimes, it also employs some extremely archaic methods. Stoning is still stipulated in Iranian law as the punishment for adultery, and Amnesty International believes that the state orders gay men to be executed by being thrown off of cliffs.

MAP KEY



RETAINS and enacts capital punishment



MORATORIUM in place on all executions



ABOLISHED by law in all countries



ABOLISHED by law except for exceptional circumstances

CHINA

The most infamous method of execution ever to come out of China is Lingchi, popularly known as 'death by a thousand cuts'. As the name suggests, the condemned is tied to a wooden post while pieces are cut off their body one-by-one, eventually leading to death. Lingchi was common practice for a thousand years until it was banned in 1905.

PAPUA NEW GUINEA

Between 1971 and 2013, 'sorcery' was an offence punishable by death in Papua New Guinea. In 2013, the Sorcery Act was repealed. There have been no official executions for these crimes since 1954, but violence against women accused of sorcery is common and rarely punished by Papuan authorities. In January 2022 the death penalty was abolished entirely.

INDIA

Until the 19th century, when colonial powers put a stop to it, it was common in South and Southeast Asia to use specially trained elephants as executioners. Elephants were used both to deliver swift executions, and to inflict slow, terrifying forms of torture.

One of the earliest known sets of laws is the Code of Hammurabi, by which the people of 18th century BCE Babylon had to live. The Babylonians took the idea of 'an eye for an eye' very seriously, and it was literally set in stone that any punishment should be as closely befitting of the crime as possible. For example, the code stipulates that if someone dies in the collapse of their own home, then the builder of the home would face the death penalty. What's more, if the homeowner and his son both die in the collapse, then both the builder and his son must die too.

The Code of Hammurabi doesn't detail the methods of executions used by the Babylonians, but much is known about the various tools and procedures employed elsewhere in the ancient world. Many of these were as creative as they were appallingly cruel. Crucifixion is, of course, the best known of these, but nailing someone to a cross and leaving them to die seems positively humane when compared to the likes of the Brazen Bull and The Boats.

The Brazen Bull was the invention of an Athenian engineer named Perilaus, who presented the device to Phalaris, the notoriously cruel tyrant who ruled a region of Sicily during the 6th century vE. It consisted of a life-size, hollow bull sculpted from bronze. The condemned would be placed inside, and then a fire lit underneath until they were roasted alive. The really cruel part was that the bull was fitted with a set of pipes that made the screams of the condemned sound like 'moo' of a bull. Phalaris was so impressed by the contraption that he immediately ordered that it be put into use – on Perilaus himself.

It is believed that a century or so later, the ancient Persians came up with scaphism, otherwise known as The Boats, whereby the condemned was sealed in a wooden shell made from two identical boats placed one on top of the other. Holes were made in the boats so that the condemned's head, hands and feet could be left sticking out. He was then force-fed milk and honey, and coated in it, too. What happened next is best described by the Greek historian Plutarch:

"[The condemned's face] becomes completely covered up and hidden by the multitude of flies that settle on it. And as within the boats he does what those that eat and drink must needs do, creeping things and vermin spring out of the corruption and rottenness of the excrement, and these entering into the bowels of him, his body is consumed."

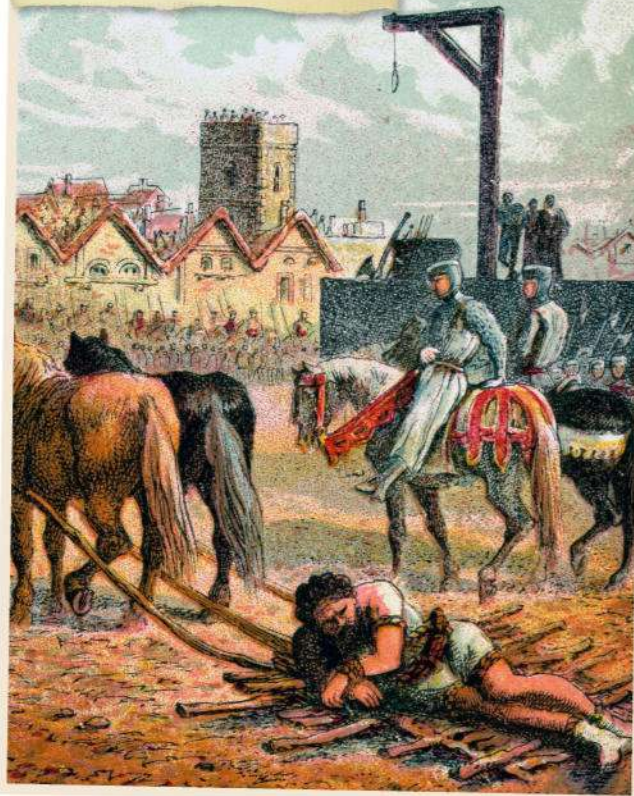
According to Plutarch, Mithridates, a young Persian soldier who angered king Artaxerxes II, took 17 days to die in this manner.

THE HANGMAN'S NOOSE

In Britain, hanging was always the most common method of execution. For centuries, the condemned was usually simply hanged from a tree where they slowly strangled to death, but during the Middle Ages, the use of purpose-built gallows became more prevalent. The Middle Ages – true to its reputation for brutality – was also when a more brutal form of hanging was introduced.

The Treason Act 1351 defined the penalty for high treason in the Kingdom of England as being hanged, drawn and quartered. This entailed being dragged to the gallows behind a horse (i.e. 'drawn'), then hanged until nearly dead before being dismembered. Interpretations of the 'quartered' part varied. Sometimes the condemned was cut into four pieces, but they might otherwise have had all their limbs cut off, or been beheaded, or disembowelled... typically all of the above. A woman's punishment, meanwhile, was drawing and burning.

William Wallace is believed to have been subjected to the worst interpretation of hanging, drawing and quartering imaginable. At one stage his bowels were removed and burned while he watched



Other medieval forms of execution in Britain included beheading (which, given that it was considered less brutal than the alternatives, was reserved for persons of noble birth) and burning at the stake (which was used not only to kill heretics and witches, but to purify their contaminated souls).

These practices continued until and throughout the 18th century, but the gorier aspects of the ritual were gradually phased out. Hanging, though, remained popular well into the 19th century. In the 1840s, Charles Dickens was one of a number of prominent figures to go against the public opinion of the time, and begin making formal objections to the practice of public hangings.

In November 1849, after attending the hanging of high-profile murderers Frederick and Marie Manning, Dickens wrote a very strongly worded letter to *The Times* objecting to the behaviour of the execution's 30,000-strong audience, and calling for public executions to be abolished.

"I believe that a sight so inconceivably awful," wrote Dickens, "as the wickedness and levity of the immense crowd collected at that execution could be imagined by no man, and could be presented in no heathen land under the sun."

The tide slowly began to turn against capital punishment in Britain, and in 1861 the death penalty was abolished for all crimes except murder, high treason, piracy with violence and arson in royal dockyards. In 1868, Dickens finally got his way, and public executions were abolished once and for all.

For the next 100 years, executions continued (albeit behind prison walls) with death being the mandatory sentence for murder up until the enactment of the Homicide Act 1957, which limited death sentences to the new offence of 'capital murder' and to multiple murders. All other murders henceforth incurred life imprisonment.

The 1957 Act was seen as a victory for abolitionists, whose campaigns gathered pace, fuelled by high-profile miscarriages

of justice, such as those that saw Timothy Evans in 1950, and Derek Bentley in 1953, hanged for crimes they did not commit. Finally, in 1965, Labour MP Sydney Silverman, who'd been campaigning against capital punishment since the 1940s, succeeded in getting his Murder (Abolition of Death Penalty) Act through Parliament, and capital punishment in the United Kingdom was effectively abolished for good. While the death penalty was still technically available as punishment for high treason, espionage, arson in royal dockyards and piracy with violence until the Crime and Disorder Act 1998, no executions have taken place in the UK since 1964.

THE CHAIR

The UK was one of the last Western democracies to abolish the death penalty, but not the absolute last. One such nation remains an outlier in this regard, with 27 of the USA's 50 states still retaining capital punishment in their statutes, although only 13 states have actually conducted executions within the last 10 years. A majority of Americans still support the death penalty as a punishment for murder – 55% of the them, according to a 2020 Gallup poll – but that support has been in decline since a peak in 1994.

The reasons the USA is dragging its heels over the death penalty are extremely complex. However, it's worth noting that most retentionist states are in the southern Bible Belt, and that the most common reason given for support of the death penalty is 'eye for an eye', a direct quote from a Bible verse, so Christian fundamentalism certainly seems to be playing a part.

'Eye for an eye' justice has played an integral part of America's short history. 'WANTED DEAD OR ALIVE!' posters are not just a Hollywood trope – they really did exist, and it really was perfectly legal to kill a wanted criminal, so long as they resisted arrest, fled or fought back. Remnants of these kinds of policies still exist today, most controversially in the 'Stand-your-ground' laws still in place in most US states.

Old West outlaws who weren't shot down in a blaze of glory would typically be hanged, but in 1890 a new method of execution was introduced, and it was the one that would become symbolic of capital punishment in the United States: the electric chair.



ABOVE By the time this photo was taken, in 1908, the electric chair was rapidly gaining popularity as a means of execution across the United States

Dentophobes won't be surprised to learn that Alfred P. Southwick, the man who conceived and developed the electric chair, was a dentist. The device was intended to be a quicker, more humane means of execution than hanging, but in that regard, it did not get off to a promising start. The first execution by electric chair was that of convicted murderer William Kemmler, who took eight minutes to die while his skin ruptured, bled and singed. Witnesses stated that the execution was "an awful spectacle, far worse than hanging" and that "they would have done better using an axe".

Despite these teething problems, the electric chair soon went on to become America's most popular method of execution. Between 1890 and 1968, there were more than 4,000 executions by electric chair in the United States. But then, with the conviction and death sentence of William

VIVE LA RÉVOLUTION A VERY FRENCH BEHEADING

Crucifixion aside, no method of execution can claim to have been as singularly historically significant as the guillotine. The device as we know it was introduced soon after the beginning of the French Revolution, and remains an icon of that historic period.

In 1789, physician Joseph-Ignace Guillotin proposed to the French National Assembly that a more humane manner of execution ought to be employed, and suggested "a simple mechanism". While Guillotin lent his name to the device, it was actually designed and built by French surgeon Antoine Louis and German engineer Tobias Schmidt. The first guillotine was unveiled in 1792, and used to execute highwayman Nicolas-Jacques Pelletier. Following this success, guillotines were mass-produced and would go on to behead at least 17,000 counter-revolutionaries during the Reign Of Terror alone, which ran from 1793 to 1794.

The guillotine continued to be France's main means of execution right up until the abolition of the death penalty in 1981. The last person to be executed by guillotine in France was Hamida Djandoubi, a Tunisian agricultural worker convicted of the kidnapping, torture and murder of 22-year-old Élisabeth Bousquet.



Marie Antoinette was guillotined on 16 October 1793, after being convicted of high treason



Henry Furman on 20 September 1968, executions came to an abrupt, nationwide halt.

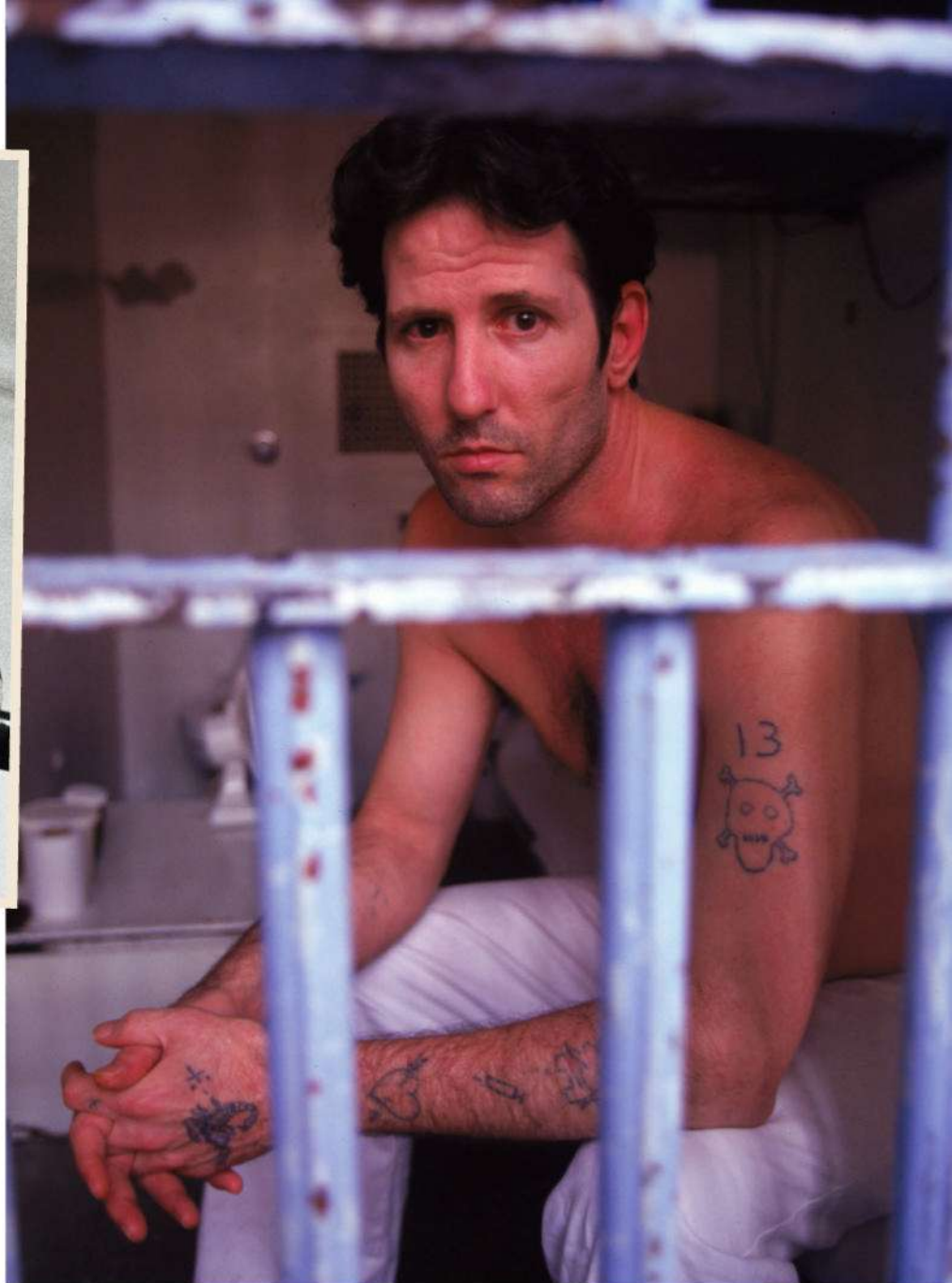
Furman's sentence was challenged as being a breach of the Eighth Amendment, which prohibits "cruel and unusual punishment", and the case went to the Supreme Court. Those states still practising capital punishment at the time adopted an unofficial moratorium while awaiting the Supreme Court ruling, which finally came in 1972. The ruling stated that Furman's sentence was indeed unconstitutional, and furthermore, that capital punishment itself, as it was legislated at the time, was unconstitutional. This forced all states wishing to continue practising capital punishment to rewrite their laws in order to meet the Supreme Court's requirements, which took another four years.

In 1976, the Supreme Court ruled that the death penalty was constitutional so long as aggravating and mitigating circumstances were taken into account when sentencing, and executions slowly resumed. There were only 50 executions between 1977 and 1985, but numbers then rose sharply to a peak in 1999, during which 98 US prisoners were executed, and by which time the lethal injection had largely replaced the electric chair.

KILL FEWER, KILL CAUTIOUSLY

March 2021 saw a major breakthrough for abolitionists, when the state of Virginia formally abolished the death penalty, making it the first Southern state to do so. Virginia's abolition represents a remarkable turnaround for the state which, since 1976, has been second only to Texas in the number of executions it has performed. It also means that, for the first time in history, more than half of all states do not impose the death penalty, either because they have abolished it, or because a moratorium is in place.

Campaigners are optimistic that Virginia's ruling will be a turning point, and that other Southern states will soon follow suit. As Robert Dunham, executive director of the



ABOVE There are currently around 2,500 prisoners on death row in the United States. The average time between sentencing and execution is 14 years

ABOVE LEFT There were many campaigners involved in the eventual abolition of capital punishment in Britain, but Sydney Silverman was perhaps the most instrumental of all

Death Penalty Information Center, told CNN: "There is a sense of inevitability that the death penalty is going to disappear. Maybe not this year, and maybe not next year, but there is a sense that it is going to happen."

The United States is certainly a frontline in the campaign against capital punishment, but it's only one of around 50 countries that actively retain the death penalty at the time of writing. In 2020, the USA only executed 17 prisoners – the lowest number since 1991 – and only five countries conducted more executions than the US that year: Saudi Arabia, Iraq, Egypt, Iran and, most prolific of all by far, China.

China classifies its execution figures a state secret, but Amnesty International estimates that several thousand prisoners are still executed in China each year. Since the mid-2000s, the international community has been working with Chinese authorities in an ongoing attempt to bring its capital punishment practices within international standards. This has resulted in some reform, with Chinese legislators pledging to "kill fewer, kill cautiously" and "temper justice with mercy". However, with so many executions still taking place in China, it's clear that it'll likely be a long time before the world sees an end to a practice now widely accepted to be as ineffective as it is barbaric.

TED BUNDY ON TRIAL

DEFENDING THE DEVIL

THE USA'S MOST FEARED SERIAL KILLER FOUGHT THE SYSTEM HARD TO MAINTAIN HIS INNOCENCE, BUT ON TRIAL, HIS CHARM WAS TRANSPARENT. HIS LAWYER TOLD REAL CRIME WHAT IT WAS LIKE TO DEFEND THE 'DEVIL', AND TO SEE HIS TRUE COLOURS LAID BARE

WORDS TANITA MATTHEWS



BIO

**JOHN HENRY
BROWNE**

Criminal defence attorney John Henry Browne is based in Seattle, Washington, and has represented numerous infamous clients, including Ted Bundy. His book, *The Devil's Defender* details his life and career working with high-profile criminals and is available to buy from chicagoreviewpress.com



The interesting thing was when I had a conversation with him in Aspen after his first escape,” said John Henry Browne, one of Ted Bundy’s many defence attorneys. “He turned to me and said, ‘Where would a person go in the United States to get the death penalty for certain?’ I told him without hesitating, ‘Florida or Texas,’ because the statutes are upheld as constitutional. So he escapes the second time, makes it to Michigan before they realise that he’s escaped... He could have got lost in Chicago. If you want to get lost in the United States, Chicago is the place to do it. But what does he do? He goes to a small college town in Florida, the place I told him that he would get the death penalty. So I think that journey of his is very interesting.”

When it comes to serial killers, Ted Bundy needs little by the way of demonising. A handsome, charming and intelligent man aged just 27 at the time of his arrest, he was the epitome of evil. His need to cause suffering knew no bounds as he embarked on a campaign of terror across the US in the 1970s. Girls with dark hair parted down the middle – who resembled his ‘typical’ victim – hacked off their own tresses before dying what was left a different shade. They avoided going out alone, and trembled in fear every time another young woman from their hometown disappeared. But when the entity of their nightmares was caught, it took them a moment to distinguish the handsome, lawyer-like monster from the crowd of legal experts.

His presence in court was the central focus for thousands; Bundy captivated a nation and intrigued them as to how, beneath the surface of a calm and collected young man, there could lay a tempestuous abomination capable of murdering dozens of women.

BUNDY’S BIGGEST BLUNDER

Parked outside his home in Salt Lake County, Utah, at 3am, Sergeant Bob Hayward had been finishing up his shift when a crackle over the radio had him respond to a call for assistance. But after a wrong turn, he found himself staring at a suspicious vehicle parked outside his neighbour’s home: a tan Volkswagen. He knew that the owners of this property, a married couple, were out of town and had left their two teenage daughters home alone. Hayward wanted to get a better look at the licence plate but before he got the chance, the driver turned off his own lights and sped off.

Hayward chased the vehicle to an abandoned gas station. “I’m lost,” the driver piped up when Hayward came face to face with him. The man in the tan-coloured vehicle was clean looking with dark hair and dark eyes, dressed in all black.

The officer enquired as to where the driver was from and what he was doing in the area, to which he responded that he was a law student at the University of Utah and had been to see *Towering Inferno* at the local drive through (a plausible excuse, had that particular title been playing the evening of 16 August 1975.) Hayward knew otherwise and began to inspect the car. He found that the passenger seat had been removed. He also discovered a ski mask, pantyhose, a crowbar, an ice pick and a set of handcuffs within the vehicle. The officer arrested the driver on suspicion of burglary, booking him into the local jail. But police had no idea at the time that the man in their custody was responsible for the high-profile tri-state murders of three young girls and dozens of others across the country. They finally had in their company the notoriously elusive Ted Bundy.

ABOVE Ted Bundy’s trial for the Chi Omega killings was the first to be televised nationally across the USA, as well as being attended by 250 journalists from news organisations around the world



LEFT When caught by Officer Hayward, Bundy attempted to explain away the unusual items found in his car by saying that they were tools for his studies at the university

A STRANGER SMILES

Hayward knew Bundy was lying about his reasons for being in the neighbourhood that night. He called the Salt Lake county sheriff, who assigned Detective Jerry Thompson to the case. Thompson knew there were a series of femicides in neighbouring states that were troubling investigators, and the name 'Ted' and description of his car gave them even more cause for concern. Thompson obtained a warrant to search Bundy's home. Among his possessions he found a series of incriminating items including gas receipts placing Bundy in each state at around the time that a woman had gone missing or been murdered there. A pair of shoes that matched a description given to officers by 18-year-old Utah resident Carol DaRonch also caught the detective's attention.

In November 1974, Bundy had lured DaRonch into his car using the alias 'Officer Roseland', before trying to restrain her with handcuffs, but she struggled free. DaRonch had been one of the lucky ones. In her victim statement, she gave specific details of the car driven by her attacker and gave a description of him, providing police with a promising lead on what were being called the 'Ted Murders'.

Throughout the 1970s, Colorado's, Washington's and Oregon's young women were seemingly falling off the face of the planet, only to turn up weeks or sometimes months later dead. The first documented victim was an 18-year-old Washington woman named Karen Sparks. Bludgeoned and sexually assaulted in her bed. She survived her attack, but 21-year-old Lynda Healy was not so fortunate. Abducted from her home about a month later, her frozen remains were found at a Taylor Mountain site. Forensic techniques were

nowhere near as advanced as today's, and the killer left each crime scene scarce of any evidence.

Hereafter, Bundy's modus operandi owed much to his charm and ability to gain the trust of unsuspecting women. Often affecting a British accent, Bundy wooed his victims to their deaths. He also feigned disability to make himself appear helpless and therefore harmless. 23-year-old Janice Ott fell for Bundy's forged incapacity, at Washington's Lake Sammamish State Park in July 1974.

As she soaked up the summer rays, Bundy's meek-looking frame cast a shadow over her resting place. Bundy asked for the young girl's help moving his sailboat. He couldn't do it himself because he had "broken his arm," he told her, gesturing to the cast around his limb. According to Bundy, he took Ott to an abandoned hunting cabin and raped her. He later returned with Denise Naslund, who he also raped, before killing the pair. Their remains were found in a wooded area a few miles from the park where they had last been seen. They were not the first nor the last of his victims. Each of Bundy's "calculated" ruses was as effective as the last.

Two months after his arrest by Hayward, DaRonch singled Bundy out in a police line-up as 'Officer Roseland'. In a second line-up, witnesses alleged they had seen Bundy at Viewmont High School on 8 November 1974 (hours after DaRonch was attacked). That evening, student Debra Kent had disappeared. While her body was never found, police believed they had enough evidence to charge Bundy with her kidnapping as well as an attempted criminal assault on DaRonch. A key found in the parking lot searched during the investigation into Kent's disappearance fit the handcuffs left around DaRonch's wrists the day she was attacked. Possessions at Bundy's property included a brochure advertising a play at Kent's high school.

Bundy was released on bail but evidence was mounting up against him, and he decided to seek legal counsel. It was that winter that Bundy enlisted the help of defence attorney John Henry Browne. Browne said that his first encounter with Bundy was "strange", and that he knew early on that Bundy was someone who tried to appear normal but clearly wasn't. "The only person I would consider a devil in the traditional sense was Ted Bundy," said Browne, whose memoir *The Devil's Defender* gives an insight into his time spent with what would be one of his most famous clients.

BUNDY'S FIRST TRIAL

Born Theodore Cowell on 24 November 1946, Bundy grew up in Philadelphia believing his grandparents were his real parents and his mother was his sister. Later in life he discovered that he was a bastard child, and the real identity of his father remains unknown. His mother told him that a sailor, whose identity has never been found in any records, had seduced her. Some speculated that Bundy had been born of an incestuous encounter between his mother and her father, although there is no definitive proof of this theory.

What became known of Bundy's childhood was confusing. Throughout his life he told different accounts to different people. In one story he claimed to have admired his grandfather, the man who raised him during the first years

“PEOPLE OFTEN SAY TED BUNDY WAS CHARMING, HANDSOME AND INTELLIGENT, BUT I DON'T THINK ALL THAT WAS TRUE”



Numerous witnesses and acquaintances noted how every time they saw Bundy, his appearance changed slightly, but his eyes, described as "evil" by many of his victims, were easily distinguishable.



of his life, while in another he depicted him to be a violent bigot with a temper to be feared. When his (real) mother remarried, her new husband adopted her illegitimate son. At school he had been a bright and promising child, but became known as a peeping Tom. According to old classmates who spoke to crime author Ann Rule for her book *The Stranger Beside Me*, Bundy was a well-liked kid at school, despite his own recollection that he hadn't had many friends and found it difficult to connect with other children.

Bundy's life was one long and drawn out downward spiral, even beyond his first trial on 3 February 1976 in Utah. Under the advice of his attorney, John O'Connell, Bundy waived his right to a jury, leaving his fate in the hands of Third District Court Judge Stewart Hanson Jr. But against O'Connell's better judgement, Bundy decided to testify. While a shy and shaken DaRonch sat on the witness stand for most of the afternoon, Bundy exuded confidence in his façade of innocence and had an answer for everything.

Asked to identify the man who attacked her, she singled out Bundy. O'Connell attempted to disprove her memory by drawing upon the fact she had been shown numerous pictures of possible assailants. "Is there an effect on the witness trying to recall a face if he or she is shown a great many pictures?" he asked a psychologist called to testify. "Yes," they replied. "The more pictures a victim sees... the more chance of failure to correctly identify a picture." The psychologist also added that a victim remembers less about their ordeal in a stressful situation. Taking the stand, Bundy told the judge he had not encountered DaRonch on the day of

her attack. He admitted to owning a pair of handcuffs, saying he had found them at the local dump.

"People often say Ted Bundy was charming, handsome and intelligent, but I don't think all that was true," Browne said. "He was not as bright as everyone says he was. He was manipulative to the extreme." Such a character was clearly on display outside the courtroom. Bundy tried to charm the media into believing he was a saint caught up in a misunderstanding. "I intend to complete my legal education and become a lawyer, a damn good lawyer," he told reporters.

Meanwhile, the families and friends of the women who had gone missing since Bundy's arrival in the state in 1974 looked on, outraged and desperate to know what had happened to their loved ones. First to disappear from Utah was 16-year-old cheerleader Nancy Wilcox. Deemed a runaway at first, her body, similarly to Kent's, has never been found. Then there had been the police chief's daughter, Melissa Smith, who was raped and strangled, her nude body found in the mountains just weeks later. Laura Aime, just a year older than Wilcox, was also found in the mountains. She had been beaten, raped and strangled.

Despite his charm, the judge saw straight through Bundy, and after only a weekend of deliberation, found him guilty

ABOVE As well as defending Ted Bundy, John Henry Browne has become famous for defending some of humanity's worst killers, including Benjamin Ng and Army Staff Sergeant Robert Bales

“ IF HE HAD BEEN RELEASED, THERE IS NO QUESTION THAT HE WOULD HAVE GONE ON TO KILL MORE PEOPLE ”

of Kent's kidnapping and DaRonch's attack. Bundy couldn't be convicted of killing the other girls; there was either too little evidence or no body to prove his guilt. He was sentenced to between one and 15 years in prison. Although he still proclaimed his innocence to the media, Colorado investigators decided in October they had enough evidence to try him for the 1974 murder of 23-year-old Caryn Campbell.

A guide to Colorado ski lodges found in Bundy's possessions was key evidence of his involvement in her death. The Wildwood Inn was bookmarked – the same one Campbell had vanished from in January. Her body was found miles from the inn a month later, encircled by a crimson patch alluding to the blunt force bludgeoning she had received hours after she was last seen. By early 1977, Bundy was extradited to Aspen, Colorado, to face trial once again.

A DEATH WISH

In Colorado, Bundy decided to represent himself at his trial. During the recess at his pre-trial hearing in Pitkin County Courthouse, Bundy leapt from a second-floor window. With his shackles loosened to allow him more movement, it was just the opportunity Bundy needed to escape. He sprained his ankle during the leap, but still he remained at large for eight days before he was rearrested. Bundy maintained that in Aspen he would not be given a fair trial as a media sensation had erupted, and he demanded to be sent to Glenwood Springs for the rest of his trial. The judge granted his request.

There was little evidence tying Bundy to Campbell's murder. The ski lodge brochures, gas receipts from the surrounding area and two "indistinguishable" hairs found in Bundy's seized vehicle held very little evidential value. A witness claimed to have seen Bundy leaving the lodge the night Campbell went missing, but at the pre-trial hearing, she was unable to identify him. Before the trial date, in December 1977, Bundy escaped again. Browne heard from him just hours before he escaped, and when the news broke, he became concerned about what Bundy would do next. But by then Bundy had been out of prison for a day, and his absence was undetected by prison guards. He was hiding in plain sight in Chicago and, for all intents and purposes, could have stayed hidden. But instead he went to Tallahassee in Florida.

A little over two weeks later, his murderous urges gained momentum once again, and he paid a visit to Florida State University's Chi Omega sorority house. He broke in, killing two girls: Margaret Bowman and Lisa Levy, aged 21 and 20 respectively, and seriously injuring two others. All four victims had suffered horrific sexual abuse. Levy had been violated with a hairspray canister and almost had her nipple torn off in Bundy's frenzied attack. Surprisingly, local investigators were at this time unaware of Bundy, who had once again left the scene completely devoid of evidence. Less than a month later, 12-year-old Kimberley Leach was abducted from school, sexually assaulted and killed by Bundy, who strangled her and left her body in an old pig pen. Leach would be Bundy's last victim. He was caught by a cop less than a week later driving with stolen licence plates. Browne says he thinks Bundy had a death wish. "I think he got caught on purpose because he was in the best shape he had ever been in, and the cop who caught him was an overweight 50-year-old guy. Ted could have easily outrun him. I don't know what prompted that death wish – whether he knew he was dangerous and evil and had to be stopped, which I doubt. But I think it was more that he wanted to continue playing the game of manipulating the system."



ABOVE During his first Colorado trial, Bundy escaped out of the window of the library of the Pitkin County Courthouse having asked to use it to assist him with his defence in court

Nevertheless, from the county jail Bundy called Browne. The police hadn't caught on to who he was. Under the disguise of 'Mr Rosebud', he called Browne, who urged him to tell the authorities who he was before they found out themselves. Bundy promised he would, but not before spending one more night invisible to the detectives. Browne, torn by his professional and moral ethics, was left to wonder what Bundy would do next. "I thought I could call a journalist friend of mine who knew Ted, so then the journalist could call the police, but then that would be backtracking on my ethical responsibilities. I didn't sleep that night and was very relieved that the newspapers showed he had been arrested in Florida. If he had been released, there is no question that he would have gone on to kill more people."

CONFESSIONS OF A CONTROL FREAK

Luckily for Browne's conscience, Bundy revealed himself to the authorities and he was arrested for the murders. His crimes since his escape from Glenwood Springs were at the forefront of the state's investigation: the double homicide at Chi Omega, the two surviving victims, an attack on a local student a half hour later whose injuries to her skull left her deaf, and Leach's slaying. Browne and lawyer Millard Farmer, a death penalty opponent from Atlanta, worked with the authorities to tailor a plea bargain for Bundy – should he confess to the crimes he had committed in Florida, then the charges against him in Washington, Colorado and Utah could not be brought forward for the death penalty.

Bundy signed the paperwork to say he would confess, making it a triumphant moment for Browne and Millard, but it would not last long. A hearing was scheduled for the end of the month, but in a dramatic change of events, Bundy, already in the courtroom and about to be heard by Judge Edward Cowart, changed his mind. An exhausted and, according to Browne, "somewhat crazy" looking Bundy suddenly declared, "I'm not going to do it."

Millard resigned, frustrated that his time was being wasted. Browne decided to take one last attempt to counsel Bundy. However, Bundy pleaded not guilty to the murders

and the trial was transferred to Miami, as the job of finding an impartial jury in Tallahassee was near impossible. It was almost a year until Bundy would fall under the spotlight once again in June 1979 for his Miami trial, and although Browne felt after his plea bargain had been turned down that he would no longer have any contact with Bundy, he was called to be both a state witness and a defence witness at the trial.

Before his testimony, Browne visited his former client in his cell in Dade County Jail. What happened next, according to Browne, was completely out of the blue. "He was lying on the cell floor and he looked up at me and said, 'John, I want to be a good person, I'm just not.'" Such a comment from Bundy, who by now was the most notorious serial killer in the USA, shocked Browne. "For Ted to acknowledge that he was not a good person was very unusual for a sociopath. It might have been a manipulative statement made to me to get me to care more about him, because I pretty much withdrew from his case after he turned down the plea bargain, but I do believe it was sincere. He was on the floor crying. I think that he was at the point where he had lost complete control."

The pair continued to talk and Bundy confessed that his attitude towards his victims had been more about control than sex. "He told me he would stalk women and decide that he would exercise his power and compassion by not attacking them," Browne said. Another shocking revelation was that Bundy confessed to killing more than 100 people, one of them being a male. Such an event had happened when Bundy was only a teenager; it was a game of sexual exploration that turned deadly. But in a flash, Bundy's solemn and melancholy moment had passed and he went back to being his usual self. "I believe a small part of Ted knew he was evil, and that may have been one of the reasons he turned down the plea bargain to save his life that I obtained."

Bundy's argument in the pre-trial hearing was that none of his confessions alluding to the murders could be deemed viable because he was in a psychotic state of mind. In a somewhat controversial move, Cowart suppressed potentially vital evidence, including Browne's testimony of his phone conversation with Bundy before he was arrested for murder in Florida. He suppressed any evidence attesting to Bundy's state of mind that night. Bundy's Utah arrest and the items found in his car were also deemed inadmissible. However, forensic odontologist Richard Souviron distinguished Bundy's teeth as the set that had left an impression on the left buttock of Chi Omega sorority sister Levy. He said no one other than Bundy could have made them.

THE MIAMI TRIAL

After a week devoted to selecting a jury, Bundy stood accused of murder in the first degree, attempted first-degree murder and burglary, and the Florida High Court ruled that the trial be televised across the nation. Although Bundy had five defence attorneys, he insisted he represent himself at trial. But evidence against him, even without the confessions and Utah arrest, still amounted to a guilty outlook. Testimonies from students Connie Hastings and Nita Neary placed Bundy in the vicinity of the sorority house the night of the attack. Neary pointed to Bundy with a quivering finger when asked by the state if she could see the man she had witnessed sneaking out of Chi Omega after the murders. Asked to verbally identify him, Bundy chipped in, breaking the stern silence in the courtroom. "That's Mr Bundy," he answered, referring to himself in the third person. "Thank



you, Mr Bundy," the judge replied. Bundy responded almost immediately, "You're welcome." Although the defence objected to the prosecution's tactics, Neary spoke up: "I've had to go over this again and again and again in my mind. And I feel positive in my identification."

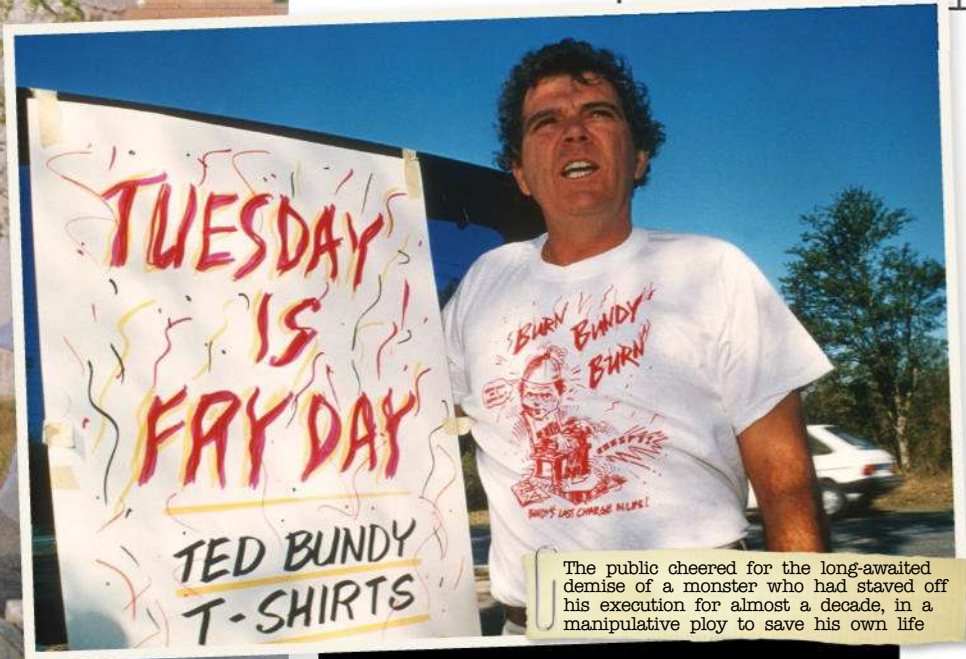
After seven hours of deliberation, a verdict was reached. The jury found the defendant guilty of capital murder, leaving Cowart to sentence Bundy to death by electrocution. In his parting words, Cowart told the serial killer, "Take care of yourself young man. I say that to you sincerely; take care of yourself, please. It is an utter tragedy for this court to see such a total waste of humanity as I've experienced in this courtroom. You're a bright young man. You would have made a good lawyer and I would have loved to have you practice in front of me, but you went another way, partner."

TAKE A BOW

On 7 January 1980, Bundy was back in court, this time to face trial for the killing of his final victim. Bundy pleaded not guilty by reason of insanity. Once again finding an impartial jury in the county where Leach had been killed was extremely difficult, and therefore the trial was moved to Orlando. Presiding over the court was Judge Wallace Jopling. Evidence in this case was much stronger than previous trials: credit card receipts proved Bundy had been in the area, and a fireman testified he had seen Bundy leading a young girl into

ABOVE Shortly before he was executed and stretched off, Bundy talked about how he committed at least 70 murders across the US. He provided FBI agents with hard evidence of at least 16 murders

“ HE WAS LYING ON THE CELL FLOOR AND HE LOOKED UP AT ME AND SAID, ‘JOHN, I WANT TO BE A GOOD PERSON, I’M JUST NOT’ ”



The public cheered for the long-awaited demise of a monster who had staved off his execution for almost a decade, in a manipulative ploy to save his own life

a white van that had been parked outside Leach's school the day she disappeared. Fibres from Leach's clothes were found in the van Bundy had rented and on his own clothes. While a physician testified as to the unnatural position Leach's decomposed body had been found in, Bundy doodled on a yellow pad, seemingly uninterested in the case. His defence counsel did all they could to discredit witnesses, claiming that the sensational media had tainted the defendant.

It was during this trial that Bundy made one of his final shocking moves, when he proposed to Carole Anne Boone, his on-off girlfriend who he had met in 1974. She had moved to Florida to be with him, and was in the middle of testifying on his behalf during the penalty phase of the trial when he popped the question. According to Florida law, if a couple declare themselves man and wife in a court of law and in front of a judge, then they are legally wed. His marital status did little to prevent his conviction. He was found guilty and sentenced for a third time to die in the electric chair.

When asked what the hardest part of defending Bundy was, Browne said, "Dealing with his self-destructive behaviour. Ted would do self-destructive things like represent himself and make a fool out of himself."

"There are so many sides to Ted that people find interesting," Browne continued. "Firing all his lawyers, representing himself, getting married to his wife in court – doing that in front of a judge, which made their marriage legal – and the fact that he most likely conceived a child while in maximum security."

For almost a decade, Bundy tried to appeal his death sentence, but each time it was thrown out, and his execution was scheduled for 24 January 1989. "I didn't believe that people were born evil," said Browne, who refused to be at his former client's execution, "until I met Ted Bundy."

"TUESDAY IS FRY DAY"

GLEEFUL FLORIDIANS GATHERED OUTSIDE THE PRISON WHILE INSIDE, A DISTINCTLY LESS CONFIDENT BUNDY PREPARED TO MEET HIS MAKER

On the morning of 24 January 1989, Bundy was strapped to the electric chair; a condemned man, his time was up. Browne recalled how, "Florida was just a frenzy. The conservative rednecks were frying bacon to sound like the electric chair." Meanwhile a small group of anti-death penalty protesters gathered outside the gates of Florida's Starke State prison.

Despite numerous appeals, requests for stays of execution and an attempt to drip feed information on his victim's whereabouts in return for his own life, Bundy was given his last meal. He denied a 'special meal' and therefore was given the traditional dish of medium-rare steak, eggs, hash browns, toast, milk, coffee, juice, butter and jelly. But it remained untouched. Instead he spent his final night weeping and praying with his Methodist minister, Fred Lawrence. Gone was the confidence he had once displayed in court, his dark and distinctive hair had been shaved, leaving a glistening bald patch where it once was. Oil was applied to the skin to enhance the work of the 2,000 volts of electricity that would soon be coursing through his body. Strapped in, his piercing eyes searched for familiar faces that sat behind the glass. 42 witnesses had gathered including the men who had prosecuted him and the families of his victims. Superintendent Tom Barton asked Bundy if he had any last words. After a brief pause, Bundy, referring to one of his lawyers and his minister, said: "Jim and Fred, I'd like you to give my love to my family and friends." Final words uttered, the last strap was pulled tight across his chin and the metal cap was bolted in place. The black curtain closed and Bundy disappeared from view as the executioner flipped the switch. Bundy's body clenched, his fists tightened and a minute later the switch was flipped again, ending the surge of electricity momentarily while a doctor checked him over. Underneath Bundy's blue shirt his heart had stopped; a light was shone into his eyes but the lights inside were finally out. At 7.16am, the nightmare for many was over, as Bundy was pronounced dead.



GONE IN A FLASH

PHOTOJOURNALIST BILL FRAKES SNAPPED THIS ICONIC PICTURE OF THE KILLER IN COURT WHILE WORKING FOR THE MIAMI HERALD. HE RECALLS THE DAY BUNDY'S DEATH SENTENCE WAS DELIVERED

WHAT WAS THE ATMOSPHERE LIKE IN COURT THROUGHOUT THE TRIAL?

It was clear that it was going to be the day that the verdict came down, so there was a lot of anxiety. I remember at the time thinking that he seemed very normal the first week of the trial, and then his behaviour got a bit more bizarre. The jury came back and when they read the verdict, he was pretty still. Then, at a later point, when the jury left and the judge had said what he had to say, Ted turned away from the jury box and the judge.

WHAT HAPPENED WHEN THE VERDICT WAS READ OUT?

I was watching Ted and only Ted at that point; there was a lot of tension in the courtroom and I remember a quick hum of activity when the verdict was announced, but I don't really recall anything stupendous happening. I was concentrating very hard on Ted, watching every single move he made. My guess is that everyone else was looking at the judge and jury, but I was looking at him. I was surprised when he made that gesture. It happened for a split second, it wasn't a prolonged temper-tantrum or fit of rage, he just put his hand up, slammed it down, and that was the end of it. It was very quick, literally less than a second.

WERE YOU SHOCKED?

The only thing that was shocking was that he didn't seem to be taking it very seriously, and the fact that someone who looked outwardly so normal could have done something so bad. I expected him to have something about his appearance that would give you a clue, but it didn't. He was clean cut, he was well spoken and he looked very average. Except for when he made that face that I captured, and a couple of times that he got mad, you didn't see him out of control one way or another. He wasn't making a fuss or laughing or anything, he was trying to display himself as a very normal person – and for the most part he succeeded.

WAS THERE A LOT OF PRESSURE AS A PHOTOGRAPHER IN THAT SITUATION?

I'm a pretty seasoned photographer at this point. I've seen wars and riots and disasters, and just about every bad thing you can imagine, I've been through. I was in the courtroom for a lot of the trial. It was what we call a pool situation – only one photographer was allowed in. The only thing is serving strict rules and decorum. However, this was only the second major trial in Florida and it was very early on in the process of them allowing cameras in the courtroom too. If you made a mistake, courtroom access could be terminated. You wanted to be respectful and not make a mistake that would jeopardise access for everyone. In a courtroom there's no hazard, no danger compared to when you're in a war situation where bullets are flying, that's pressure and nerve wracking and

intense. This was a case of being conscientious. There was no pressure, only knowing that I was representing every other news organisation, and I was the only one there so if I missed something, everybody missed it. I was trying to be sensitive to not only what the Miami Herald wanted but what every other agency wanted.

WHEN PEOPLE ASK ABOUT THE PICTURES HOW DO YOU NORMALLY REACT?

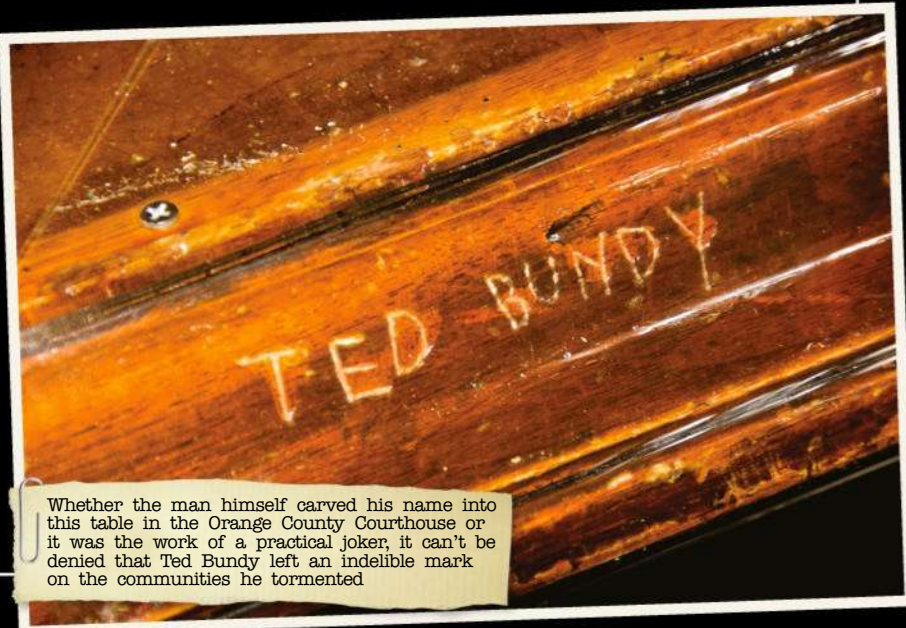
I was happy that I was successful in not missing anything, it was a job well done that day and I think the picture accurately reflects what was going on in the courtroom. It was an interesting place to be. I was young and it was exciting to cover the biggest story of the week, but it wasn't much more beyond that. The criminal case was pretty open and shut. I don't really think the outcome was ever in dispute. The state had a lot of evidence and he didn't have a lot to go on. The criminal prosecutors had gone at it for a while and he had maybe a year or two of law school acting as his own counsel. You could see from the judge and the opposing counsel that it wasn't going well for him, so this wasn't a big shock. The horrific nature of the crimes he committed were unsettling, you didn't want to think anything like that ever happened. The verdict was not a surprise. The only surprise was that he showed any emotion, and his display of emotion was extremely brief. I'm fairly certain that not many people saw it.

BIO BILL FRAKES



Bill Frakes has been working as a photographer for 38 years. He now has his own production company, Straw Hat Productions, and is a professor of journalism at the University of Nebraska-Lincoln.

HE WASN'T MAKING A FUSS OR LAUGHING OR ANYTHING, HE WAS TRYING TO DISPLAY HIMSELF AS A VERY NORMAL PERSON – AND FOR THE MOST PART HE SUCCEEDED



Whether the man himself carved his name into this table in the Orange County Courthouse or it was the work of a practical joker, it can't be denied that Ted Bundy left an indelible mark on the communities he tormented



INTERVIEW

I SURVIVED
TED BUNDY

IN 1974, THE USA WAS WAKING UP TO A FRIGHTENING INCREASE IN THE NUMBERS OF ITS MISSING AND MURDERED DAUGHTERS. TWO YEARS BEFORE THE COUNTRY'S MOST NOTORIOUS SERIAL KILLER WENT ON TRIAL, COLLEGE GIRL RHONDA STAPLEY ALREADY KNEW WHO HE WAS, AS SHE HAD BEEN ONE OF THE FEW TO ESCAPE HIM

WORDS TANITA MATTHEWS

When a handsome young man offered 21-year-old Rhonda Stapley a ride back to her university campus in his tan-coloured Volkswagen Beetle, she thought nothing suspicious of his intentions. Once inside his rickety vehicle, the pair became acquainted and the driver introduced himself as Ted, a first-year student at the University of Utah, where Stapley was studying pharmacy. But what initially appeared to be “a friendly student helping out a fellow student” soon turned into a terrifying ordeal that Stapley would keep secret for 37 years. The man she was sharing a car and conversation with was notorious serial killer Ted Bundy.

After being driven deep into the canyons on the outskirts of town, Bundy choked and raped the young Mormon girl, who later

BIO RHONDA STAPLEY



Rhonda Stapley is now a retired pharmacist living in Utah, USA. Her book *I Survived Ted Bundy: The Attack, Escape And PTSD That Changed My Life* is available to buy from galaxy44publishing.com.

awoke on the side of the road, still in the company of the man she was sure would kill her. Luckily she escaped, but made a decision to never tell anyone her secret.

As the tally of Bundy's victims increased, Stapley was consumed by guilt and fear, and turned to sleeping pills to numb the pain. Quashing her memories of that night, Stapley went on to have a normal life, a husband, a family and a successful career, keeping her secret long after Bundy was caught and executed. But after a turbulent time at work in 2011, Stapley's demons resurfaced, prompting her to finally reveal her shocking past. Speaking to **Real Crime**, she tells of the horrors of being a survivor of a serial killer and the courage it took to put her life back together again.



When her father died, Stapley's world changed as she became more responsible for her younger sister, Bunny, while her mother worked to support the family



What kind of person were you before your attack?

I was a quiet, shy, reader kind of girl. I read a lot of books and I would go to movies with my friends and go out to dinner. I didn't date a lot because I had to take my little sister, Bunny, with me. I grew up in a religious kind of household; we didn't smoke, drink, say swear words or anything like that, we were a pretty conservative family. I had two older brothers and one younger sister. After my father died, one brother went on a mission to South America with the church, and my other brother went to Utah to stay with some relatives to finish high school. My family went from six people to three people in just a couple of months. That altered my lifestyle because I felt like I needed to be responsible and step up and help mom. When it was time to go to college, I was all for going out of state, as I felt I would be a little freer. I went to the University of Utah in Salt Lake City and studied pharmacy, became a pharmacist and worked for 40 years. I was a pharmacy manager most of that time and had an excellent career, was respected in the community and all the time I kept the Ted Bundy stuff secret and ignored it.

Did you know about any of Ted Bundy's victim's before he attacked you?

In Utah there was a cheerleader from Holladay that disappeared, but people thought she was a runaway. She

didn't make the news and then the next week it was me. We hadn't heard of the Washington or Oregon people, so I thought mine was just an isolated incident.

Take us through the day you were attacked.

I had a dentist appointment that day, and the dentist ended up cutting across my gum line and putting stitches along my gum line – it was totally numb when I left. It was a Friday afternoon and winter was on its way. I was enjoying walking in the leaves and I had cool new hiking boots that I wanted to break in. I walked over to the park and then my face became un-numb, so I thought I had better go home. I went to the bus stop and I was sitting there waiting, but no bus was coming. I was waiting about 30 minutes or so, then I decided that I had better find another bus stop. Then this tan Volkswagen drove by and kind of went by really slow, stopped about 30 feet in front of me and backed up. The driver leant over and rolled down the passenger window and asked where I was going. I told him I was going to the university and he said, "Me too! Hop in." It just felt like a fellow college student helping another college student. It didn't seem scary and it didn't seem wrong.

The way he went was up a really steep hill and I told him, "Wow I wouldn't have gone this way. Why are we going this way?" He was really polite. He said, "I hope you don't mind

ABOVE "He had slightly curly dark brown hair, a nice complexion and his smile was friendly and inviting," recalled Stapley of her first impression of the man who would later try to kill her

RIGHT Stapley recalled how there had been no lock on the inside of the passenger door of the Volkswagen, but at the time of her attack she thought it was just a standard defect



“ HE LEANED OVER REALLY CLOSE AND HE JUST VERY QUIETLY AND POLITELY SAID, “DO YOU KNOW WHAT? I’M GOING TO KILL YOU” ”

but I have a short errand to run up by the zoo,” and I didn’t mind, it was just one canyon over from the university and almost on the way. We were talking and joking with each other and it was friendly conversation, but we kept going and going and it became obvious that there was no errand to run, but that road loops around and heads back into the city, so I wasn’t worried. I figured he was just flirting with me and taking me on this car ride. Then we got back to the city and we should have turned right towards campus but instead we turned left, and he drove up another canyon. We had been chatting the whole way and all of a sudden he’s not talking, he’s not answering my questions and he’s not communicating. The ride started to become strange, and in my mind I’m thinking that he’s looking for a place to pull over and make out – and I’m not a make out kind of girl. I’m a religious, nice, inexperienced, shy girl and I just wanted a ride home. Then he pulled into this parking lot and turned the car off. By now it’s almost dark, he had been driving for about 40 minutes. He parked the car and leaned over, I thought he was going to kiss me, but in my mind I was still not frightened. I didn’t want him to think I was a prude, but I didn’t want to kiss this guy either. He leaned over really close and he just very quietly and politely said, “Do you know what? I’m going to kill you.” He put his hands around my throat and started to squeeze really hard. I knew I was in trouble when he said those words and touched me.

What happened after that?

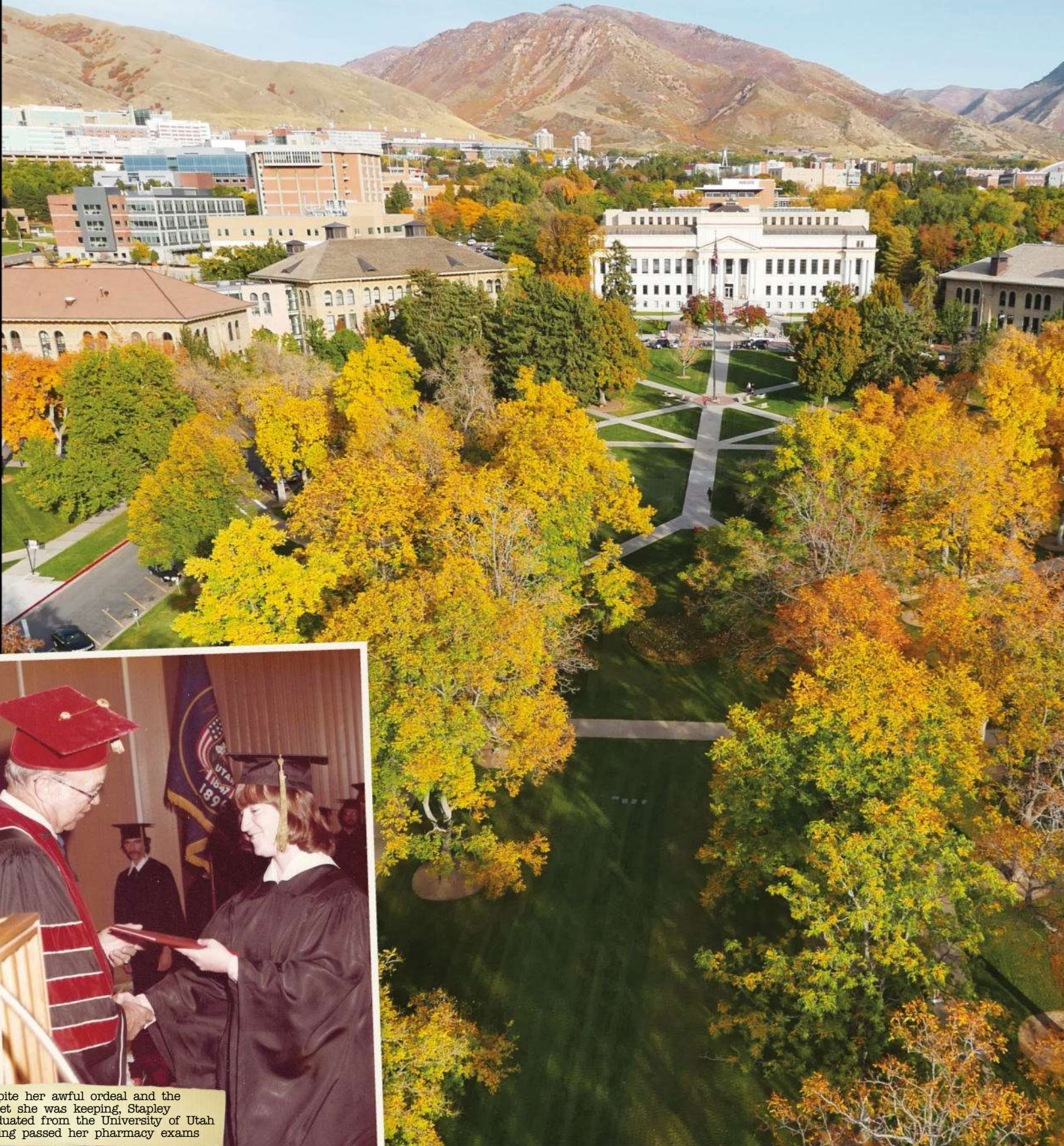
Basically... I was choked unconscious in the car and he moved me out of the car to a picnic table. There he revived me by slapping my face and shaking my head violently back and forth, his grip breaking loose the stitches in my mouth from the dental surgery so that my mouth was bleeding. As soon as he saw I was starting to come to, he grabbed both my wrists and yanked me off the table. Then, holding me with one hand he slugged me in the stomach over and over with his other hand. I was doubled over crying and begging him not to hit me any more. He stood over me with his fists clenched and his angry red face showing so much rage that the veins in his neck and forehead bulged. I had never seen anyone so angry. He screamed into my face, “You don’t have the right to cry and whine at me. You should be thanking me that you are even still alive. I can kill you anytime I want. You should be grateful you are even still breathing air!”

You passed out again after that. How did you escape?

When I came to, I was lying in the dirt on the canyon floor and I could see him about 30 feet away rummaging in his car. I don’t think I thought of anything, I just knew I was in pain and in danger and needed to get out of there. I jumped up and ran. I could have been running into the forest or off of a cliff, I didn’t know where I was going. I was just going as far away from where he was, because I knew if I stayed there I was going to die.

I fell in a river and thought, “I really am going to die because now I’m going to drown.” It was one of those things where in your mind it goes from bad to worse. I was just acting on instinct. I thought, “I have to go.” I don’t think I looked left or right to decide which way to run, I just ran and happened to be right on the banks of the river, so when I took one or two steps I tripped over my pants which were around my ankles and happily fell into the river, otherwise he would have killed me I’m sure. I was swept away from him and it saved my life falling into that river. I climbed out of the water and I just ran all the way back to the campus.

Wanting more independence as a young adult, Stapley moved to Salt Lake City to pursue her education at the University of Utah, unaware that Bundy had also enrolled and lived in an apartment a few blocks from her dorm



Despite her awful ordeal and the secret she was keeping, Stapley graduated from the University of Utah having passed her pharmacy exams



Two months after Barry and Rhonda married in 1979, Bundy stood trial for the murders of Margaret Bowman and Lisa Levy. Rhonda watched the trial in the basement of her home nervously awaiting his verdict



© MrSchmidt

What made you so afraid to tell anyone your secret?

I felt ashamed, embarrassed and I thought that people would treat me differently. I thought that people who didn't know me would point me out and say, "That's the girl who was raped." I thought that if my mom found out then she would make me come home and I didn't want that. I thought if I told the police they would make me give details that I couldn't have given, so I decided the best thing to do was to suck it up and pretend it never happened. I thought, "He's gone and out of my life and I'll never see him again, I will just go on with my life." I just thought he was a one-time perpetrator and now he's gone.

Almost a month after my attack in October, he kidnapped Carol DaRonch and killed Debra Kent, and that's when I kind of figured out that this is way bigger than what I can manage. Debra Kent's murder was always the one that bothered me the most, that's the time that I really figured out that it was exactly who my guy was and he's actually a really bad guy. I felt personally responsible, I thought that it was my fault and that I really should go to the police, but Carol had given the police a really good description and had told the police what he looked like, what his car looked like and they were already looking for him. I didn't feel like I had any new information, and if I had come forward it would have fulfilled all the things I was afraid of anyway.

How did your family react when you told them about the attack years later?

Telling my family was difficult. My sister is also my business partner so I sort of had to explain things to her. I told her months before the rest of my family because the PTSD symptoms required explanation. She had to know why I had trouble concentrating on tasks, why I was short tempered and angry, why I startled so easily and was constantly near tears. I told her one day at work after everyone else had left. We cried together. She said she knew something was wrong but had no idea what.

The rest of my family didn't learn my secret until the day before I left for Los Angeles to film the *Dr Phil* show. I waited until the book was actually printed and was going to be announced to the world on national television. Until that point I thought that something might go wrong with the publishing of my book and if there was no book, there was no need to give my family this information. I printed a copy of the manuscript and gave it to my mother. I told her a short version and explained that I thought my story may help others who have experienced violence, because it shows that it is possible to go through something very traumatic and still have a nice life. It shows that holding trauma inside and never dealing with the emotional injuries can lead to PTSD and that it is even possible to go through that dark place and come out the other side and still be healthy and somewhat normal. Mom cried. She felt bad that I hadn't felt I could tell her at the time and that I had to deal with it alone. I reassured her that it has a happy ending. Mom shared my secret with my two older brothers and my aunts, uncles, cousins, and anyone she could find to tell. Turned out she is proud of me.

“ HE STOOD OVER ME WITH HIS FISTS CLENCHED AND HIS ANGRY RED FACE SHOWING SO MUCH RAGE THAT THE VEINS IN HIS NECK BULGED ”

BUNDY'S VICTIMS

CHARGED WITH THREE MURDERS AND SUSPECTED OF AT LEAST 35 MORE, BUNDY'S REIGN OF TERROR SPANNED SEVERAL STATES

WASHINGTON

Lynda Healy
Donna Manson
Susan Rancourt
Roberta Parks
Brenda Ball
Georgann Hawkins

Denise Naslund
Janice Ott
3 unidentified
Known Survivor:
Karen Sparks



UTAH

Nancy Wilcox
Melissa Smith
Laura Aime
Debra Kent
Susan Curtis
3 unidentified
Known Survivor:
Carol DaRonch



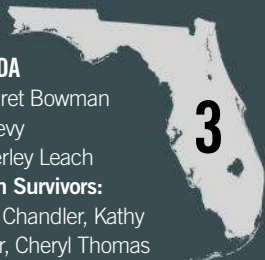
COLORADO

Caryn Campbell
Julie Cunningham
Denise Oliverson



FLORIDA

Margaret Bowman
Lisa Levy
Kimberley Leach
Known Survivors:
Karen Chandler, Kathy Kleiner, Cheryl Thomas



OREGON

2 unidentified



IDAHO

Lynette Culver
1 unidentified



CALIFORNIA

1 unidentified



“WHENEVER TED WOULD HIT THE NEWS AGAIN IT WOULD BRING IT ALL BACK, AND OF COURSE I NEVER REALLY FORGOT IT, I JUST REFUSED TO THINK ABOUT IT”

How did you cope when more victims were revealed after your attack?

Sometimes I would self medicate, sometimes I would sleep, and sometimes I would get really busy. Usually I would run. I wasn't really an athletic runner, as a person I wasn't big on physical education in high school, but I liked running. I could run and gasp for air and run out of breath, and it would take away the feeling of someone else taking my air away. Running seemed to help get rid of the pressure in my throat and the pain in my chest.

What would you say was the defining thing that helped you to turn your life around?

Finally I met the man that I married and I thought that I needed to straighten out, and decided to get married and have a family. I think the idea and prospect of having a family is what actually turned my life around and that's because of my loving husband. Whenever Ted would hit the news again it would bring it all back, and of course I never really forgot it, I just refused to think about it.

Did you expect his execution to bring you any comfort?

I wasn't sure, but I knew that he needed to be executed. I wasn't really expecting closure or anything. I was just expecting that I wouldn't have to worry about him escaping again. He was famous for escaping and I never trusted that he could be kept locked up. He seemed to be really intelligent and able to beat the system.

The first time he broke out I thought, "How could he escape?" Then when he escaped the second time I was like, "This is totally unbelievable, how could Colorado be so irresponsible to let this guy escape again?" Everybody was talking about it and so I could talk about it too, but I didn't personalise it so nobody knew why I was extra interested in finding that guy.

Eventually you found solace in a pen pal who had also escaped from Ted. What sort of an impact did that have on your struggle?

That helped immensely. The PTSD started again when my boss had yelled at me years later and it brought it all back. I could no longer ignore that I was having flashbacks and panic attacks. I thought, "I can't be the only person who had got away." I started searching the internet with things like "I survived Ted Bundy" and I came across this girl who had an encounter with him, much briefer than mine but at least she had bothered to write it down. I felt safe talking to her because she didn't know anyone I knew. It was a safe distance and that was when I very first started being able to tell somebody what had happened.

She encouraged me to find a psychologist and really start healing. She allowed me to start opening up and sharing a little bit, and I felt better sharing it with her, so I dared to share it with the psychologist. Then because of him, I dared to share it with my husband and family and every time I shared it, it would be awful for a week or two but then I would feel better. I started writing it down and I found that



Stapley grew up in a conservative Mormon family with a loving mother and father and three other siblings, and all were active members of their community



Stapley's husband Barry was aware that his wife had been raped before they became an item, but was unaware of the identity of her attacker until many years later

ABOVE Once a fun-loving girl with a sense of freedom and adventure, Stapley's confidence was shattered after her experience with Bundy. She became a recluse and dependant on sleeping pills to numb her fear

I felt better reading it back to myself. It seemed not quite so awful or like it had happened to someone else and I was reading it in a book. I felt better every time I went through the story and so I thought maybe there are other people who would feel better if they told their stories. That's why I decided to go public.

When you went back to the scene of your attack years later, what was the most difficult part to recall?

That was probably the hardest thing I've ever done. I knew I would not be alone and that my therapist and his wife would be right there for safety and support, but still I imagined all the worst possible things happening. I hadn't died there years before as Bundy had planned, but wouldn't it be ironic if I went back to the very place where I nearly died and this time I do die. My mind saw us in a fiery car crash in the canyon, bad guys with guns shooting us, death by heart attack, the river bank caving in and dumping me into the freezing water, and this time I drown.

It is hard to say what the hardest memory the canyon trip brought back was. It was all very scary and surreal. The most dramatic part, and the part I wasn't expecting, was the rushing noise from the river. By this time I had told and retold the events of that day to my therapist many times. We had gone over and over all the details I could remember,

but somehow I forgot about the noise. As soon as we opened the car doors to get out, that sound of rushing water overwhelmed me. I suddenly had chest pain and thought I was going to have a heart attack on the spot. Other than that happening in the first few moments of arriving, the rest wasn't too horrific. I could remember where the car had been parked, where the picnic table had been, where we had been when he slugged me in the stomach. I found the exact place where I had plunged into the river. In my mind I could see his eyes... dark and evil. But this time there was not the fear and panic from years ago. I remembered the fear but I didn't feel the fear, if that makes sense.

What happened when you started to talk about the attack out loud?

Tears, just so many tears. It was like all those years I had never cried and now I couldn't stop crying and that's part of PTSD. It felt like I was right there again. I could smell things and feel things, it was cold and I was shaking and shivering, and my teeth were chattering in the psychiatrist's office. One of the things that would happen was that I would taste blood. The psychologist would ask if Ted hit me, but no, it was from the stitches. Those things would just seem really real, and he would have to keep reminding me that it was a long time ago and I am safe now and that it's just a memory.



BABY-SNATCHING

“DEVIL IN DISGUISE”

LISA MARIE MONTGOMERY MURDERED BOBBIE JO STINNETT AND RIPPED HER UNBORN CHILD FROM HER WOMB. A HORRIFIC CRIME, BUT DID SHE DESERVE TO BE PUT ON DEATH ROW?

WORDS BEN BIGGS



A booking photo of Montgomery taken on 20 December 2004. She quickly confessed to the police





Bobbie Jo Stinnett had just turned 23 years old when she was brutally murdered for her unborn baby. She was found by her mother about an hour later, lying in a pool of blood



ABOVE Bobbie Jo Stinnett's funeral

On 16 December 2004, Lisa Marie Montgomery drove 175 miles from her house in Kansas, over the state line into Skidmore, Missouri – approximate population 342, according to the census four years previously. This town straddles one main street flanked by old red brick buildings: grocery and hardware stores, a bar and the town hall – the lifeblood of such tiny settlements. Generations of farmers have been brought up and died here in Skidmore, people know each other by name, there's that sense of community you just don't get in the big city.

Montgomery turned down West Elm Street where the red brick was replaced by small wooden houses, and parked near number 410. Clutching a bag containing a length of rope, a sharp kitchen knife, a syringe and a surgical clamp, she got out of her car and knocked at the door. It was the home of Bobbie Jo Stinnett, a 23-year-old dog breeder who was heavily pregnant at the time. The two women had met at a dog show and then had some online interaction on a rat terrier forum called Ratter Chatter, but still, Bobbie Jo must have been surprised to see Montgomery on her doorstep. She had actually been expecting a visit from a Fairfax, Missouri woman by the name of Darlene Fischer, who was interested in buying one of her puppies. In fact, Darlene Fischer didn't exist, and Montgomery had no interest in purchasing a puppy – she had come for Bobbie Jo's unborn child. Montgomery overpowered the pregnant woman, strangled her with the rope, cut open her stomach, severed the umbilical cord and took Bobbie Jo's little girl away with her. The baby, Victoria Jo Stinnett, survived, but tragically her mother was pronounced dead at St. Francis Hospital in Maryville.

PREMEDITATED MADNESS

It's hard to overstate the horror of Montgomery's crime – there was clearly planning and forethought that went into it at least a day before it was carried out. Montgomery had established a false identity on Ratter Chatter so she could set up a meeting with Bobbie Jo. Her screen name was 'fischer4kids' and 'Darlene Fischer' had her own email address, so that they could chat via MSN Messenger without Bobbie Jo connecting her to Montgomery. Darlene Fischer was a red herring for the authorities to chase in the wake of Bobbie Jo's murder. But Montgomery sorely underestimated the resourcefulness of both the Sheriff's Office and the Ratter Chatter community.

At 4.22pm on Wednesday 15 December 2004, 'Darlene' had messaged Bobbie Jo on the forum: "I was recommended to you by [user name redacted] and have been unable to reach you by either phone or e-mail. Please get in touch with me soon as we are considering the purchase of one of your puppies and would like to ask you a few questions."

A few hours and some MSN messages later, at 7.44pm, Bobbie Jo replied: "Darlene, I've emailed you with the directions so we can meet. I do so hope that the email reaches you. Great chatting with you on messenger. And do look forward to chatting with you tomorrow am. Thanks [user name redacted], and talk to you soon, Darlene!"

As the awful news reports went viral the following morning, it didn't take long for other Ratter Chatter regulars to realise that Darlene would have met with Bobbie Jo on the same day that she was murdered. Forumites being forumites, they pieced together a breadcrumb trail of digital

evidence that linked ‘Darlene’ with Montgomery, whom they recalled having an online conversation with Bobbie Jo about both their current pregnancies. But Montgomery was not pregnant. She had been sterilised after her fourth child, so that was another complete fabrication – to what end isn’t clear. Perhaps Montgomery had already targeted Bobbie Jo and was trying to assess what stage of pregnancy she was in, assess the likelihood of an unborn child surviving an amateur caesarian. “Now I’m just sick as heck,” one woman wrote, “If this is true, she just posted to me not long ago that she was going to have her baby Thursday.” Whatever Montgomery’s reason, this lie alone had the hallmarks of someone who wasn’t in her right mind.

By 8am on Friday 16 December 2004, less than 24 hours after Bobbie Jo’s murder, one forumite had managed to trace the creation of Darlene’s account back to Kansas. Alarm bells were ringing, and several Ratter Chatter members phoned the police with their suspicions. It took no time at all for the police to discover that Montgomery and Darlene’s accounts linked back to the same IP address. Armed with this information and with tip-offs from observant members of the public who had noticed Montgomery’s car, the police were quickly able to zero in on Montgomery’s home address later that day. They found her with a newborn baby she said she had given birth to the day before, but after questioning, her story fell apart and she confessed to her crime.

DOCTORS’ NOTES

PSYCHOLOGISTS AND MEDICAL EXPERTS ASKED TO PROVIDE EXHIBITS FOR THE CASE CAME TO SIMILAR CONCLUSIONS: MONTGOMERY WAS NOT OF SOUND MIND

It is my opinion, to a reasonable degree of medical certainty, that Mrs. Montgomery’s medical complaints are the result of marked and repetitive head trauma, and brain injury. Mrs. Montgomery’s brain is compromised not only by traumatic brain injury, but also by psychiatric symptoms for which she was genetically predisposed and which also are known to result from trauma.

A persistent postictal psychotic state is more likely than other theories to offer insight into her behaviour surrounding the offense and during other times in her life when she was unable to mediate her emotions and control her behaviour.

Lisa Marie Montgomery has suffered extreme trauma and degradation throughout her life, first at the hands of her mother, then her step-father, then each of her husbands in turn. Her life has been characterized by extreme physical, sexual and emotional abuse, which compromised her ability to form an identity and to develop as a moral agent.

As the police ramped up the investigation into Montgomery’s actions in the days before she murdered Bobbie Jo, a chilling picture of the scope with which she planned the crime emerged. She had worked three jobs at one point – at a petrol station, a Wendy’s restaurant and a Greyhound bus contractor. But she had wound down her hours and had stopped working altogether by mid-November 2004, telling her employer at the Wendy’s franchise that she was expecting a baby. She had also told her second and current husband, Kevin Montgomery, as well as family and friends that she was pregnant. On the day of the murder, Kevin had picked up his wife and ‘their’ new baby then driven around their home town, showing off the child. “I had no idea,” he later told the press outside the Kansas City courthouse where his wife was charged.

When police began to investigate the files on her computer and her internet history, they discovered that Montgomery had been looking up caesarian sections and birthing kits. She had the means, method and opportunity – not that anyone questioned her guilt by that point. However, some expressed doubts over Montgomery’s responsibility for Bobbie Jo’s murder.

EVIL INCARNATE

“This is a devil, come back to Earth disguised as Lisa Montgomery,” Nodaway County Sheriff Randy Strong told the BBC in an interview shortly before Montgomery’s death by lethal injection on 13 January 2021. “I have no remorse for her, it just needs to be done.”

Sheriff Strong has as valid a reason for wanting retribution for Bobbie Jo’s murder as anyone, second only to the Stinnett family themselves. He worked the case from the very start, interviewing Montgomery when her fragile tissue of lies came apart and she confessed, referring to herself as being a “monster”. He was one of the first lawmen at the awful crime scene after Bobbie Jo’s mother had discovered her, lying unconscious, in a maelstrom of blood and viscera. Between sobs, Becky Harper described the scene to the 911 dispatcher, as if her daughter’s stomach had “exploded”. And he’d had to listen to her mother break down. “She’s just beside herself,” he said. “It’s just too much. You’re listening to a mother who just found her daughter dead. That anguish... I don’t ever want to hear it again.”

BELOW Kathy Sage, the owner of a cafe in Melvern, was one of the first people to see the baby after Montgomery brought her in to show her off





ABOVE Bobbie Jo Stinnett's mother, Becky Harper, attends the funeral with family to say farewell to her daughter

What was going on in Montgomery's mind that compelled her to plan such a uniquely terrible attack on another mother? Montgomery's motive wasn't to murder Bobbie Jo, there was no bad blood between them – quite the opposite, in fact. Bobbie Jo had defended her future killer once, after fellow dog breeders had questioned the lineage of Montgomery's puppies. She just wanted Bobbie Jo's baby. Why would she go to such lengths to take the child in utero, risking both the baby's life and being charged with a federal crime, when she could have just planned to abduct Victoria Jo Stinnett after she was born? It makes no sense, from a pragmatic point of view. How could Montgomery have endured the horror of what she was doing, the choking and cutting and ripping over what must have been many minutes? Then leaving the house and Bobbie Jo's butchered body so she could parade her child around her home town in Melvern as if she was her own? And what person in their right mind could think for a second that they would get away with any of this? Skidmore is small and remote but it's not an old Frontier town – it's still modern-day America with digital communications, CCTV, highways and 21st-century policing.

She wasn't a bad person, at least not before damning herself to death row. Before murdering Bobbie Jo, 36-year-old Lisa Marie Montgomery was guilty of no other crime except being born into the wrong family and having a bad lot in life. She was subject to severe emotional, physical and sexual abuse that began when she was still in the womb. Her mother, Judy Shaughnessy, was an alcoholic who drank throughout her pregnancy, leading to foetal alcohol syndrome, a form of irreparable brain damage that affects the child for the rest of their lives. When she was still a little girl, Lisa's father abandoned Judy, Lisa and her older half-

sister, Diane. Judy was the antithesis of what a caring mother should have been. She whipped her children with belts, duct-taped Lisa's mouth shut, and kicked Diane out of their trailer, naked, into the cold Kansas winter. On one occasion, Judy decided to punish her children by beating their dog to death with a shovel. It was a lesson in violence that made an impression on young Lisa, and far worse was to come.

Judy would attend the local bar in Ogden almost every night, often leaving the girls with strange, male babysitters. When Diane was eight and Lisa only four, one of the men raped Diane in the small bedroom the girls shared. She told the BBC that she remembered trying to keep quiet throughout the ordeal, in case Lisa woke up and the man decided he would do something to her, too. Not long after, child protective services picked Diane up and took her to a foster home around 60 miles away in Salina, where her new parents and three foster siblings treated her as if she was a long-lost family member. Lisa, left behind, would never see her sister again, and her nightmare was only just beginning.

Judy married Jack Kleiner, with whom she had at least one thing in common: he was a brutal drunk. Together they had three children, whom Kleiner punched and kicked regularly. After Lisa turned 11, the sexual assaults began. Kleiner built a room on the side of their trailer so he could rape her in relative privacy, while slamming her head into the concrete floor. Judy witnessed one of these assaults, later testifying during divorce proceedings that, "He was in her. He was pumping her." Judy Shaughnessy cared little for her daughter's safety and well-being, though. When Lisa was 15, her mother started to pimp her out, allowing men to rape her in exchange for money and sometimes service, such as the plumbing. "I still can't grasp," said Diane in a BBC interview,

Skidmore, Missouri is a small community with a troubled history



UNRESOLVED

THE MURDER OF BOBBIE JO STINNETT ISN'T THE ONLY HIGH-PROFILE CRIME THAT SKIDMORE HAS BEEN HOST TO IN RECENT YEARS

For a town with such a small population, Skidmore has had more than its fair share of high-profile crimes. Before the murder of Bobbie Jo was the disappearance of her cousin, 20-year-old Branson Perry, in 2001. He has never been found, although police arrested a Missouri minister called Jack Wayne Rogers on child pornography charges in 2003 and discovered records on Rogers' computer that described the rape and murder of Branson.

And 20 years before that came the strange case of Ken McElroy, who was widely considered a town bully of sorts, accused of dozens of crimes including arson, rape, child molestation and burglary, but managed to slip through the prosecution's fingers every time he was indicted. When he shot and injured the town's elderly grocer, Ernest Bowenkamp, and then embarked on a campaign of harassment against everyone sympathetic to the grocer's plight, the town snapped. They'd had enough of McElroy. On 10 July 1981, McElroy left a bar in broad daylight on Skidmore's main street and got into his pickup truck, where he was shot at several times. Two bullets from two rifles found their mark, killing him. There were 46 potential witnesses but no one called an ambulance and no one could identify a gunman apart from McElroy's wife – but no charges were ever pressed.

"how a mother can say to her child, 'You have to earn your keep. So you have to have sex with this man, so I can get the plumbing done.' It went on for years. Years, years, years."

While some of Montgomery's abuse and mental condition was brought up at the trial, it didn't sway the jury. She was sentenced to death on 22 October 2007. After her conviction, psychologists and experts who examined her concluded that she had an array of serious mental conditions she had been living with for decades, including bipolar disorder, epilepsy and complex post-traumatic stress disorder. Years of sexual torture had forced Montgomery to dissociate from reality, a mental condition that child psychologist Dr. Katherine Porterfield, an expert in trauma resulting from torture, described as "one of the most severe cases of dissociation I've ever seen". When Montgomery's brain was imaged with an MRI scanner, doctors discovered that it was damaged both structurally and functionally.

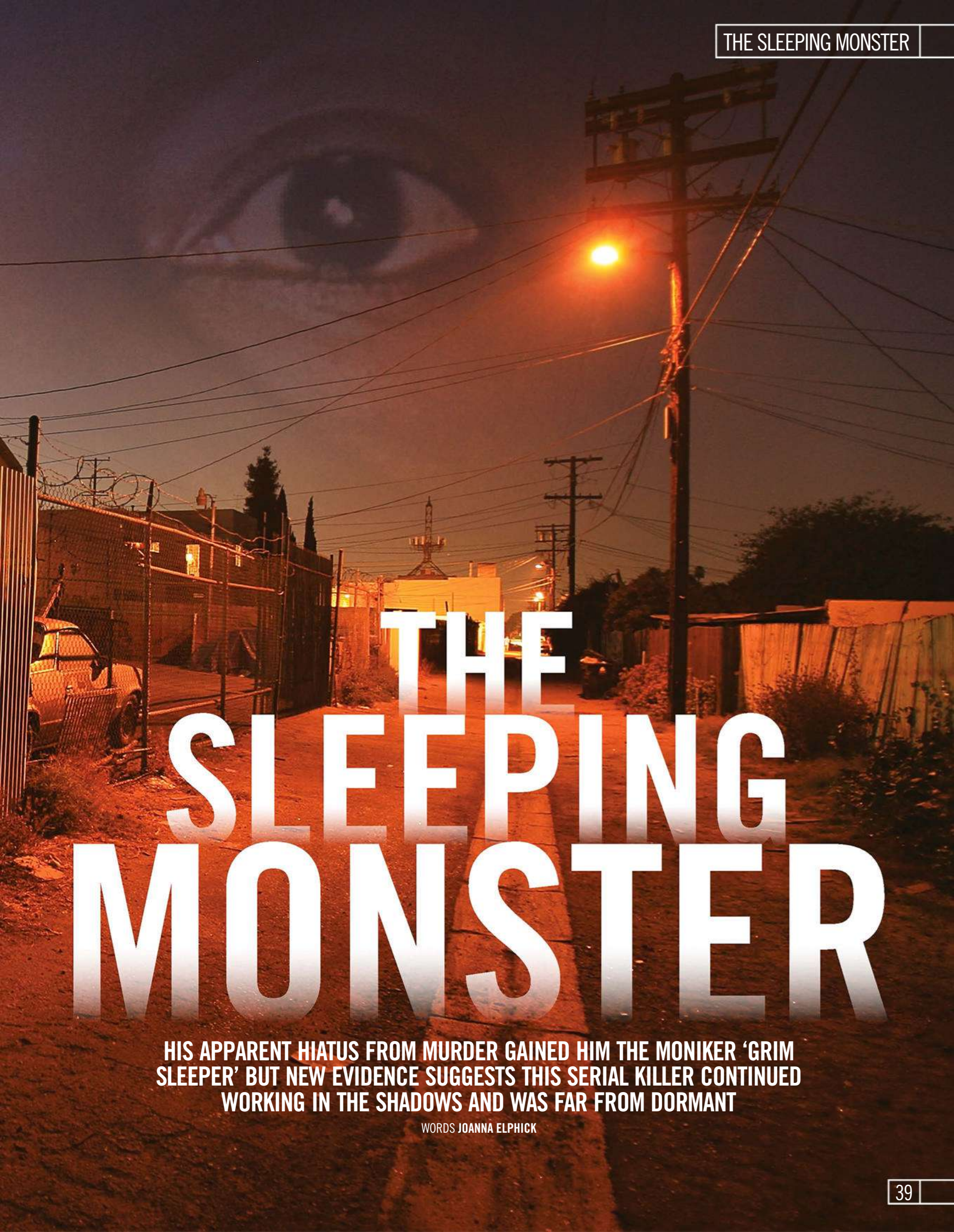
According to US law, executing a person with an intellectual disability constitutes a "cruel and unusual punishment" and is a violation of the Eighth Amendment. The prosecution said they found it convenient that these diagnoses, as well as her sister's statements, were only put forward 12 years after Montgomery's conviction. Sheriff Strong simply didn't believe that Montgomery was mentally ill at the time of the murder – he thought it was "an insult to sexual assault survivors to imply that they're ticking time bombs and they're just going to go out and do some horrendous crime. I think that's a cop out."

Debate about her mental health at the time of the murder still rages to this day. Should she have been found not guilty by reason of insanity? Regardless, it's too late for her now – Lisa Marie Montgomery was executed in January 2021.

RIGHT Zeb Stinnett, Bobbie Jo's husband, attends the Price Funeral Home in Maryville







THE SLEEPING MONSTER

HIS APPARENT HIATUS FROM MURDER GAINED HIM THE MONIKER 'GRIM SLEEPER' BUT NEW EVIDENCE SUGGESTS THIS SERIAL KILLER CONTINUED WORKING IN THE SHADOWS AND WAS FAR FROM DORMANT

WORDS JOANNA ELPHICK

South Central, later known as South Los Angeles, is a 132-square-kilometre region of Los Angeles County, divided up into 28 rough, rundown neighbourhoods. It's a dark place, filled with disillusioned individuals struggling to survive. Poverty and the ever-present easy escape of drugs are major issues. Children and teenagers are constantly lured away from their families into the 'protection' of the territorial gangs. Add a hefty dose of racial unrest and you are left with a hotbed of crime.

The discovery of dead, drug-addled prostitutes rarely made the news back in the 1980s – after all, crack cocaine was sweeping the county and such events were an inevitable by-product. However, unbeknown to the local homicide detectives, the discovery of Debra Jackson would be the starting point of a 30-year manhunt for a truly evil and prolific serial killer.

ECLIPSED BY THE NIGHT STALKER

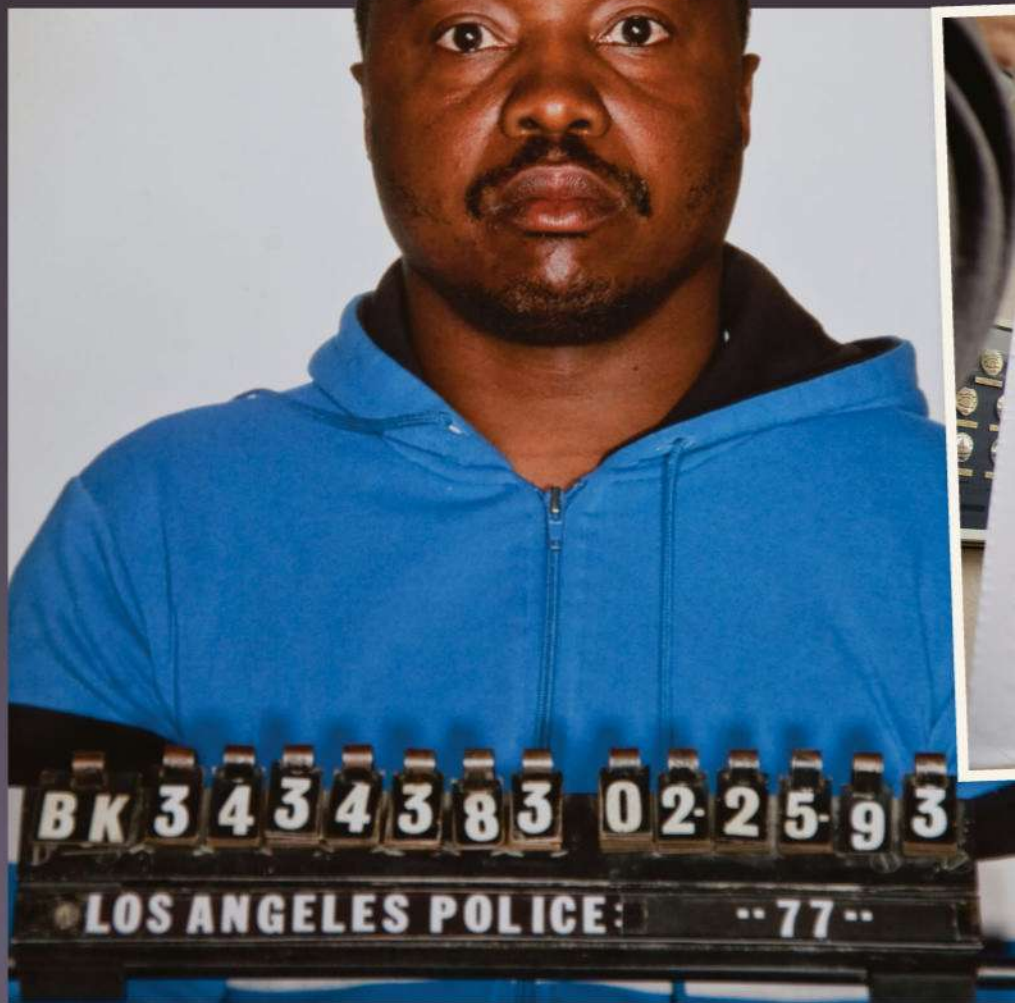
The decomposing corpse of 29-year-old Debra was found on 10 August 1985 – but nobody cared. Across town in the affluent Los Angeles districts, a terrifying serial killer, named 'The Night Stalker' by the media, had struck again, killing yet another middle-class victim. Why would the press bother to report on the death of a poor, black drug addict when there were 'hardworking, decent folk' dying at the hands of Richard Ramirez? And so her passing left no mark in the papers.

She was found, as all the others would be, discarded like unwanted rubbish in a South Central alley, beneath a piece of carpet. Since there were only eight homicide detectives working, on average, 130 murders per year in that area, the likelihood of finding her killer was slim to say the least, but the report was filed and details logged. She had been shot three times at close range with a .25-calibre pistol. Due to her decomposition, it was impossible to say if she had been sexually assaulted.

Detectives had little to go on – their only lead was the .25-calibre pistol. And, just to make matters worse, another serial killer started working their patch, known as the 'Southside Slayer'. Luckily for the police, the Slayer's modus operandi was entirely different since he had a penchant for stabbing and strangling his victims.

On 12 August 1986 the body of Henrietta Wright was discovered underneath an old mattress and a blanket in a dirty back alley. A gag made from a torn shirt had been rammed into her mouth and, once again, the killer had used a .25-calibre pistol. She had been shot twice at close range. Ballistics confirmed she'd been murdered with the same gun that killed Debra Jackson. The detectives were left reeling. Surely there couldn't be three serial killers working their turf? Five months later and their question was answered.

On 10 January 1987 an anonymous caller informed the police that he had witnessed a man dumping a woman in a nearby alley. He couldn't identify the man but had remembered the van number plate. Sure enough, police discovered the partially hidden body of Barbara Ware. The van belonged to a local church, but when everyone was interrogated they produced solid alibis. So who was the mystery caller and why had he lied? Meanwhile police concluded that Barbara had been shot with the same gun as Debra and Henrietta. There was definitely another serial killer out there targeting vulnerable African-American drug addicts, and the police had no clues as to who it might be.



ABOVE A mugshot, made public following the capture of the Grim Sleeper revealed a normal-looking Lonnie Franklin Junior

The next body was found on 15 April 1987. Bernita Sparks had been strangled and then shot with a .25-calibre pistol before being thrown in a dumpster and covered in rubbish. She had been wrapped in a filthy grey blanket and left to rot. An autopsy revealed that she had been beaten about the head before being shot at close range.

As the body count increased, detectives became frantic to rid the streets of the homicidal maniacs that lurked there. Gradually they solved clusters of murders, picking off the twisted perpetrators, but the serial killer systematically shooting the local drug addicts with his hand gun remained elusive, and the longer it took to track him down, the more women turned up dead.

Mary Lowe was discovered on 1 November 1987 behind a cinder block at the rear of 8927, South Hobart Boulevard. Three days later, the link between Mary's death and the other .25-calibre killings was confirmed. The murder coincided with more distressing news. The LAPD had decided to cut the number of detectives on the South Slayer Task Force. It didn't bode well for the handful of officers desperately trying to find their own killer – and clues, like the Slayer's investigative team, were drying up.

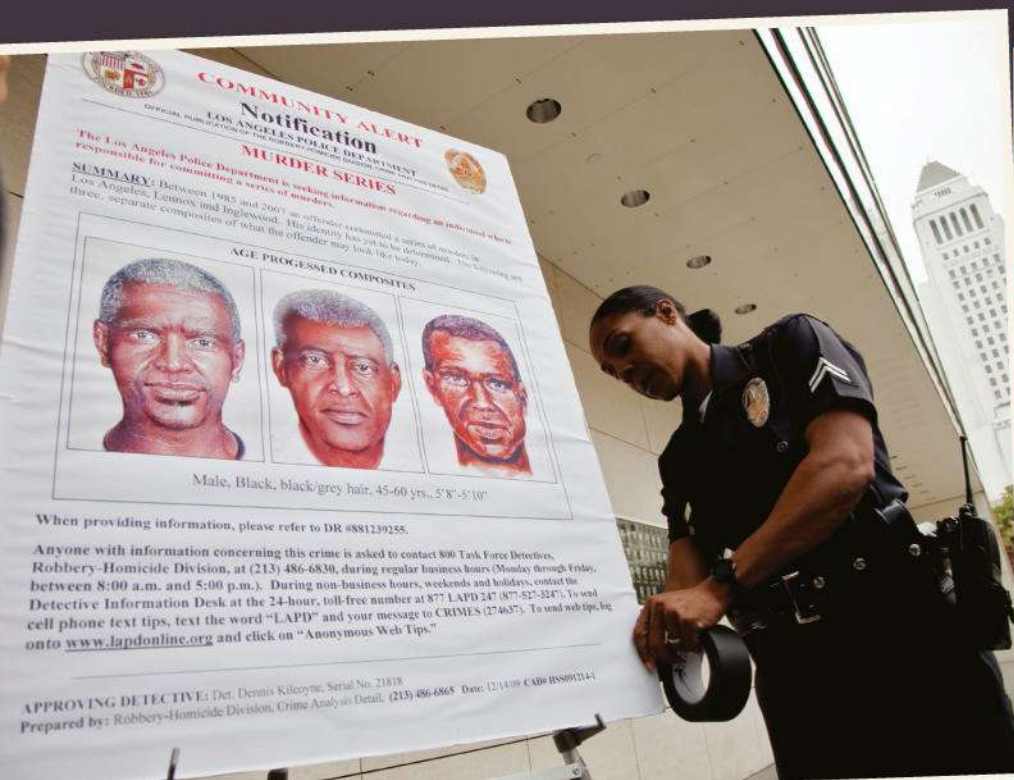
Three months later, a young woman by the name of Bertha Johnson stumbled across a corpse buried beneath a mattress in an alley behind her apartment. She assumed the woman had died of an overdose, like so many other addicts in the neighbourhood. She was wrong. 22-year-old Lachrica Jefferson had been shot twice at close range with the usual .25-calibre pistol. A napkin with the word 'AIDS' had been draped over her face.

A FORENSIC NIGHTMARE

THE GRIM SLEEPER'S VICTIMS WERE DUMPED IN THE BACK ALLEYS OF SOUTH CENTRAL, HAVING BEEN MURDERED IN A DIFFERENT LOCATION

A murder site is known as a 'primary crime scene' and is considered to be of vital importance to the forensic team, since they typically yield more usable evidence. It is here that bullet casings, blood spatter and signs of a struggle can usually be obtained. The dumping ground, on the other hand, is known as a 'secondary crime scene' and is more often than not a forensic expert's worst nightmare.

If they are lucky, the killer may transfer evidence from himself onto the body in the move. Fibres, hairs and bodily fluids can all be left behind. Sometimes the vehicle used to transport the body, also a secondary crime scene, can yield forensic clues that can also be left at the dump site. Sadly for detectives working the Grim Sleeper case, very little evidence was recovered at the secondary scenes. A number of tyre tracks and the .25-calibre bullets lodged inside the corpses were all they had to work with because, at the time, DNA analysis appeared impossible to trace.



“THE DETECTIVES WERE LEFT REELING. SURELY THERE COULDN'T BE THREE SERIAL KILLERS WORKING THEIR TURF? FIVE MONTHS LATER AND THEIR QUESTION WAS ANSWERED”

Like a hideous reoccurring dream, 18-year-old Alicia Alexander's body was found in an alley near Western Avenue. The police waited for confirmation that the victim had been murdered with the same weapon, but in their hearts they already knew the answer. However, they did have something new to add to the file. A witness had seen Alicia get into a 1974 or maybe 1975 rust-coloured Ford Pinto five days before the body was discovered. Considering the state of decomposition, this would probably have been the last time anyone had seen her alive.

THE SURVIVOR

The few remaining police officers left to deal with the case had gathered together the pitifully weak forensic evidence and created an impressive profile. The killer clearly had a penchant for a particular type of victim: all the women were of Afro-Caribbean origin. They were down on their luck, struggling to survive on a cocktail of drink and drugs. Toxicology reports showed that each one had tested positive for cocaine and alcohol. This made them vulnerable and desperate – easy targets for a calculating hunter. They had all been shot in the chest in an almost identical position. The killer had probably killed them while sitting next to them in his car. This explained the close range and exact location of the entry wounds. Residue on the skin suggested that the gun had been pushed up against their flesh before firing.

None of the women were wearing undergarments and their tops had been re-arranged, exposing their breasts.

There was clear sexual motivation mixed with an unwavering need for total control.

The car would be the primary crime scene where all the key forensic evidence could be obtained. Find the car, find the killer. And now they had a make and colour to search for. When pressed, the witness had yielded more valuable recollections. The car's windows had been tinted or possibly covered by a curtain of sorts. There was a spot on the right front fender that looked like a repair job. A sketch was drawn up and sent out to all patrol officers working the area, but nothing came up. The detectives needed a break and, two months later, they got one.

Enieta Washington was a tall, feisty woman who worked hard and played hard. Somehow, she was managing to singlehandedly bring up two children, look after an elderly neighbour and still slip in a little quality fun time. Saturday 19 November was to be her night off, and she intended to spend it at a party with her best friend, Lynda Hoover. They had agreed to meet at Lynda's house that evening and so, having dropped her kids off at the babysitter's, she started the short walk to 84th Street and Denker Avenue.

As she wandered along the sidewalk she noticed an orange Ford Pinto crawling alongside her. The window rolled down and the driver offered her a lift. Enieta didn't talk to strangers in cars and told him that if he had something to say to her he should pull over and get out so that she could look him in the eye. To her surprise, he did just that.

She later claimed that she had always been good at assessing characters and thought that this man seemed gentle and “a little dorky”. He looked around 30 years old with

ABOVE-LEFT Police officers put up posters requesting any information regarding the 1985-2007 murders. The killer's image had been aged accordingly to help the public identify him

short-cropped hair and neat, tidy clothes. He stood at around 1.72 metres and spoke with a soft, quiet voice. Initially when he offered her a lift Enietra refused, but when he offered again to take her to her friend's house she relented and got in. The car was extremely clean with sheepskin covers although, she noticed, the dashboard had been damaged and there were a number of tools on the floor. The pair drove off but didn't take the route Enietra was expecting them to take. Instead, they pulled over in front of a house next to an apartment complex. He apologised for the delay but said he needed to pop into his uncle's house to pick up some cash. He returned moments later and they continued on their journey. What happened next would change her life forever.

When the man climbed back into the car his character altered dramatically. In a snarling tone he started referring to Enietra as 'Brenda', but when she corrected him he ignored her, bent down to the driver's side pocket and pulled out a gun. Before she could react, he pushed the weapon into her chest and pulled the trigger. The pain was overwhelming and she soon blacked out. She awoke briefly to find him straddling her as she lay in the passenger seat, her clothes in disarray. The flash of a polaroid camera followed by the sound of the engine brought her to. They were driving again.

A short while later the car stopped and he leaned over, opening the passenger door and pushing her out into a darkened alleyway. She lay in excruciating pain, as still as possible with her eyes shut tight, hoping that he would assume she was dead. After what seemed like an eternity, he slammed the car door shut and drove away.

Enietra was bleeding profusely, but she was still breathing and she intended to keep it that way. She raised herself up and staggered down the road until she made it to her friend's house, where she blacked out. When Lynda Hoover came home she found Enietra slumped against the front door. An ambulance was called and she was rushed to hospital.

OPPOSITE In 2010 the police searched Franklin Jr.'s home, the now infamous mint-green bungalow on West 81st Street. The search was the largest in LAPD history

THE HUNTER WHO NEVER SLEPT

HE WAS NAMED THE GRIM SLEEPER BECAUSE OF HIS YEARS OF INACTIVITY, BUT IT'S LIKELY LONNIE FRANKLIN JR. NEVER STOPPED PROWLING HIS HUNTING GROUND

On 28 August, 2008, *L.A. Weekly* released a front page story, 'The Grim Sleeper Returns', and a new serial killer was presented to the general public. Unlike the many random murderers of faceless prostitutes, this killer had been given a moniker, and it instantly created a bogeyman. The editor, Jill Stewart, insisted upon a terrifying name, but it was Christine Pelisek, the award-winning journalist, who came up with 'The Grim Sleeper', having been following the story since 2006. It highlighted the apparent

13-and-a-half years of inactivity between murder sprees.

The discovery of over 1,000 photographs, including the ten murders and one attempted murder that Lonnie Franklin Jr. was convicted of, strongly suggests that the killing never stopped. Police now believe many victims ended up in landfill sites, never to be seen again. 180 images were released to the public in the hope that they might be identified, and during the trial four more victims were named.

“THE PAIN WAS OVERWHELMING AND SHE SOON BLACKED OUT. SHE AWOKE BRIEFLY TO FIND HIM STRADDLING HER”

When the bullet was removed and examined, forensic experts were able to prove that Enietra had been attacked by the .25-calibre serial killer, but this time the police had a survivor who could give them details. For a start, she could take them to his 'uncle's house'.

THE BIG SLEEP

The apartment turned out to be a dead end: the place was used by a constant stream of prostitutes and drug addicts. It was impossible to say who had gone in or out of there that evening. What looked like a fantastic break in the case quickly fizzled out and, although further details of the interior of the car were given, nothing came of it. The killer had slipped through their hands once again.

As time went on, detectives on the case retired and the seven deaths and one attempted murder were relegated to a cold case file. It seemed as if the killer had literally disappeared, and everybody on the force had a different theory as to what had happened. Many believed he had been picked up for another crime and was locked up out of harm's way. Others prayed that he had died, his body rotting away somewhere. Either way, the murders had stopped and the resulting peace was gratefully received.

14 years later, Detectives Shepard and Ramirez were pulling out cold case files and applying new DNA techniques to see if they could get any hits. They were working on the 2003 murder of Valerie McCorvey, a drug-addicted prostitute dumped in an alley having been pushed out from a moving vehicle. She had been strangled and bitten on the breast. DNA analysis found a match and it shocked the detectives to the core. The name flashing on the computer screen was that of Mary Lowe. The killer was back, but the big question was, had he ever really left?

The police were now searching for any connections linking recent murders to 'The Grim Sleeper'. Six days later a second hit came up, when DNA linked the previous killing to a murder in 2002. Princess Berthomieux was only 15 years old when she crossed paths with her murderer. The police were now fully aware that the 1980s serial killer was active and, once again, hunting the black prostitutes of South Central. DNA was clearly the way forward, but it would only work if they could link the victims to a particular perpetrator, and they couldn't find any matches on the federal database.

Janecia Peters's body was discovered on New Year's Day in 2007 in a dumpster. She'd been wrapped in a black bin bag and discarded, just another disposable woman to the killer.

A new team was assembled, known as the '800 Task Force', comprising of a carefully selected group of seven





ALICIA ALEXANDER
11 SEP 1988



DEBRA JACKSON
10 AUG 1985



BARBARA WARE
10 JAN 1987



HENRIETTA WRIGHT
12 AUG 1986



LONNIE FRANKLIN JR.'S HOUSE



PRINCESS BERTHOMIEUX
9 MAR 2002



BERNITA SPARKS
15 APR 1987



LACHRICA JEFFERSON
30 JAN 1988



JANECIA PETERS
1 JAN 2007



MARY LOWE
1 NOV 1987



VALERIE MCCORVEY
11 JUL 2003

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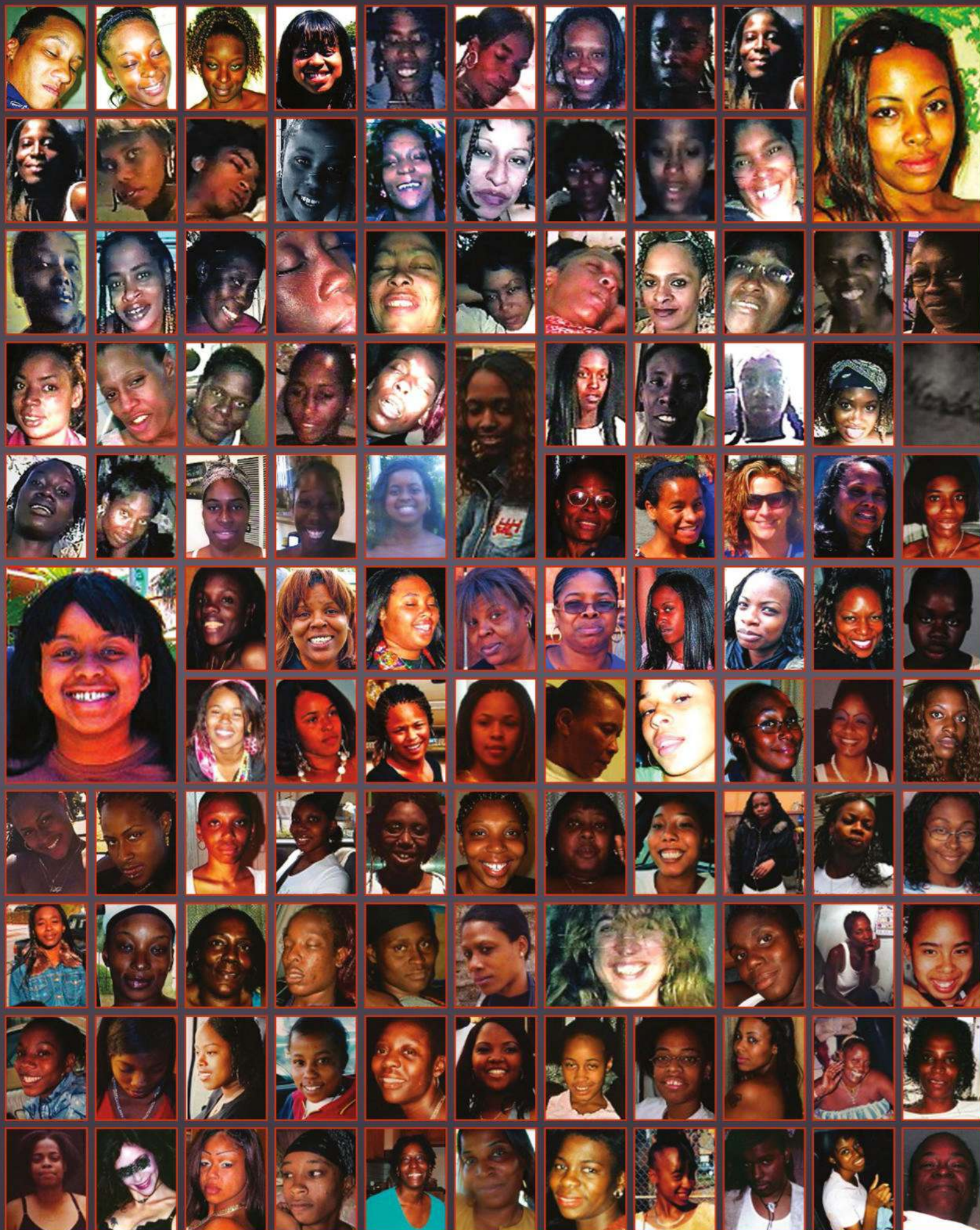
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SOUVENIR HUNTER

TAKING PHOTOS OF THE VICTIM GIVES CRIMINAL PSYCHOLOGISTS A FASCINATING INSIGHT INTO A KILLER'S THOUGHT PROCESSES

To take photographs of your victims seems a particularly gruesome thing to do. Is it a common thing among serial killers to keep souvenirs of their murders?

Absolutely. Glatman took bondage shots of three of his victims, while Leonard Lake and Charles Ng made pornographic 'snuff' movies as they tortured their sex slaves over a prolonged period of time.

Robert K. Ressler and John E. Douglas claimed that there was a relation between post-crime behaviour and method of killing. Does the taking of photographs fit into this?

Yes it does, and it really fits in with your subject, Lonnie Franklin Jr. Extensive research has been taken on the type of weapon used and the post-crime behaviour pattern. Findings indicate that killers using a firearm were more likely to have kept a diary of events and, most significantly, taken photographs of their victims. This can be compared with killers using a blunt instrument, for example, who almost never keep souvenirs or take pictures.

But surely such behaviour increases the likelihood of getting caught. Why do it?

The sheer pleasure of being able to relive the experience far outweighs the risk of getting

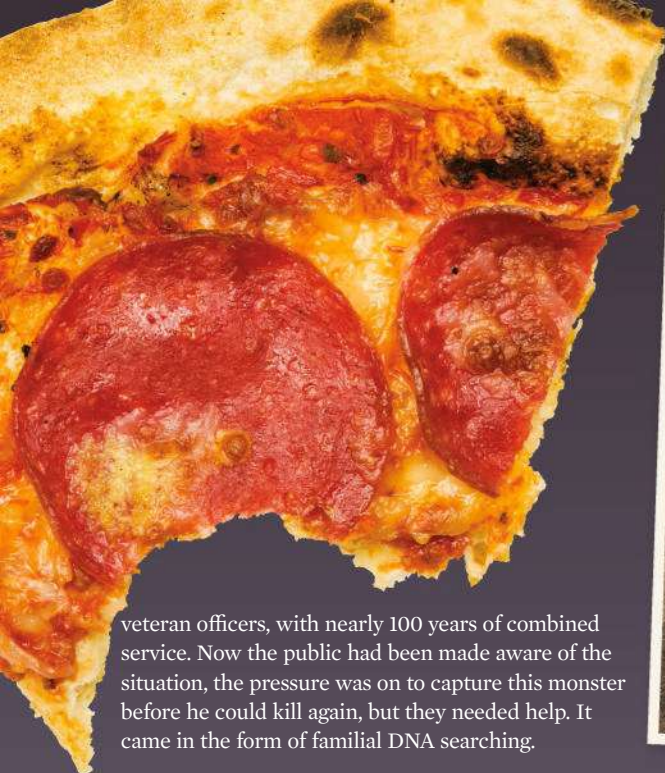
caught for such people. The images provide tangible proof that they were able to carry out their long-held fantasy, and it wasn't just they had merely imagined killing someone. It keeps the situation real for them. Some killers see the pictures as a trophy – in other words, proof of their murderous skill. This is similar to a game hunter mounting a head on the wall. Others keep the photo as a souvenir in order to play the memories over and over again.

Sometimes the act of taking a photograph is designed to torment the victim by physically taking something away from them. Frightening the victim heightens the sexual stimulation often achieved during the attack. It also reinforces the notion that the attacker has full control of the situation and now owns a piece of the victim.

BIO ANONYMOUS

FORENSIC PSYCHOLOGIST LECTURER

This expert profiler, who wishes to remain anonymous for personal reasons, studied psychology before specialising in forensic psychology and profiling. She is particularly interested in the use of criminal behaviour patterns in order to create a working profile of serious violent offenders. She currently lectures at a top London university.



veteran officers, with nearly 100 years of combined service. Now the public had been made aware of the situation, the pressure was on to capture this monster before he could kill again, but they needed help. It came in the form of familial DNA searching.

IMAGES OF EVIL

Familial DNA searching allows the police to broaden their DNA analysis to close relatives of a suspect. This means that even if the killer isn't in the database, if a relative is, they could link him or her to the crime. It's a somewhat controversial method but has been successfully utilised in the UK since 2002.

Tentatively, police explored the new technology, and in 2010 they got a hit. 28-year-old petty criminal Christopher Franklin had given DNA after a firearms charge. His father, Lonnie David Franklin Jr., who was not in the database himself, had been living in the epicentre of the South Central murders since the early 1980s. All of the dump sites were within an eight-kilometre radius of his bungalow. The location was exactly where profilers had envisaged the killer would be living. Officers followed Lonnie Franklin Jr. as he went about his daily business and secretly took the 58-year-old's DNA from cutlery and food at a pizza parlour. Having smuggled it out of the parlour to the forensics lab, they checked it against samples taken from the victims. It was a perfect match. They had tracked down the Grim Sleeper.

While Lonnie Franklin Jr. was picked up and taken in for questioning, a second unit swooped in to search his home. Over 800 pieces of evidence were removed, including 20 cameras, over 1,000 photographs and hours of pornographic videos. While searching the garage, Criminalist Genaro Arredondo pulled some dry-wall away only to discover a secret hole containing a photo of a woman, her breast exposed. It was a picture of Enietra Washington, the only known survivor. Detectives were reminded of her claim that she had been roused from unconsciousness by the flash of a polaroid camera. Another picture of a semi-naked victim, Janecia Peters, had been stuck inside a mini fridge. Ladies' underwear was strewn about the garage while a polaroid camera and a box of .25-calibre ammunition were left on the shelf. The gun used to kill the women was discovered inside the house.

Lonnie Franklin Jr. clearly kept trophies of his attacks, and since there were far more images than the ten victims police were aware of, it made them shudder to think how many more desperate women had met the same ghastly fate. A photograph of him smiling beside a landfill site suggested where the remaining bodies might be.



“ THE STAR WITNESS WAS NATURALLY ENIETRA WASHINGTON... THE WOMAN WHO HAD LOOKED THE MONSTER IN THE EYE AND SURVIVED ”

But why would he risk keeping such incriminating evidence in his own home? He is certainly not the first to do such a thing. Harvey Glatman, for example, took bondage photographs of his victims. It is thought that such souvenirs become ‘tangible proof’ that they really carried out their fantasies. Experts also believe that storing such mementos allows the killer to ‘own the victim’ even after disposal of the body. Whatever Franklin Jr.'s reasons for keeping his twisted collection of snaps, the police were extremely glad he did. Not only would such incriminating evidence be useful to the prosecution, it would also allow officers to look into other disappearances and perhaps offer closure to grieving families still waiting for news.

The detectives had caught their man, but their fear that he had murdered more than the ten named victims weighed heavily on their minds. Lonnie Franklin Jr. was duly arrested and charged with ten counts of murder and one count of the attempted murder of Enietra Washington in July 2010, but the trial was still a long way away. While the prosecution started to pull together its evidence, the police collated the photographs found in Franklin Jr.'s home and presented 180 images of women to the public. It was hoped that someone might recognise a face and confirm her whereabouts. If the woman was missing, it could be used as circumstantial evidence in the hypothesis that the Grim Sleeper had never ‘slept’ at all.

THE LONG-AWAITED TRIAL

Six years of delays and diversions finally came to an end when a court date was set for 16 February 2016. The prosecution's case was built on DNA and ballistics evidence and the fact that each of the ten victims was linked to Franklin Jr. by one or the other. At least eight of the women were shot with .25-calibre pistols found on his property and seven of the women were tainted by his DNA. By identifying a unique signature on the bullets removed from the eight

ABOVE-LEFT Franklin Jr.'s half-eaten pizza slices and soiled cutlery were taken and used to extract his DNA and link him to the murders

ABOVE-RIGHT Each body was discovered in a South Central alley, partially hidden by old blankets and mattresses. The victims were dumped alongside the rubbish, thrown away without a second thought

attacks in the 1980s, specialists could unequivocally establish that they had been fired from the same gun. This was a strong case, and Deputy District Attorney Beth Silverman made this perfectly clear in her opening statement. There really was no doubt that the Los Angeles Police Department had caught the right man.

Over 40 expert witnesses were called in to explain the significance of their evidence, from the county coroner to various members of the forensic department. Having blasted jurors with the science, she then appealed to their emotional side, revealing shocking photographs of Debra Jackson's decomposing corpse and moving on to a pitiful image of Princess Berthomieux's naked body lying face-down on the filthy alley ground. She shifted the perception of the victims' lifestyle away from one of morally reprehensible degradation to desperation and vulnerability: in other words, she humanised them. The media had portrayed them collectively as black, drug-addicted prostitutes. Silverman showed the jury that they had been individuals, daughters, sisters and mothers.

The star witness was naturally Enietra Washington. Everyone wanted to see the woman who had looked the monster in the eye and survived. Throughout the trial she held herself with enormous dignity and bravery. She was, after all, the living embodiment of all those who had suffered at the hands of Lonnie Franklin Jr. For the sake of the victims' families seated in the viewing gallery, she had to stay strong and speak out for their loved ones. She felt the pressure keenly but she bore it well, and the grieving audience was both grateful and proud. Meanwhile, the jury were stunned by her chilling account of the attack on that November evening 28 years earlier.

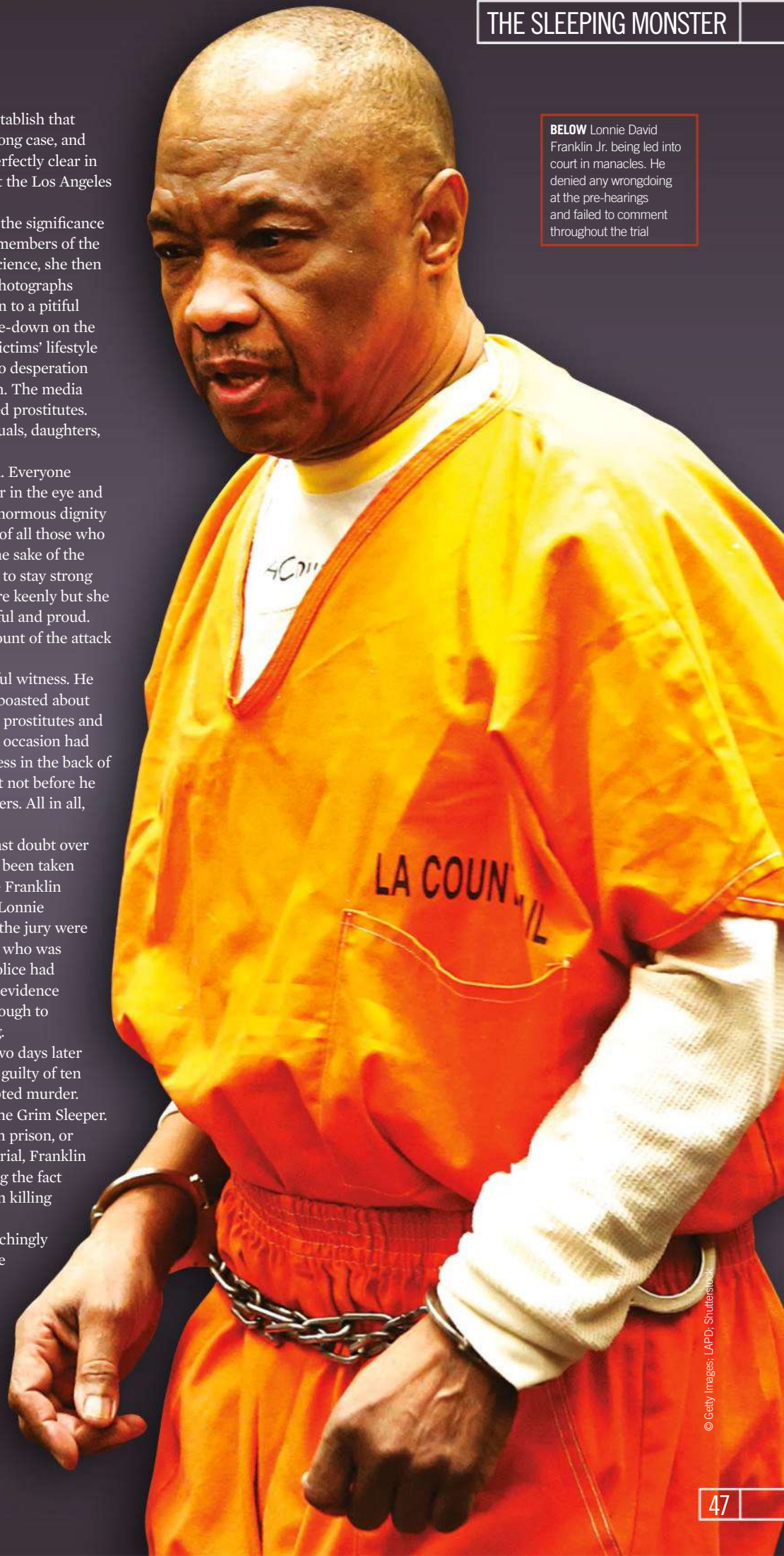
Franklin Jr.'s best friend, Ray Davis, was also a useful witness. He described his drinking buddy as a man who regularly boasted about his sexual encounters. He had always fraternised with prostitutes and often took photographs of them naked. One particular occasion had scared Davis. He had seen a woman sitting on a mattress in the back of a van. Franklin had angrily shooed his friend away, but not before he had seen her face. He believed it had been Janecia Peters. All in all, the prosecution took a month laying out its case.

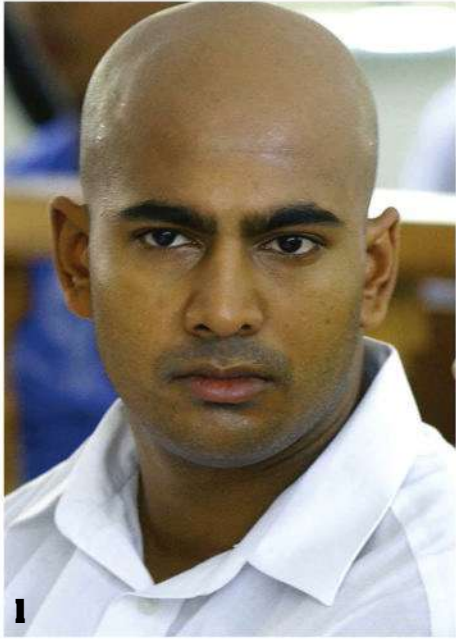
Defence Attorney Seymour Amster attempted to cast doubt over the DNA evidence, claiming that other male DNA had been taken from the bodies, so how could the prosecution be sure Franklin Jr. was the killer? It was a weak argument, since only Lonnie Franklin Jr.'s DNA was discovered on all of them, and the jury were not impressed. It was a desperate bid to defend a man who was drowning in the forensic evidence against him. The police had gone from struggling to find uncontaminated forensic evidence from notoriously difficult dump sites, to more than enough to convict, and it was all down to familial DNA searching.

The jury began their deliberations on 3 May, and two days later reached a verdict. Lonnie Franklin Jr. had been found guilty of ten counts of first degree murder and one count of attempted murder. Now it was time to establish what should become of the Grim Sleeper. Should he spend the rest of his miserable life rotting in prison, or would the jury call for the death penalty? During the trial, Franklin Jr. had been linked to four further murders, reinforcing the fact that he had never 'slept' at all and had most likely been killing since 1976. So, did he deserve mercy?

The families' victim impact statements were unflinchingly honest, and on 6 June, 2016 the jury recommended the death sentence. Judge Kathleen Kennedy appeared comfortable with their decision, stating, "I can't think of anyone that I have encountered, in all my years in the criminal justice system, that has committed the kind of monstrous, and the number of monstrous crimes that you have." The sentence was passed and he was admitted to San Quentin's death row. He was found dead in his cell on 28 March 2020.

BELOW Lonnie David Franklin Jr. being led into court in manacles. He denied any wrongdoing at the pre-hearings and failed to comment throughout the trial





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1 Myuran Sukumaran 2 Thanh Nguyen 3 Renae Lawrence 4 Scott Rush 5 Si Yi Chen 6 Martin Stephens 7 Matthew Norman 8 Michael Czugaj 9 Andrew Chan



FACING THE FIRING SQUAD

THE BALI NINE

WHEN INDONESIAN POLICE BUSTED NINE AUSTRALIANS
WITH MILLIONS OF DOLLARS OF HEROIN, THE 'BALI NINE'
FOUND THEMSELVES UP AGAINST ONE OF THE MOST
DRACONIAN CRIMINAL JUSTICE SYSTEMS IN THE WORLD

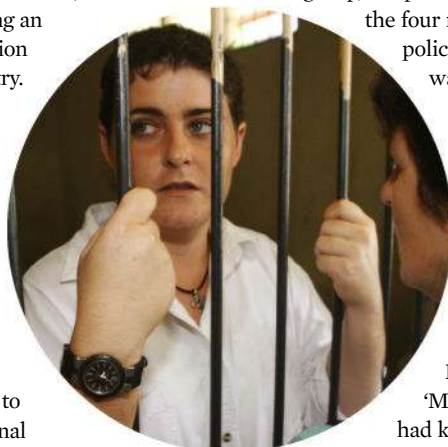
WORDS TANITA MATTHEWS

As gunshots rang out in the middle of the night on Nusakambangan island, the hearts of a nation sank with sorrow. Eight men had been executed, among them two Australian friends condemned for their multimillion dollar drug-smuggling plot more than a decade previously. Andrew Chan and Myuran Sukumaran had seen a long and futile legal battle flop, as their pleas for mercy fell on the deaf ears of the strict Indonesian courts. For a decade, Indonesia and Australia were engaged in a diplomatic battle, with Chan's and Sukumaran's lives hanging in the balance. Their mules, seven other Australian residents, were also scared for their own lives behind prison bars, as a series of appeals saw their sentences go from life to death and back to life again. The shots that echoed through the dead of the night signalled not only the end of life, but also the end of an era for a nation that had furiously campaigned to save the "reformed" men from a visit to the place known locally as Execution Island.

RISKY BUSINESS

Even before he left Sydney Airport in April 2005, the Australian Federal Police (AFP) already had 19-year-old Scott Rush, a member of the syndicate that would later become known as 'The Bali Nine', on its radar. His father Lee had confided in his friend and Brisbane barrister Bob Myers that his penniless, rebellious and drug-addicted son, who was currently on bail, might be boarding an Australian flight to Bali with the intention of couriering drugs back into the country. Myers put in a call to the AFP hoping that they would put a stop to Rush's potentially reckless decision and was told, according to him, that it would be "taken care of". But Rush was an adult in the eyes of the law and authorities were unable to stop him boarding the plane. Instead, the information was passed on to the Indonesian police in the form of a letter titled, 'Heroin couriers from Bali to Australia'. This tip-off led to international police surveillance of Rush plus eight others that police were already suspicious of.

Of these nine, Sydney residents Martin Stephens, 29, and Renae Lawrence, 27, were the first to be arrested in Indonesia's Denpasar International Airport a few weeks later on 17 April, as they prepared to fly home. Rush and a friend, 19-year-old Michael Czugaj, were arrested a short while later in the same airport, also boarding a flight home to Australia. They were told it was just a routine security check, but each was discovered with wads of heroin strapped to their bodies with cheap tape. Between the four of them they were carrying 8.3 kilograms of narcotics. 21-year-old Andrew Chan was the fifth member to be arrested, but unlike the others, he hadn't an ounce of drugs on him. Police suspected that he was responsible for rounding up the couriers once they had landed. Footage of their arrests was broadcast in Australia just days later showing their faces, drained of colour, as the parcels strapped to their bodies were revealed to the world. Their all-expenses-paid trip was supposed to be a quick way to make a few thousand dollars, but it was a risk that carried with it the potential to be sentenced to death under Indonesia's uncompromising drug laws. While Lawrence, Rush, Stephens and Czugaj appear anxious and



ABOVE In court, Lawrence's mother told the judges that her daughter was "frightened" of Chan but she had no idea as to the reason why

RIGHT Sukumaran (left) and Chan (right) claimed they knew nothing of the eight kilograms of heroin found on the seven others accused, but later admitted that they had committed a crime and were repentant

scared in the footage, Chan can be seen laughing and joking with custom officials, his pretence as a naive and light-hearted tourist fails to slip even once.

Taking the total up to nine were four more Australians, 18-year-old Matthew Norman, 24-year-old Myuran Sukumaran, 27-year-old Thanh Nguyen and 20-year-old Si Yi Chen, who were arrested at their Melasti Beach Bungalows accommodation. Police banged on the door of room 136 and when Sukumaran answered, the officer stood on the doorstep told him, "We are the police. Sit down. We have information that you bring heroin." Once inside the room, the atmosphere, which had been jovial just moments before, quickly turned into one of panic. Within minutes police unzipped a backpack to reveal a wealth of incriminating paraphernalia: two plastic bags containing 334 grams of heroin, a bag of pepper powder, rubber gloves, adhesive tape, a waist support belt and some screwdrivers. The packages recovered by police at the airport were dusted in pepper powder to throw sniffer dogs off the scent, but the ringleaders' cards had already been marked. Although Sukumaran quickly denied that the bag belonged to the group, the police were having none of it and arrested the four men before carting them off to Polda police jail with the five other suspects. It was the first time that all of them had met face to face.

Back in Australia, Lawrence, Stephens, Norman and Martin had all met the previous year while working at Eurest, an Australian catering company. Chan had been their supervisor. Nguyen and Czugaj had met at a karaoke bar through mutual friend Rush. It had been Nguyen who had introduced Rush to 'Mark' Sukumaran. Chan and Sukumaran had known each other since school but had not become friends until years later. Chan was painted as a "small time brute" in the book *Bali Nine: The Untold Story*, written by journalists Cindy Wockner and Madonna King, and Sukumaran, his intimidating-looking accomplice, had supposedly recruited

the other seven, paying for flights and accommodation in Bali. Police later suspected that Nguyen had been a third ringleader, financing the whole operation and bringing in the drugs from Thailand's golden triangle.

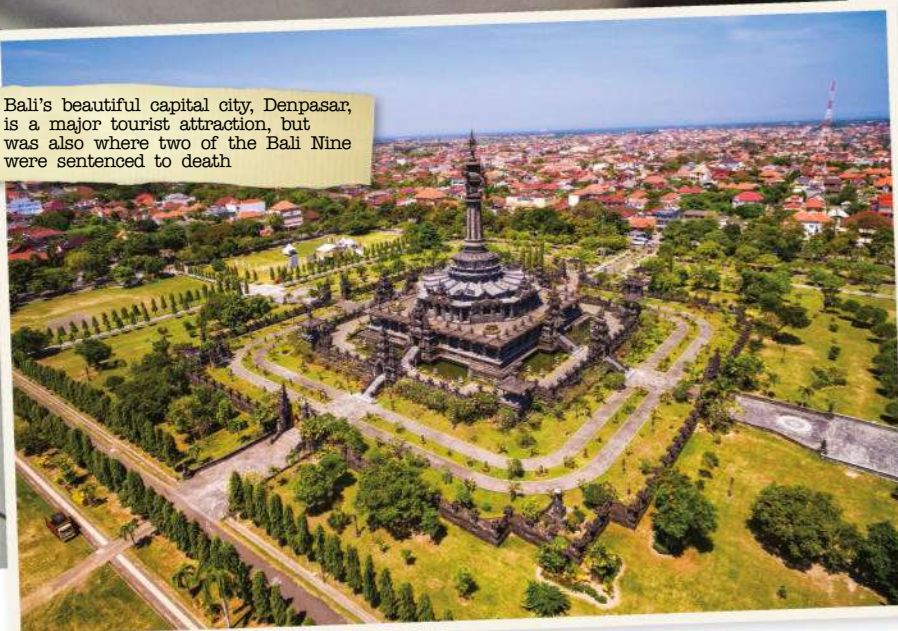
Police also knew that this was not the first time some of the members had visited Bali. Chan and Sukumaran had visited only the previous year in October and again in December. Lawrence had also visited in October and December, accompanied by Nguyen and Norman, who had visited once more in January. But for the others this was their first and last visit. In her first statement to the police, Lawrence wrote that in October, prior to her 27th birthday, she had been roped into a trip to Bali by Chan, who had told her that if she disobeyed him he would "send my family to the farm". Kill them, in other words. When Lawrence returned from the trip she was handed \$10,000 and told not to ask questions. However, she would later revoke this story in court for reasons unknown.



“ THEY WERE TOLD IT WAS JUST A ROUTINE SECURITY CHECK, BUT EACH WAS DISCOVERED WITH WADS OF HEROIN STRAPPED TO THEIR BODIES ”



Bali's beautiful capital city, Denpasar, is a major tourist attraction, but was also where two of the Bali Nine were sentenced to death





ABOVE Chen, Nguyen and Norman speak with their lawyer as they wait to hear what their sentences will be in February 2006. After this meeting, the three men were told they would spend their lives in prison

ONE-WAY TICKET

Originally it was just the aptly named Airport Four who faced the possibility of the firing squad, with Chan and the other four arrested at the hotel facing ten years in prison under Section 78 of the country's anti-narcotics law. However, police soon changed their mind and placed all nine under arrest under the strict Section 82 of the penal code, which carries the potential for the death penalty. Wockner and King, who were at the scene of the trials and sentencing, paint a daunting picture of a courtroom in Indonesia; it is a very different place to the courts in the Western world. The police van arrives under its own steam, obeying only the timetable of the driver and certainly not those of the friends, family and journalists gathered outside. The courtroom itself is stifled with no air conditioning, mobile phones ring in the public gallery and their owners answer them with impunity. Such an act might be considered contempt of court in the Western world, but not in Indonesia. Three judges decide the fate of the accused and the trial is more of an interrogation rather than a well-paced and well-structured hearing. It was in this setting that the trials of the Bali Nine began, at Denpasar District Court on 11 October 2005.

Czugaj and Sukumaran were the first to face the judges, with the remaining seven facing trial separately over the next three days. From day one, the mules claimed that Chan and Sukumaran had forced them into the transportation of heroin across international borders, threatening their families. Some went as far as to say they had no idea what was in the packages strapped to their bodies, insisting they had

Once dubbed the "Indonesian Alcatraz", the island of Nusakambangan off the coast of Java houses numerous convicts in its maximum-security prisons and is where most of the nation's executions take place



“THE EBB AND FLOW OF THE BALI NINE’S SENTENCING ACROSS NEARLY A DECADE PLAYED OUT LIKE A TUG OF WAR”

been forced to close their eyes while men strapped them up. Meanwhile, Chan and Sukumaran denied any involvement in the plot. Each day of the trials, the heroin was paraded in the court; the mules identified the packages many times whereas the kingpins denied they had ever seen them before the trials. Caught on camera soon after her arrest, Lawrence was heard talking with Stephens. “You have gotta dob some other cunt in, I’m not killing my family,” she told him. As she leant in closer she added: “And what’s the point anyway, because if we do dob them in, right – think about it – if we dob them in, they kill our family and then we are dead anyway? Don’t tell them and they just kill us instead and leave them alone.”

Each of the seven tried to distance themselves from the two men as much as possible. However, the courts rejected the idea that the two men had threatened them into submission; there was little evidence to back up their claims.

Sentencing came four months later and fell into two categories: life in prison or the death penalty. Chan and Sukumaran, deemed the ringleaders of the operation, were sentenced to death by firing squad. The other seven coconspirators were told that although their lives had been spared they would spend them in prison. Lawrence had been one of the most co-operative of the group in the case, quickly coming clean and giving prosecutors enough information to pin down Chan’s and Sukumaran’s roles in the transaction. Prosecutors had asked for a sentence of 20 years for her in return but she was treated as harshly as the others. The sentences sent shockwaves through the families of the nine defendants and those in the public gallery – this was the first death penalty Denpasar District Court had ever handed out.

Just days later, the appeal process began, a procedure no one could have predicted would last nine years. Lawrence’s was first, then three days later Rush’s lawyers announced they were seeking clemency while the rest of the defendants’ lawyers launched appeals to save their clients’ lives, clients who they felt were nothing more than young and naive in all of this. Only two months later, the appeals for ringleaders Chan and Sukumaran were rejected and their death sentences upheld. Lawrence, Chen, Czugaj, Nguyen and Norman each received a reprieve of their life sentences and were given 20 years in prison; Rush’s and Stephens’ sentences of life in prison were upheld. But just days later the goalposts shifted once again as prosecutors announced they would appeal against the reduced sentences of all but Lawrence, and they won their own appeal several months later. In September 2006, less than a year after their arrest, Rush, Chen, Norman and Nguyen were sentenced to death alongside Chan and Sukumaran. It was the latest shocking development that would see most of the group executed if it was successful. Czugaj’s 20-year sentence was increased to life in prison while Stephens was the only member to not suffer a harsher sentence, his was simply upheld.

Back and forth, prosecutors and lawyers, reprieves and repeals: the ebb and flow of the Bali Nine’s sentencing across nearly a decade played out like a tug of war, not taking into account for a second the psychological welfare of the nine whose lives were caught at the centre of this debacle.








For Chan and Sukumaran it was a series of unfortunate events. One after the other their requests for judicial reviews in 2011 were rejected, and then in 2015 their pleas for clemency and a presidential pardon from Indonesia’s leader, Joko Widodo, were denied. The president, who was elected in 2014, made it clear that he would come down hard on drug-related crimes and refused to grant any participant clemency. He firmly believed that the sovereignty



ABOVE In what was a last ditch attempt to spare their lives, Chan and Sukumaran appealed to the State Administrative Court in Jakarta against the president’s rejection of clemency but again they were sentenced to death

TAKE AIM AND FIRE

UNDER INDONESIAN LAW, AN EXECUTION CAN ONLY BE WITNESSED BY THE FIRING SQUAD, THE COMMANDER, A PROSECUTOR, A DOCTOR AND A RELIGIOUS PERSON. THE METHOD LOOKS SOMETHING LIKE THIS

-  The prisoner is given white clothing to wear, representing the afterlife, and is allowed to have a spiritual adviser who will walk with them to the place of execution.
-  Together the prisoners make the journey through the thick and dense forest on Nusakambangan to a clearing known as Death Valley.
-  Here, each prisoner is given the option to be blindfolded. They are then given the choice as to whether they would like to sit, stand or kneel during their execution, but whichever way they are tied to the execution pole.
-  The prisoners are given three minutes to calm down before a doctor places a black cross over their heart. During this time, the prisoner can be accompanied by a priest or spiritual adviser.
-  A 12-member firing squad, members of the elite paramilitary police known as the Mobile Brigade/Brimob, are ordered to take fire from five to ten metres away from the prisoner. Three are given live rounds while nine are given blanks.
-  The acting commander brandishes a sword forward as a gesture to the firing squad to unlock their weapons. The sword is dropped as a signal to shoot simultaneously. These silent gestures are put in place so that the convict does not hear when they are about to be executed.
-  If the prisoner is examined by the doctor and found to still be showing signs of life, the commander shoots the prisoner in the temple to finish the execution.

of Indonesia was to be upheld by the millions of Australians who visited every year. They were to be made an example of.

A TICKING TIME BOMB

Australia was outraged. As a country without capital punishment, the sentence condemning two of its residents to death was unthinkable. But in Indonesia, the two young men were no different to any other foreigner who broke laws. In the words of Judge Arief Supratman at the sentencing of Chan and Sukumaran in 2006, a drug dealer is no different from a terrorist, making reference to the Bali Bombers who killed 200 people in 2002 and were sentenced to death. The judge added that the only difference was that the bomber's impact was sudden, whereas a drug dealer's impact trickles into society ruining just as many lives. Two months into 2015, just days after their visiting families left their sides, Chan and Sukumaran were moved from Kerobokan Prison to Nusakambangan Island, the place where they would surely be executed. Here, the pair's lawyer, Todung Mulya Lubis, pleaded with authorities to wait until they had exhausted all legal opportunities before the execution.

Australia's Prime Minister at the time, Tony Abbott, showed support for the Australian nationals, calling them "well and truly reformed characters" and warned President Widodo that there would be consequences for the execution of their men, although Widodo was resolute in his beliefs.

"I will say this firmly," he said, "do not interfere with the executions because it is our sovereign right to exercise our laws." Further appeals were made and denied by the State Administrative Court at the beginning of April 2015. In light of the court's ruling, the outlook was bleak at best. Australian officials continued to fight the rejection until the bitter end, even when Chan and Sukumaran were given 72 hours' notice of their execution on 26 April 2015. As part of their last requests, both prisoners asked that they be able to spend time outside of their isolation cells to take in the fresh air. Chan asked that he be able to attend church with his family one last time, while Sukumaran asked that he be able to paint as much as possible and as long as possible before his execution.

On what was to be his last day alive, Chan married his fiancée Febyanti Herewila, who he proposed to soon after learning that his request for clemency had been denied. On 29 April in the middle of the night, the two men were brought to the clearing alongside six others. One woman also due to be executed that day, Mary Jane Veloso, was given a reprieve from her death sentence just hours before the execution took place, after new information about her case came to light. Pastor Christie Buckingham was one of the last people to see the pair alive as Sukumaran's spiritual adviser. Buckingham's husband later spoke to 3AWradio, telling them that his wife had recalled how the men in their final moments alive had acted with "dignity and strength until the end." The prisoners had sung hymns such as *Amazing*

EASTERN JUSTICE

INDONESIA TAKES A HARD LINE AGAINST DRUGS, AND HAS SOME OF THE TOUGHEST SENTENCES IN THE WORLD

Possession of 5g or more of cocaine or heroin
LIFE IMPRISONMENT

Trafficking of 5g or more of cocaine or heroin
DEATH

Possession of 5g or more of codeine
10 YEARS' IMPRISONMENT

Rape (Including that of a minor)
14 YEARS' IMPRISONMENT

Violation of the Indonesian Blasphemy Law
5 YEARS' IMPRISONMENT

Gambling
10 YEARS' IMPRISONMENT

Living out of wedlock
1 YEAR'S IMPRISONMENT

Adultery
9 MONTHS' IMPRISONMENT

Downloading pornographic material
4 YEARS' IMPRISONMENT



Grace and, according to local media, the ordeal was over in 27 minutes. As the family members heard the gunshots ring out, their hearts shattered and they became hysterical as the lives of Chan and Sukumaran came to an end. Their bodies were carted off to be formally identified by their relatives. Once the formalities had taken place, the bodies were released to the families for the funeral arrangements, the pair finally laid to rest after a decade of what was an agonising struggle for all.

ANGUISH AT THE AFP

The following month, the AFP came under fire from the Australian public, who felt its decision to alert the international authorities meant the blood of the condemned was on their hands. Lawyers for Rush had argued that what the AFP had done with the information passed on by Myers was illegal. But Commissioner Andrew Colvin refused to succumb to what he said were “ill-informed” views made in “bad taste”. He insisted that the police could not have arrested anyone before their departure due to a lack of evidence. Colvin said that while he “felt” for Chan’s and Sukumaran’s families, he was unrepentant of their decision. However, he admitted that since the arrest of the Bali Nine, the guidelines for the way the AFP trade information with countries that seek the death penalty for such crimes has

“AS THE FAMILY MEMBERS HEARD THE GUNSHOTS RING OUT, THEIR HEARTS SHATTERED AND THEY BECAME HYSTERICAL”

changed “substantially”. He would not say whether the AFP would have done anything differently under these guidelines. The message imparted by Colvin was that he could not guarantee that such a situation, involving the execution of Australians at the hands of the Indonesian government, would not happen again. Indonesian officials stuck to their guns in the face of diplomatic backlash after the executions.

For the remaining six left behind bars in Indonesia for the rest of their lives, the future holds a glimmer of hope. Lawrence’s sentence was commuted and she was released on 21 November 2018. Just months before, in June, Nguyen succumbed to cancer in a Jakarta hospital.

Each living member of the Bali Nine continues to look for fresh hope. It’s been over a decade since their incarceration and all avenues for leniency have been exhausted, they have outlived three members, been on the brink of death and brought back to the cells traumatised at the prospect that their life might also come to a tragic end. But for now there is little for them to do but to sit and wait for life or death.

More than 1,000 people gathered to pay tribute to Sukumaran at his funeral where he was commemorated for showing the mercy and grace he was so “callously denied”



LEFT Rush, Stephens and Lawrence pictured in 2006 waiting to hear the final stages of their trial. All three would be sentenced to life imprisonment at the conclusion of this first trial





ABOVE Eddie Leonski admitted to obsessing over the women's voices, which he 'had to get at'.

THE BROWNOUT STRANGLER

IN THE MIDST OF WORLD WAR II AUSTRALIA EMERGED A SERIAL KILLER WHO PREYED ON THOSE HE WAS ENLISTED TO PROTECT. COULD THE US SERVICEMAN HAVE BEEN STOPPED?

WORDS EMILY WEBB

“Where do I get a tram to Royal Park?” the young American asked.

The Australian soldier, who was on duty guarding some trucks, shone his torch at the man, who was covered in yellowy-brown mud and asked, “Where in the hell have you been?”

It was around 9pm on 18 May 1942 at Gatehouse St, Parkville in the heart of Melbourne. The American soldier was looking for his way to his accommodation at Royal Park, not far away.

The muddied man, whom the soldier had seen crawling under a fence replied: “I fell over in a pool of mud going across the park.” He then set off in the direction of the trams.

Earlier that night a 40-year-old woman, Gladys Hosking, left her office – the chemistry department of The University of Melbourne – and set off home, walking several blocks with a friend. When the two parted ways, Ms Hosking continued her walk to the boarding house where she lived in Parkville.

In the early hours of the next day, Ms Hosking was found dead face-down in the mud. Not far from her body was a still-open umbrella and handbag. Her clothing was torn away and she had been strangled. From the chaotic scene it was clear to detectives that Ms Hosking had fought for her life.

It was the yellow clay found on Ms Hosking that ended up being a big part of catching Leonski. Another soldier had seen him covered from chest to feet in the mud from his camp, in his tent and on bedsheets. The clay matched the stuff in the trench where the victim was found.

At this time, Melbourne was on heightened alert. The city was in brownout conditions. The lights were dimmed to reduce the threat of air raids from the Japanese, who had already bombed the city of Darwin on 19 February 1942. On that day in February, 242 Japanese aircraft attacked

ships in the town’s harbour and airfields. Only one in four streetlights were lit and train stations had their lighting dimmed. Many workplaces would let female employees leave work early to avoid going home in the dark.

One of the consequences of these brownouts was an increase in deaths, especially on the roads. The advice to Melburnians from the Victorian State Government during the brownout was to remain indoors after dark and avoid unnecessary risks.

Another big change for the city was the presence of American soldiers.

THE FRIENDLY INVASION

There was a well-known saying about US soldiers who were in Melbourne in 1942, that they were “overpaid, oversexed and over here.” US servicemen stayed in accommodation called Camp Pell, which today is known as Royal Park.

American service personnel started arriving in Australia in December 1941. For Melbourne there were thousands of young men stationed here for recuperation, and it was known as the friendly invasion.

The women of Melbourne were certainly enamored by these young servicemen. The young Americans had much sharper uniforms than their Aussie counterparts and they knew how to dance and have a good time.

Eddie Leonski’s baby-faced charm belied his family history and the dark half of his split personality



They were greeted warmly at first and then resentment grew among local men because, understandably, women in Melbourne were intrigued by these charmers and were more interested going out with the exotic foreigners than the homegrown blokes.

However, the oft-used term “overpaid, oversexed and over here” soon took a sinister turn and the people who warned Melbourne women to steer clear of the Americans had cause to be justified in their assertions.

WOMEN IN TERROR

On 3 May 1942 a tradesman was on his way to work at 6.50am in the inner city suburb of Albert Park. He spied a man who appeared to be in a uniform, rising from a crouching position in the doorway near the hotel on the main stretch of Beaconsfield Parade. The man, who appeared to be quite tall, walked away from the doorway where the body of a woman lay. The witness saw the body and contacted police immediately, though he did not get a decent look at whoever had just walked away from the scene. The woman was Ivy Violet McLeod, 40, who'd had her skull fractured.

In the days after the murder, the city was on alert there was a killer out there. The last person to see the victim (besides the killer) was a friend of Ms McLeod who lived in Albert Park where the pair had supper, talked and drank beer in his flat. The victim left the flat at 2am to catch the tram to her home in nearby East Melbourne. The friend offered to walk her to the tram, but he told police she'd said she wasn't afraid to go alone, despite the brownout conditions. Her tram was due around 2.45am.

Less than a week later another woman was found dead in the city. Pauline Thompson, 31, was found dead at 5am on 9 May on the steps of her home in Spring Street in the CBD.

Mrs Thompson, whose policeman husband lived and worked in Victoria with their children, had planned to meet an American soldier she'd made friends with, but when he was late, she didn't hang around and ended up in a hotel in Collins Place, in the CBD. Several people came forward to police to say they'd seen Mrs Thompson in the company of an American serviceman that night.

In the quest to find who killed her, Victoria Police did something they'd never done before. Using a recent photograph of Mrs Thompson, the photographic department superimposed the image on a picture of a dummy model that had been dressed to resemble what the dead woman had been wearing the night she was killed.

The investigation relied on eyewitnesses – people who'd seen Leonski with the victims or acting strangely after the murders. There were no DNA tests or FBI criminal profilers who could shed light on the offender back then.

Mrs Thompson's husband Les was forced to defend his wife's reputation amid gossip about why she lived in Melbourne, away from her family. A distraught Mr Thompson gave an exclusive interview to the *Truth* newspaper a few weeks after the murder.

The tearful and drained Mr Thompson said it was a mutual decision that his wife, who did some work on radio, moved back to Melbourne from Bendigo after six years in the regional city so she could work and help the war effort, through her talent as an entertainer.

“Pauline was always so bright, so entertaining and so full of life that it was natural she was in great demand at parties and entertainments for various charities,” he explained.

“She was a talented musician, and when war charities,



ABOVE The crime was committed on Australian soil, but Leonski was tried in an American military court

concert parties and camp concerts began to assume bigger proportions, she was itching to do more as some contribution to the war effort than was possible in Bendigo.”

The man who found Mrs Thompson's body, a night-watchman called Henry McGowan, also spoke to the newspaper: “The poor woman may have been lying there while I passed by before 5am.”

“It's so dark there, it was just a lucky chance I happened to see her at all. She was lying there spreadeagled and I immediately thought she had been outraged. She was a well-built woman and looked composed, but there were marks on her throat and her clothes were pulled down to the waist and up from the thighs, leaving her almost naked.”

Mr McGowan found the victim's handbag in a nearby lane while on his rounds an hour before he found her body.

For Mrs Thompson's husband, whom the *Truth* described as “gaunt and hollow-eyed,” the speculation about his wife's character was something that added to his pain.

Mr Thompson told the *Truth*: “What makes it all the harder to bear was when young Bruce [their son] and I left her on the station a few hours before she was killed, she promised him she'd be home for his birthday on 24 May, and she'd be home for good”.

The murders of the first two women in similar circumstances were being linked and by tracing the victims' movements and eyewitness accounts it was becoming clear that the murderer was likely an American soldier.

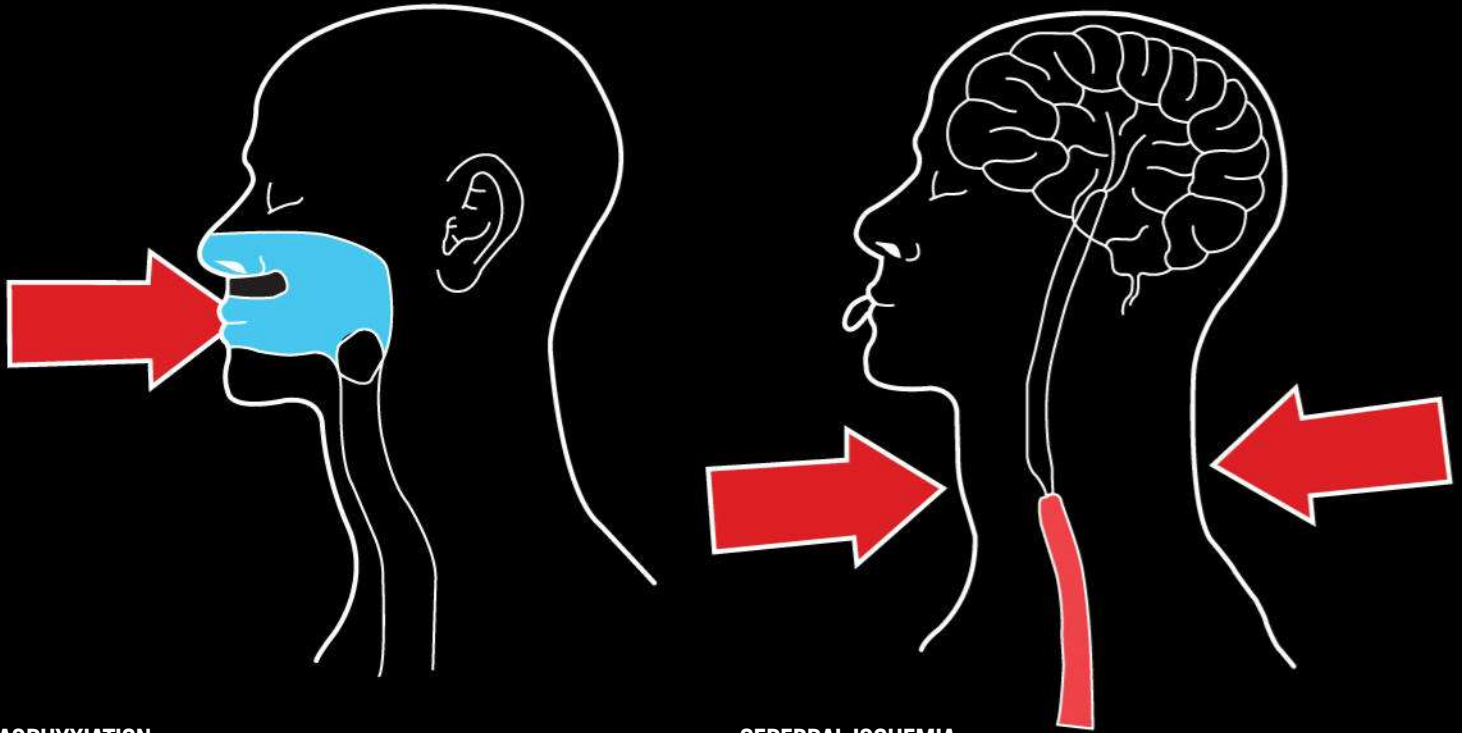
It was when the third woman, Gladys Hosking was killed that police were able to pinpoint the killer from the mud trail that led from her body to the nearby Camp Pell.

When police followed the mustard-coloured mud back

“IT'S SO DARK THERE, IT WAS JUST A LUCKY CHANCE I HAPPENED TO SEE HER AT ALL”

UNDER PRESSURE

IT'S DEADLY, BUT HOW DOES STRANGULATION WORK EXACTLY?

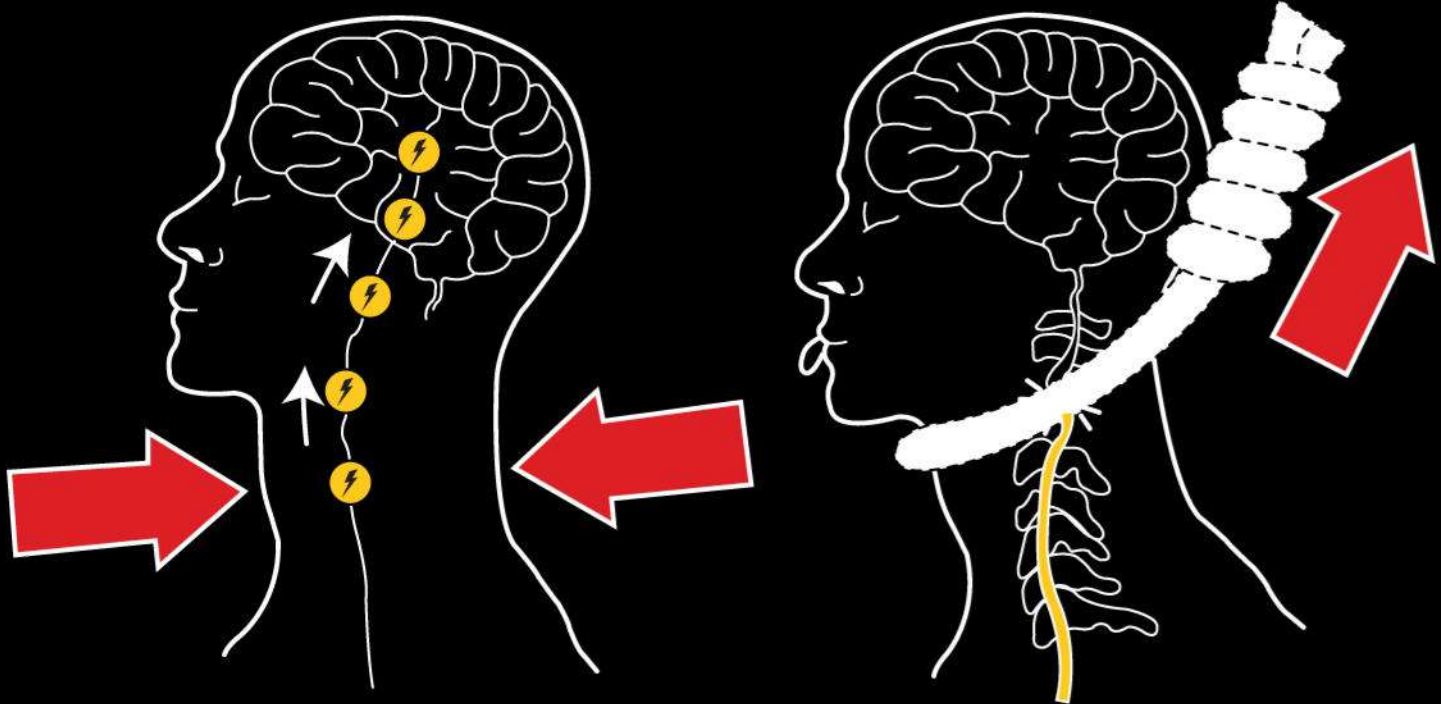


ASPHYXIATION

Asphyxiation is caused when air cannot get in to the lungs or something is blocking the airways. In the case of a murder, it is usually an object (like a pillow) that the killer puts over the victim's face with heavy pressure for a long period of time, so they simply cannot breathe through the thick material.

CEREBRAL ISCHEMIA

Applying pressure to the carotid artery in the neck can block off blood supply to the brain. This is what happens to many victims of strangulation. This artery is the major route for the blood to pump to the brain and keeps bodies working. Cutting blood to the brain can cause unconsciousness and ultimately, brain death.



VAGAL INHIBITION

Strangulation can also be used to stop the flow of blood between brain and heart via the vagus nerve. Because of the pressure and overstimulation the nerve can send a signal to the brain to stop the heart. Death is from sudden heart attack.

SEPARATED VERTEBRAE

This is what happens when people are hung. A strong pull to the neck breaks the spinal cord and ruptures blood vessels causing instant death. Essentially the neck is broken. When a person is hung, they drop and their weight pulls and breaks their neck.

“ HE DISROBED, STANDING NAKED IN HER KITCHEN. THE WOMAN’S SCREAMS ALERTED OTHER PEOPLE IN THE APARTMENT BLOCK. LEONSKI FLED THE APARTMENT...” ”



ABOVE Leonski was hanged at Pentridge Prison, which has fallen into ruin since it was closed in 1997

with the young man, who appeared charming and polite and when they reached the doorstep of her inner-city flat she wished the young man well and turned to open the door.

Leonski startled her when he pushed her inside and grabbed her neck when she screamed at him to get out. He disrobed, standing naked in her kitchen. The woman's screams alerted other people in the apartment block. Leonski fled the apartment grabbing his clothes, but he left behind a singlet with his initials.

The woman didn't report that attack to police at the time, claiming she was too ashamed of what had happened. She had been set to fly to Brisbane, in the Australian state of Queensland, and she and her husband decided to go ahead with the trip and put the awful incident behind them. However they kept the singlet.

By the time of the third murder, the woman, now living in Sydney, contacted police and told them what had happened to her. The fact she still had the singlet in her possession was a win to the investigators.

Another woman who escaped from Leonski with her life was a woman the newspapers dubbed Miss X. Leonski saw Miss X at the Melbourne Glaciarium – a large scale ice skating rink in the city – and asked her to skate with him. She politely declined the brash young soldier.

When she left the ice rink Miss X had no idea Leonski had been watching her and was following her home to South Melbourne. Leonski caught up to her as she alighted the tram near her place.

According to what the woman told police Leonski grabbed her around the neck and said: “I was going to kill a girl tonight, you may as well be the one”. A passer by heard Miss X's screams and ran to save her.

TRIAL THAT MADE HISTORY

Leonski was actually never charged under Australian law with any crimes. The United States took charge of the matter with a court martial. Leonski pleaded not guilty to all charges, claiming he was insane.

Hayford Octavius Enwall was the trial judge advocate appointed to Leonski. Enwall was working as the Chief Legal Officer of the US Army Services of Supply in Melbourne at the time. It was the first time a person was tried in Australia by a military tribunal for crimes that violated another country's civilian criminal law.

The court martial was held in a hall in Russell St, Melbourne. It was heavily guarded and press entry was very limited. The waiting press photographers couldn't get a clear shot of Leonski as he entered the hearing each day because he bowed his head and was flanked by military guard.

At the conclusion of the trial on 19 July 1942, Leonski was sentenced to death and his trial judge advocate Hayford Octavius Enwall said: “For five days this Court has heard a story of human tragedy and depravity unparalleled in the administration of criminal justice in the United States Army.”

There were diplomatic tensions. Some believed the court martial and death sentence were done as a gesture by the United States to calm the Australian public who were seeming to tire of the American soldiers on their soil.

Leonski's mother back in the United States was shielded from the details, especially that her son was going to die. Leonski's sister Helen was reported saying, “It is unbelievable. My brother was a churchgoer, a high school honour student and a model son. He never cared for girls, but seemed to be changed after being drafted into the Army, when he began to drink.”

But Leonski seemed unperturbed by his death sentence. Newspapers reported that Leonski slept well, was jovial and “plays checkers, reads and writes.” A priest from the United States Army was organised to visit the condemned man at his request. Perth newspaper *The Mirror* reported: “A padre was waiting for him, and they talked for a few moments in hushed tones. Then a U.S. Army officer, in charge of the armed guard touched Leonski on the arm and motioned to him that his time was up.”

Leonski continued with his jocular and odd comments. “Well, they've measured me and weighed me. It won't be long now!” he said as he awaited his fate. He was hanged at Pentridge Prison five days after his trial ended.

The only Australian involved in any part of the execution was the hangman, while Leonski was the first US soldier to be executed on foreign soil.

A BAD DRUNK

LEONSKI WAS DRUNK WHEN HE MURDERED, BUT WAS HE EVEN LUCID WHEN SOBER?

Leonski's brutal crimes raised the questions about his sanity. At Leonski's court martial doctors detailed the young killer's disastrous family life. His parents – his father from Russia and his mother from Poland – were alcoholics. One of his brothers was in jail, another in a mental asylum. In one newspaper report on 20 July 1942, Leonski was described as “Perfectly built – about 5ft 9in tall with broad, powerful shoulders and hands.”

Dashing, handsome and quite cheery when he was sober, Leonski turned into a violent drunk. He had, some press speculated, a mother fixation. His victims were more mature women in their thirties and early forties. Leonski's unstable history raised questions about how he was even allowed into the army, let alone to stay there.

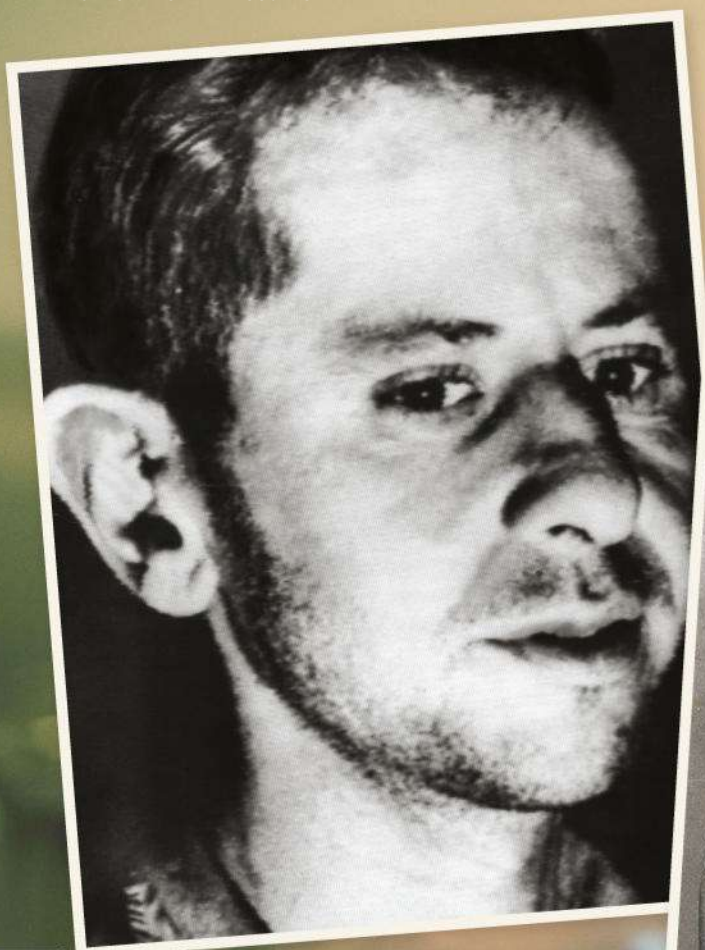
Before he landed on Australian soil, Leonski's unit had been in San Antonio Texas. Shockingly, it was revealed Leonski had actually tried to strangle a woman while he was there. She didn't want to pursue an assault charge against the young soldier, which, had it gone ahead, would have spelled the end of Leonski's military career.

Syd McGuffie was the detective in charge of the hunt for the killer. When Sgt McGuffie interviewed Leonski the young man confessed: “Fancy me a murderer. I guess that girl Thompson was the hardest. She was strong and Oh, boy! could she drink gin squashes. She told me I had a baby face, but I was wicked underneath.”

GLATMAN, GLAMOUR & DEATH

HARVEY GLATMAN LURED MODELS INTO PULP FICTION BONDAGE SHOOTS THAT WOULD TURN INTO A REAL NIGHTMARE. HOW DID HE GET AWAY WITH THESE DEPRAVED MURDERS — AND HOW MANY MORE VICTIMS COULD THERE BE?

WORDS DR. CHARLIE OUGHTON





His muscles stretch as he reaches upwards and loops the rope into place. He knows what's coming. Sinews tense as, with a little difficulty, he ties the knot. His toes are only just touching the ground. They jiggle a little. A fumble or two later and his breathing has quickened. His heart beat speeds up by the minute. The world blurs, and he can feel his hairline tingle. His nerve endings are lining themselves with moisture as the door opens and his mother's eyes lock on the jumping erection blooming within his pants, as his hands claw to a halt.

It was just a temporary pause – he was barely a teenager but unashamed at being found in this deviant act of self-pleasuring by his own mother. Years later Harvey Glatman would use those same body parts to rape and murder at least three young women in America in the late 1950s before being caught and sentenced to death. He approached these ladies with offers of crime-fiction modelling jobs or through lonely hearts adverts. Conversely for someone with his libido, the idea of actually talking to a girl was unfathomable. What motivated Glatman? How many other women had the misfortune to cross Glatman? The discovery of the identity of a long-forgotten 'Boulder Jane Doe' suggests the sultry Hollywood Hills could be the final resting place for other young women whose lives he cut short.

MOVE OVER, MISS MONROE

The woman's legs seem to go on forever. She's standing next to a huge photograph of her close-up. Her head's tilted down a little and her 'cat-flick' eyeliner is sexy and sweet but not too suggestive. Audrey Hepburn is classy and conquering LA with her film *Funny Face*. She's the one every girl wants to be – it's the promise of Hollywood, after all. A girl can make it, so they say, if she has the charm, the dream and the determination. She'll even be kissed by that glowing sun while she makes her way across the streets that have paved over the dusty acres. And come the girls did.

Judith Dull was down in the valley in 1957. Not unlike the Norma Jean who would become Marilyn Monroe, Judith was the polar-opposite of her old-fashioned name, and she had as much reason as any to believe she would be a star. Blessed

LEFT With his unslicked hair and without his glasses, Harvey Glatman's police mugshot is disarmingly average



SHIRLEY ANN BRIDGEFORD

Murdered 8 March 1958

Calling himself George Williams, Glatman offered to take Shirley's photograph for a lonely hearts magazine. When she spurned his advances in his car he pulled a gun. After raping her, he drove her to the desert, photographed her, and strangled her with his knee in her back before he drove home alone.

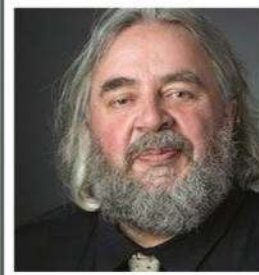
with a bountiful bosom, big blue eyes and a halo of blonde curls, she certainly had the look. After changing her name to Judy Van Horn she fit the bill perfectly. With true pioneer spirit she sought to get herself spotted by working in cafes and bars. Movie moguls had to eat, and even Marilyn had been discovered working in a munitions factory. Ladies like her were being encouraged to take control of their sexuality – *Playboy* magazine had launched in 1953, and the increasing fame of their 'Bunnies' suggested that a savvy girl could become a businesswoman if she used her assets wisely. Judy decided she would just have to be a little more industrious, considering she had a child to feed and was awkwardly living with her ex-husband.

The gods of the silver screen seemed to anoint her when a man known as Johnny Glenn plucked her photo from her friend's apartment wall. Johnny (a name whose very informality sounded dashing) was apparently a freelance photographer. He supplied images to magazines that graced the newsstands on the boulevard and wanted to work with her. As Professor David Schmid noted, "These publications were produced by a huge and underpaid staff made up of largely anonymous writers and artists. Printed in huge numbers (well over 100 of these pulps were being published by the end of the 1950s) they were widely available in bus and train stations, drugstores and supermarkets – any place where people were either on the move or buying things."

BIO DAVID SCHMID

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH

David teaches at the University of Buffalo and has written extensively on the relationship between violence and popular culture. He's currently working on a book about crime narratives in the age of Trump.



GUNS, GIRLS, BONDAGE, DEATH

GLATMAN FORCED HIS TERRIFIED VICTIMS TO POSE FOR BONDAGE PHOTOS BEFORE AND AFTER STRANGLING THEM TO DEATH



RUTH MERCADO
Murdered 23 July 1958

Contacted with the offer of a modelling opportunity, Glatman pulled his gun when Ruth let him into her apartment. He tied her up, robbed and raped her before driving her to the spot where he photographed and suffocated her.



JUDITH 'JUDY' ANN DULL
Murdered 1 August 1957

After posing for a photoshoot, Judy was ordered into a car on the promise she would be released. She was driven at gunpoint to a location where Harvey broke her neck with her bonds. The skeleton was found three months later by a rancher.

With the added bonus of a \$50 modelling fee – over \$400 in today's money – that would help in the custody battle for her child – Judy's face could be seen by millions across America if she played her cards right.

Casting a creative eye, Johnny felt that the ambiance wasn't quite right for shooting in Judy's apartment, so the session was set for his studio in Melrose. Once there, it was Johnny – really the sex-obsessed Harvey Glatman – who was seen in a different light.

SELF-SATISFYING SADIST

Harvey Glatman had always been a little peculiar. Here was a young man who would have open disagreements with his father about the merits and demerits of sado-masochistic self-pleasure: Harvey couldn't climax until he was nearly dead. An incredibly intimate subject to start with, these intergenerational discussions with his dad happened when Harvey (born in 1927) wasn't much more than a child himself. On finding him in compromising situations once too often, his mother even took him to the doctor, only to be told he'd stop of his own accord. In many ways though, Harvey's suffocation masturbation was the least of his problems.

“ONCE THERE, IT WAS JOHNNY – REALLY THE SEX-OBSESSED HARVEY GLATMAN – WHO WAS SEEN IN A DIFFERENT LIGHT”

Harvey's fierce self-determination might have been an indicator of what would eventually make him so dangerous. As investigator Ann Rule noted, Glatman was highly intelligent, with an IQ later recorded at 130. It didn't really matter that he was an only child known as 'Weasel' and 'Chipmunk', as he never talked to other children anyway. His interests were his obsessions: music, science and sex. Unfortunately, he was hopeless with the ladies and soon found more unusual ways to get their attention.

If they would not give him their gaze he would take it. He would see a girl sashaying in the distance, skirt whispering in the gentle breeze, her bag bouncing along to tinkled laughter. He would lurch towards her, reach out and pluck the purse away. Sometimes he even threw it back – no harm done bar a silly little bit of excess energy, perhaps? According to historian Joan Renner, this indicated Harvey's need to control women and expressed his anger when he could not.

PEEPING TOM

Typically for a soon-to-be serial killer, his modus operandi changed as time progressed, and he wanted to insinuate his way into the women's compartments themselves. Glatman believed a woman's purse contained her life – the keys to her home, her silken kerchief and maybe her lipstick. He simply had to enter her purse and feel around. He took to breaking into ladies' houses. Later he would tie the terrified girls up and force them to cuddle him. For a boy unable to differentiate his need to gain attention from a woman's irritation at having her purse stolen, the tense physical contact may even have seemed like the real thing. If Harvey could believe in the canned laughter on the sitcoms he made sure they watched together, he could perhaps believe anything. He committed violent assaults until reality infringed when one victim reported him, leading to his first prison sentence.

Harvey eventually identified a place where even utterly preposterous behaviour would be welcomed: Hollywood. He was fascinated by the idea of celebrity and wanted to be one no matter how – just like Judy 'Van Horn' Dull.

It has long been almost acceptable for those in showbusiness to behave in ways that would ordinarily be considered beyond the pale. Culture and the press have cast

some slithering men unable to keep their privates at bay as luminaries able to spot talent. They were not 'predators' but 'producers' and 'visionaries' who could discover muses. They would, it was suggested, alchemically transform people with a special 'something' into art that spoke of the human condition in all its fragility, desire and decadence. Endurance was considered key, and great directors and actors received Oscars for their willingness to go above and beyond to ensnare 'truth' in every image. Harvey moved to LA in 1957 at the age of 29 to become a photographer called 'Johnny'.

STRIKE A POSE!

"Get experience. Be reliable. Turn on and off your emotions like a real pro regardless of what happens." This is what Judy may have told herself when she met Johnny, the neat man with respectable spectacles in his unexpectedly unglamorous Hollywood apartment. It would have made sense. As David Schmid explained, "If the 1950s were the highpoint of the culture of conformity, pulp magazines represented the seamy, frequently disavowed underbelly of the world of the white picket fence. In the world of pulp, people were too busy fornicating, drinking and fighting to care about achieving the 'American Dream'. They were a crucial precondition for someone like Harvey Glatman to commit his crimes.

BELOW Sheriff's officers Dan Rios (right), John Baker (centre) and James Sands (left) look understandably perplexed by mild-mannered murderer Harvey Glatman

BOTTOM Glatman drove a Dodge. Jane Doe had injuries in line with being hit with one. Did she run for her life while bound with rope and trip?





An investigator surveys the skull of one of Glatman's victims found in the desert

“ HARVEY... IDENTIFIED A PLACE WHERE EVEN UTTERLY PREPOSTEROUS BEHAVIOUR WOULD BE WELCOMED: HOLLYWOOD ”

Potential victims would have known about the sleaziness and popularity of the pulps, which would have made Glatman's promise to get them work as pinup models in these magazines more plausible.”

Dressed ready for Johnny's femme fatale photoshoot, Judy was plonked on a patterned armchair. Regardless, she poised her every pore. Her legs, clothed in the stockings of seductive detective dramas, were pinched to her side. Her arms, held behind her as she 'played' the victim, ached in the nylon rope. Any young actress might have worried about perfecting the pitch of petrified terror in her arched eyebrow, but now it was horribly easy. What had started with her in a demure jumper had gotten to the stage where her clothes were coming off. The man used his camera not to shoot her but to see her. As investigator Robert Keppel later wrote, these photographs were Harvey's signature, and they became more depraved the closer to doom his victim was. They “actually carried the power of Harvey's need for bondage and control”. They were not a cover for murder – they were Harvey's story.

Hollywood – and Harvey – loved and loathed women for their look and the power relationship it implied. The ladies were watched by what film critic Laura Mulvey called “the



VIGIL'S VALIANT ESCAPE

The person who brought Glatman to his knees did so through extraordinary daring and no little physical dexterity. The state trooper who arrived on the scene of this final kidnapping was met by the sight of a glamorous, quivering woman pointing a gun at her assailant.

Lorraine Vigil had managed her own escape from the killer. Realising something was wrong when Harvey wouldn't answer her questions about their supposed modelling shoot, she had asked to leave the car only to have a gun pulled on her. Facing into the small, black muzzle, this very normal woman found the courage to tackle her kidnapper. She attempted to wrestle the gun from him and when shot in the leg, she opened the car door and threw them both into the road.

It was not a short fight, and they grappled until she bit Glatman's wrist hard enough to make him drop the weapon and snatched it up. The officer arrived just as she was losing strength. Her bravery saved her life and no doubt the lives of those who might otherwise have come after her. The camera, rope and a knife were found ready and waiting in the back of Harvey's car.





Silvia Pettem points to the scrubby, snow-strewn ground where Jane Doe's body was found. Doe was formally identified 55 years later

male gaze". It came in three takes. The first take belonged to the director – Johnny/Harvey in this case. He clicked his camera when he came across what turned him on. Considering that he did photography supposedly to sell, he may have been mindful of the second part of the gaze – that of his imagined audience, the armies of readers. He finally pressed down for the third part – the erotic charge between his story's characters themselves. This was the frisson of exquisite terror between his actress – Judy in this case – and her romantic photographer criminal-nemesis – himself. He, like any man aroused when women supposedly forgot their place, was excited and tormented by her erotic power over him. Harvey became a willing victim as well as an aggressor, simply by seeing women as objects in the same way that so many great directors of Hollywood cinema had done.

It might have even seemed halfway normal at that time. As David Schmid explained, "Euphemistically described as 'Men's Adventure' magazines, 50s pulps were also known as 'armpit slicks' or 'sweats'. Thanks to their target male audience, they read like they'd been soaked in testosterone. Combining lurid 'true' exposés and adventure tales with racy short stories, they were accompanied by advertisements for a variety of dodgy products that promised to turn you into a 'real man'. The covers typically featured images of scantily clad women in distress that were designed to entice the reader into parting with their hard-earned money." In this sense Harvey was simply doing his job.

However, Harvey's gaze went further, as the line between dreams and reality became blurred. As former FBI profiler Ron Hazelwood observed, "Masturbation didn't do it for Harvey. Fantasy and masturbation didn't do it for Harvey.



Dorothy 'Dot' Howard's huge grin hinted at her bubbly, forthright personality. She led a life of adventure, marrying young twice before her demise

Abducting a woman, tying her up, playing with her didn't do it." He needed total control.

In a photograph Harvey took later in Judy's session, his lens leered at the pretty, pursed lips as he manoeuvred his machine with the greasy balls of his finger and thumb. Judy's legs were fixed in his crosshairs. Her skirt was gone, leaving only her half-slip. The glamour of Hollywood was present in the black sheen of her suspenders, but disbelief was banished by the visible ties that fell from her kneecaps to the bonds that cut into her fleshy thighs. She had the hourglass figure that was so desired by men and women alike. She wore a lacy white top that screamed 'good girl' alongside the perfectly coiffured curls piled upon her head as if ready to get to work at the next order. The gag in her mouth was taut, but she would not try to speak out until it was too late.



ABOVE Historian Silvia Pettern led a campaign to lay Jane Doe's ghost to rest by investigating the case

LEFT The model with the staring eyes is Jane Doe, introduced to the press by Officer Joe Pelle in the hope of identifying her and finding her killer

“THE GAG IN HER MOUTH WAS TAUT, BUT SHE WOULD NOT TRY TO SPEAK OUT UNTIL IT WAS TOO LATE”

Judy's picture would propel her to a macabre kind of fame when it was revealed to the public as her death mask. Shortly after the shutter snapped, Glatman moved forward. He raped her repeatedly, as he did with his other victims – model Ruth Mercado and his lonely hearts date Shirley Ann Bridgeford. Glatman then forced her into his car, drove for two hours into the desert and took more photos, before strangling her with a rope. He abandoned her corpse in the desert.

A HEROINE ESCAPES

The joy of the movies is that the art can inspire us to show defiance in our own lives. A plucky heroine who defied the murderer did exist: Lorraine Vigil. She did nothing less than turn the manipulative gaze back on Glatman himself. Staring down the barrel of his own gun, Glatman's role was reversed as his source of power and control – his gun – quivered in the shaking hands of the woman he had sought to dominate.

Harvey Glatman eventually played up to the character the press laid out for him. The *Denver Post* described Glatman as, “gangly, bespectacled and unassuming”, but he wore it as a badge of honour as the ‘nerd that turned’. Court psychiatrists judged him sane. He led police to his victims' remains and waived his right to a jury trial. He was found guilty and

handed the death penalty.

It is ironic that his last waking moments were spent submitting to his childhood desires. His death was to come not through age or illness, but through suffocation in the gas chamber. He was executed on 18 September 1959. Did other women's faces flash before his eyes one last time as he died?

BOULDER JANE DOE

Amid the fiery mid-June heat in 1989, operatives sifted the soil away from the grave of a Jane Doe in Boulder, California, following a local campaign. She was tended to by Dr. Richard Froede and Dr. Walter Birkby. Froede was a forensic pathologist determining the cause of her death, while Birkby was a forensic anthropologist trained to discover a background through the body. A full facial reconstruction was then developed by forensic sculptor Frank Bender. A DNA test later and ‘Jane’ was identified as Dorothy Gay Howard, a young lady who had similar injuries to Glatman's victims. Harvey had said other missing girls may have been “run over”, just like Dorothy's body had, but it is impossible to prove it was him.

Detective Stephen G. Ainsworth thinks it was, though. Like many of America's finest, Ainsworth watched the case and used the media to help achieve justice. He contacted the *LA Times* to ask that any remaining photographs relating to the case be provided to the police and potentially released to the public. Much evidence was destroyed after Glatman was executed and the case closed, but it might mean other girls who were found could be cleared from the files and more attention spent on the missing. Several living people were removed from the search because of press such as this.

Hollywood is sometimes accused of encouraging us to indulge in our basest desires. Glatman's case was loosely adapted into the Emmy-nominated *Dragnet* franchise, and films following the exploits of real life serial killers are too numerous to mention. As David Schmid noted, “Famous criminals are the logical culmination of a celebrity culture that is defined by visibility rather than merit or achievement. In a situation where it's increasingly difficult and pointless maintaining old distinctions between fame, infamy and notoriety, it should come as no surprise that serial killers like Glatman, Ted Bundy and Jeffrey Dahmer are some of the most widely recognised individuals in our culture.”

A legacy of Glatman was that he inspired Pierce Brooks. Brooks was a homicide detective on the original investigation who noticed striking similarities between the victims he found and those from other localities. Doing proper, old-fashioned sleuthing in the library confirmed his suspicions: a killer who didn't want to be caught would be transient, moving from place to place to find victims who wouldn't be wise to his ways and where they could easily avoid detection. The concept became known as the ‘Brooks Principle’ and led to the development of the trailblazing ViCAP (Violent Criminal Apprehension Program) launched by the FBI in 1985. Using this database, officers across jurisdictions today can note key points and similarities about recent crimes and cooperate accordingly.

Harvey Glatman manipulated our need to use art to understand the human condition, from the sublime beauty of determination to grim despair. He did it to fill the void in his own heart. Nonetheless, the desire to seek justice has led to the implementation of investigation procedures that help catch the ‘bad guys’.

MINUTE **BY** MINUTE

HOME-GROWN HORROR

THE OKLAHOMA CITY BOMBING

ON 19 APRIL 1995, TIMOTHY MCVEIGH MADE HIMSELF THE USA'S ENEMY NUMBER ONE – BUT SHOULD THE BOOK HAVE BEEN CLOSED ON THIS SUPERVILLAIN STORY?

WORDS BEN BIGGS

It isn't that the official version of the worst act of domestic terrorism in the United States is an outright lie, but this story has been squeezed into a narrative. The case of the Oklahoma City bomber, Timothy McVeigh, as the man who pulled the proverbial trigger that killed 168 and injured hundreds has been sewn up like a bad Hollywood movie script, with an evil arch-villain, multiple victims and a court case that ends with a full, unrepentant confession. Job done. But the whole murky truth is far less convenient – and that's no over-egged conspiracy theory. There are many questions that the FBI and the courts cannot or will not explain to any satisfaction, or at all: like the precise origin of the plot or who else was involved besides McVeigh and his main accomplices – Terry Nichols, Michael Fortier and Lori Fortier. So let's first look at what we do know about the motives, planning and execution of the Oklahoma City Bombing.

McVeigh and Nichols had met in basic army training in Fort Benning, Georgia, in 1988. They had a common interest in survivalism: McVeigh had previously worked as a gun salesman in Lockport and had even bought four hectares of woodland near Buffalo for \$7,000, which he told his army friends he was turning into a bunker. It was here, on US Army soil, that the embryo for their plot began to gestate. Although 13 years Nichols's junior, 20-year-old Private McVeigh was to become the brains of the operation. He was far more intelligent than the average grunt, scoring

very highly in his army entrance exams and demonstrating considerable aptitude in maths, the sciences, electronics and technology. And his particular fondness for weapons, notable even on an army base full of gun enthusiasts, helped make him an expert marksman.

But McVeigh was insular and obsessed with his preparations for the enemy invasion or disaster he felt sure was imminent. He stockpiled military ration packs and water in a storage locker and, against army regulations, he regularly brought a duffel bag full of guns that were “ready to go all the time” into the barracks.

Following his service in the Gulf War, McVeigh became more disaffected and left the army. In the void that his military service left behind, anti-government sentiment and paranoia stewed. He believed the army had planted a microchip in his buttocks and he wrote letters to the *Lockport Union Sun & Journal* decrying the ‘system’ and suggesting that the USA might have to “shed blood” for positive reform.

Two events spurred McVeigh into ugly action: the 1992 shootout between survivalist Randy Weaver and federal agents, and the disastrous FBI and ATF raid on the Branch Davidians sect headquarters in 1993. McVeigh travelled to both sites in Waco and Ruby Ridge, returning convinced that the government had deliberately killed Weaver's wife and son, as well the 80 people who had died in the fire that had engulfed Mount Carmel Center in Waco.

“MCVEIGH WAS OBSESSED WITH HIS PREPARATIONS FOR THE ENEMY INVASION OR DISASTER HE FELT SURE WAS IMMINENT”



13 SEPTEMBER 1994

00.00

Subtitle A of the Crime Control Act of 1994 becomes federal law. It bans the manufacture, sale and possession of certain semiautomatic weapons, assault weapons and large capacity magazines. Survivalists like McVeigh believe this is a first step in a government attempt to curtail their right to bear arms, and that home searches will be next.



Investigators and emergency crews tape off the scene of the bombing. Most of the dead were crushed by collapsing floors

30 SEPTEMBER 1994

13.00

Moreover, McVeigh had been making a living selling weapons to survivalists who didn't want their names on government forms – to him, this is a direct attack on his livelihood. He decides to take action, and asks Nichols to join him. A third party, Michael Fortier, refuses to join the plot to blow up a government building, saying, “Not unless there was a UN tank in my front yard.”

Nichols picks up a considerable quantity of ammonium nitrate, more than 900 kilograms in total, from a cooperative in the city of McPherson, Kansas. To the vendor, this could conceivably have been intended for fertilising a small area of cornfield.

5 NOVEMBER 1994

10.00

They need money, so McVeigh asks Nichols to rob an Arkansas gun collector he knows, Roger Moore. Nichols fleeces him at gunpoint, taking between \$9,000 and \$24,000 in cash, jewels and gold, as well as up to 77 guns worth about \$66,000. Moore, believing it is a government attempt to keep him “in check”, doesn't phone the police until neighbours convince him to.

14 APRIL 1995

19.00

Arriving at the Dreamland Motel in Junction City, Kansas, McVeigh pays for a room and signs in using his real name, but with the address that is on his fake driver's license.

16 APRIL 1995

07.00

Along with Terry Nichols, McVeigh drives a yellow 1977 Mercury Marquis into Oklahoma City and parks it a few blocks from the Murrah building. He removes the plates and sticks a note on the windscreen that says, “Not abandoned. Please do not tow. Will move by April 23. (Needs battery & cable).”

The explosion was heard across the city and felt over 80 kilometres away



ABOVE Many of the victims were injured or killed by flying glass. The last survivor was rescued at 7pm. Most of the dead were discovered by 5 May



ABOVE The shell of the Alfred P Murrah Federal building remained for around a month after the blast, before it was demolished on 23 May

17 APRIL 1995

09.00

Having gathered the components necessary to build their truck bomb in a storage unit in Herington, Kansas, where Nichols lived, the two begin to assemble it in a nearby state park. They nail boards to the floor of the truck to help support the heavy load, mix chemicals, fill barrels with the chemical explosives and load them onto the truck.

18 APRIL 1995

18.00

McVeigh and his accomplice Nichols put the finishing touches to their truck bomb, leaving incriminating tools and leftover material in the cargo bay with the bomb to be destroyed. They then go their separate ways, McVeigh taking the truck with him to Junction City.

19 APRIL 1995

04.00

Up before dawn, McVeigh makes a last-minute revision of his plan and decides to set his bomb to explode at 9am instead of 11am.

04.30

McVeigh begins the long drive to Oklahoma City from Junction City in Kansas. He wears a T-shirt with the phrase "thus always to tyrants" printed on it – the quote most often attributed to Brutus as he assassinated Caesar.

08.40

He drives towards the centre of Oklahoma City, where the Alfred P Murrah Federal Building is located. McVeigh has deliberately taken with him an envelope containing anti-government materials and pages from the Turner Diaries, a fictional story of white supremacists who blow up a federal building in order to start a revolution.



McVeigh cited the botched federal raid on the Mount Carmel Center in Texas as a catalyst for his plot



“WHY I DID IT”

ON 26 APRIL 2001, LESS THAN TWO MONTHS BEFORE HE WAS EXECUTED, FOX NEWS RECEIVED THIS LETTER FROM THE OKLAHOMA BOMBER, FROM HIS MAXIMUM SECURITY CELL

I explain herein why I bombed the Murrah Federal Building in Oklahoma City. I explain this not for publicity, nor seeking to win an argument of right or wrong. I explain so that the record is clear as to my thinking and motivations in bombing a government installation. I chose to bomb a federal building because such an action served more purposes than other options. Foremost, the bombing was a retaliatory strike; a counter attack, for the cumulative raids (and subsequent violence and damage) that federal agents had participated in over the preceding years (including, but not limited to, Waco)...

Knowledge of these multiple and ever-more aggressive raids across the country constituted an identifiable pattern of conduct within and by the federal government and amongst its various agencies. For all intents and purposes, federal agents had become “soldiers” (using military training, tactics, techniques, equipment, language, dress, organization, and mindset) and they were escalating their behavior. Therefore, this bombing was also meant as a pre-emptive (or pro-active) strike against these forces and their command and control centers within the federal building. When an aggressor force continually launches attacks from a particular base of operation, it is sound military strategy to take the fight to the enemy...

Bombing the Murrah Federal Building was morally and strategically equivalent to the U.S. hitting a government building in Serbia, Iraq, or other nations... Based on observations of the policies of my own government, I viewed this action as an acceptable option. From this perspective, what occurred in Oklahoma City was no different than what Americans rain on the heads of others all the time, and subsequently, my mindset was and is one of clinical detachment. (The bombing of the Murrah building was not personal, no more than when Air Force, Army, Navy, or Marine personnel bomb or launch cruise missiles against government installations and their personnel.) I hope that this clarification amply addresses your question.

Sincerely,
Timothy J. McVeigh
USP Terre Haute (IN)

08.50

McVeigh enters Downtown Oklahoma City in his rental truck, loaded with explosives and timed fuses at the ready.

08.57

The Ryder truck is recorded by the lobby security camera in the Regency Towers Apartments block, driving in the direction of the Murrah Federal Building. The first of two fuses set to trigger the bomb are lit.

09.01

He parks the Ryder truck on the pavement outside the Murrah Building, locks it and walks briskly off, discarding the keys a few blocks away.

09.03

The first of nearly 2,000 emergency calls related to the blast is logged by the Emergency Medical Services Authority.

10.28

Search and rescue workers discover what is initially thought to be a second bomb, but turns out to be an inert training device for bomb disposal trainees and bomb-sniffing dogs.

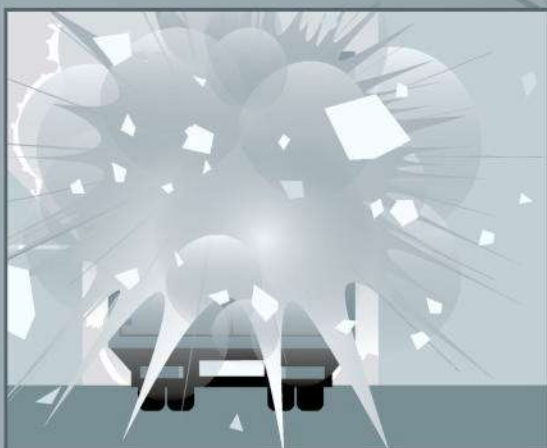
COLLATERAL DAMAGE

OKLAHOMA CITY OFFICE WORKERS BEGAN AN ORDINARY WEDNESDAY MORNING AS JUST ANOTHER RYDER RENTAL TRUCK PASSED ON ITS WAY TO THE CITY CENTRE



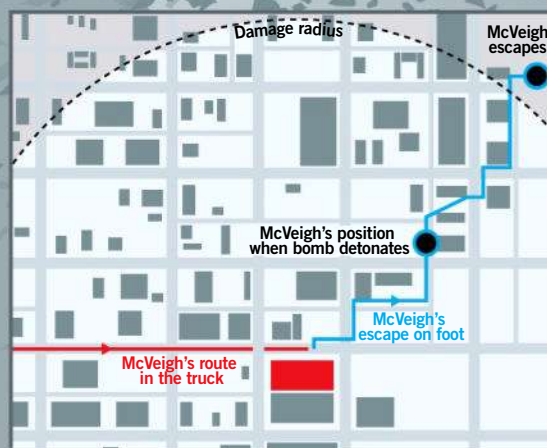
1 MCVEIGH PARKS UP

In the cargo bay of the rented Ford F-700 truck are 13 barrels of explosives weighing about 225 kilograms each, 160 kilograms of high-grade Tovek sausage explosives and two fuses – one two-minute and one five-minute – that lead from the explosives into the cab. McVeigh had lit the fuses at different intervals, which will ignite the explosives and, in turn, set off the main component of the bomb: the 13 barrels of fertiliser explosive. The weight of the bomb itself is over three tons, and had to be distributed carefully around the cargo bay to avoid breaking an axle while McVeigh was driving.



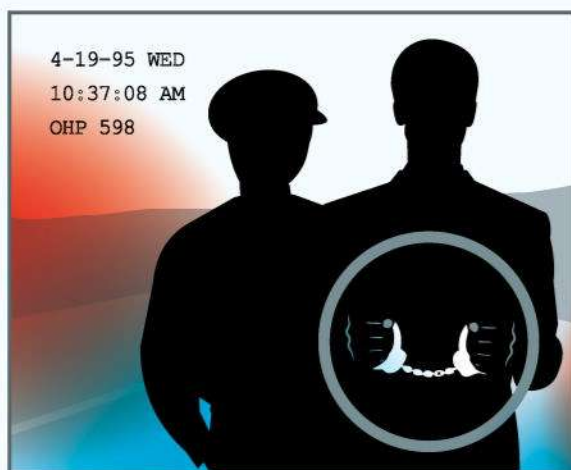
2 THE BOMB EXPLODES

The blast is incredible; it obliterates one third of the Murrah building, taking out most of its north side and leaving a crater that is nine metres wide and 2.5 metres deep where the Ryder truck was parked. The human toll is enormous too: of nearly 1,000 victims, there are 168 confirmed deaths including 15 of the 21 children and babies in the America's Kids Day Care Center on the second floor. Most of the dead are crushed in the collapsing rubble rather than being killed by the blast, and about ten people are killed by flying glass.



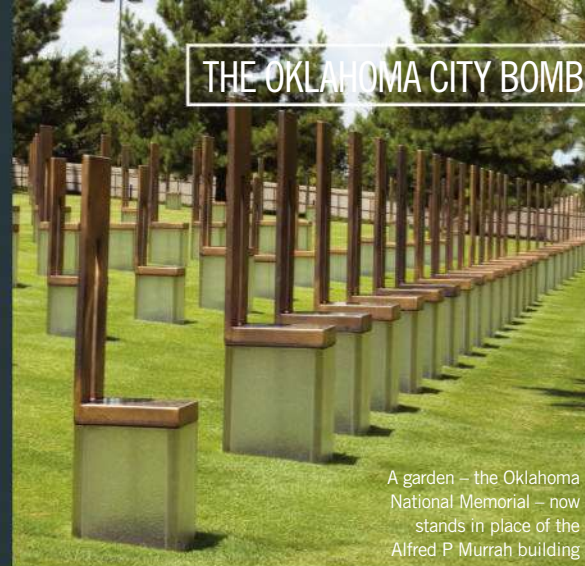
3 MAXIMUM DAMAGE

McVeigh is just three blocks away from the Murrah Building, walking up an alleyway between NW 7th and NW 6th streets, when the bomb explodes. 324 buildings are damaged or destroyed within a 16-block radius of ground zero, and the shockwave is felt as far away as the city of Stroud, about 90 kilometres away. It measures 3.0 on the Richter scale.



5 MCVEIGH APPREHENDED

About 90 minutes after the explosion, McVeigh is stopped by police on the Interstate 35, about 110 kilometres from Oklahoma City. His car has no license plates, so State Trooper Charlie Hanger is immediately suspicious. He arrests McVeigh once he discovers a concealed weapon – a Glock pistol – on him (this is illegal at this time). At this point no one links McVeigh to the bombing, but two days later, after the Vehicle Identification Number (VIN) had been taken from the wreckage of the rented Ryder truck, he is identified and the FBI takes him into custody following his court case for the weapons offense.



A garden – the Oklahoma National Memorial – now stands in place of the Alfred P Murrah building

MORE QUESTIONS THAN ANSWERS

“THINK ABOUT THE PEOPLE AS IF THEY WERE STORM TROOPERS IN STAR WARS. THEY MAY BE INDIVIDUALLY INNOCENT, BUT THEY ARE GUILTY BECAUSE THEY WORK FOR THE EVIL EMPIRE” – TIMOTHY MCVEIGH

Federal investigators quickly came up with three theories as to who had bombed the Murrah building and their motives. This was just two years after the World Trade Center had been bombed, so international terrorists were a prime suspect. The Drug Enforcement Agency, which had an office in the Murrah building, had been waging a bitter and bloody war against narcotics kingpins in Central and South America, so the finger of suspicion also pointed at the cartels. Their third idea was much more on the mark: that it was a home-grown plot by anti-government radicals. Once details from the remains of the Ryder rental truck were recovered, the two former theories were eliminated. McVeigh and Nichols were arrested before the end of the month, while Michael Fortier and his wife, Lori, who knew about the plot, were considered accomplices. No one else was investigated despite suggestions by the defence teams that others were involved.

Over 20 years since the bombing and if anything we have more questions now than ever. 20 eyewitnesses gave consistent reports that McVeigh was not alone on the morning of the bombing, while a federal indictment against the two main perpetrators mentions “others unknown”. It would have taken considerable expertise to build the huge fertiliser bomb inside the Ryder truck and neither McVeigh nor Nichols received anywhere near this level of training during their time in the army. Fingers were pointed at possible right-wing radical suspects during the investigation, but leads never followed up. Neither was it explained why, of the two people seen renting the truck that would become the mobile bomb on 17 April, neither fit Timothy McVeigh’s description. The most obvious question? Why an intelligent man like McVeigh would go to such lengths to ensure his anonymity and plan his escape, yet leave himself a battered old Mercury with no license plates to make his getaway.

The case against McVeigh and Nichols certainly left room for doubt, as prosecutor Larry Mackey told the *Guardian*, “If you had said to us, ‘Anybody in the room 100 per cent confident that McVeigh was alone, raise your hand,’ we would have all kept our hands in our laps.”

But McVeigh was adamant, stating at his trial, “The truth is, I blew up the Murrah Building, and isn’t it kind of scary that one man could wreak this kind of hell?” He simultaneously damned himself and put a full stop at the end of this tragic story. He was executed on 11 June 2001.

848 CONFIRMED CASUALTIES
680 TOTAL INJURED
168 TOTAL KILLED
99 DEAD FEDERAL EMPLOYEES
63 DEAD CIVILIANS

4 MAKING HIS ESCAPE

McVeigh had parked his Mercury Marquis getaway car on NW 8th Street, around six city blocks from the by-now-destroyed Murrah building. It has been there for three days, with a note on the windscreen stating that it wasn’t abandoned and the owner will be back to retrieve it. He drives off, heading back north.





MAN HUNTER

THE RIGHTEOUS RAGE OF AILEEN WUORNOS

AFTER SIX CONVICTIONS OF KILLING INNOCENT MEN IN COLD BLOOD, DID THE USA'S MOST INFAMOUS FEMALE SERIAL KILLER REALLY DESERVE TO DIE?

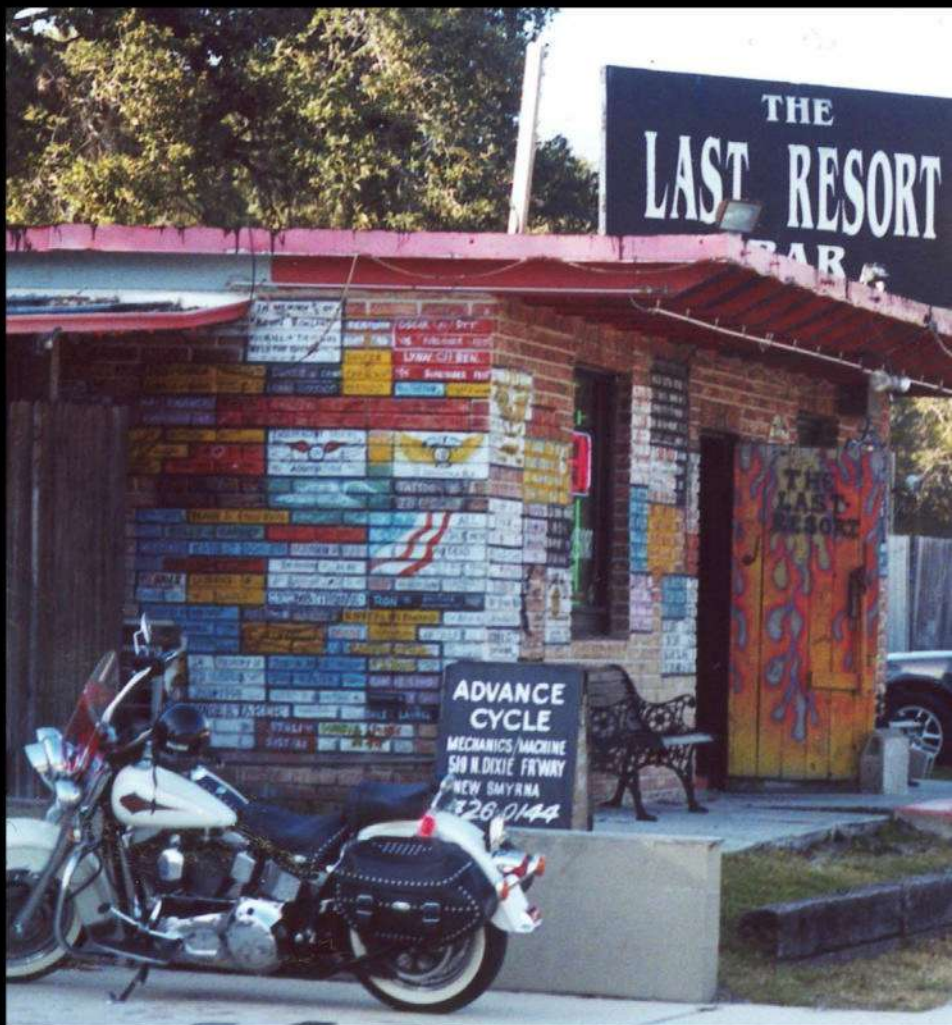
WORDS DR K CHARLIE OUGHTON



ABOVE Wuornos was defiant from the moment she was captured to the day she was executed

CENTRE The Last Resort Bar, now a shrine for ghoulish pilgrims promising “ice cold beer and killer women,” was where Wuornos enjoyed her final drink

RIGHT Wuornos’s emotions varied greatly, but she is often shown haggard and raving



How can a dreamer be dead at 14? You could ask Aileen Wuornos, although she actually died many years later. Aileen’s life was effectively over when she was a smiling slip of a kid sucking on men’s private parts for cigarettes in the woods near her home. The real question is what actually went on inside her head and why it led to her being sentenced to death for killing seven men that she picked up while working as a hooker.

Aileen dreamed a dream in which she saw her life through the movies, put up a front and played the roles she thought were expected of her. The roles her life cast her in were, sadly, extraordinary. The narratives included other characters too, such as one of her victim’s widows, Shirley Humphreys, who said in a televised interview that she couldn’t wait to see the bubbly blonde meet Old Sparky, as the electric chair was then known.

Aileen was born in 1956 in Michigan to Diane, a mother who dumped her six months after birthing her, and her father Leo was jailed for paedophilia. Aileen, her sister Laurie and her brother Keith were sent to live with her grandparents. Not that this initially bothered the bright little girl with the slightly wonky grin, though she was rumoured to actually be the biological daughter of her grandfather, who was rumoured to abuse both her and her mother. In *Aileen Wuornos: Life And Death Of A Serial Killer*, life-long friend Dawn Botkins also said that she had seen Aileen beaten badly by her guardian in full knowledge that the assault was being watched. By the age of 14, still really a baby herself, Aileen had given birth to a baby that had been taken from her

for adoption, and soon she was living in the woods having been kicked out of home. In subsequent interviews, Aileen’s breezy tone belies the bitter winters she spent sleeping in a car in the snow while still a child. Her mother later claimed to documentary filmmaker Nick Broomfield that she had no knowledge of her daughter’s plight, arguably showing the level to which she appears to have cared.

Her daughter became a pint-sized prostitute aged nine for what seems to have been for little more than a bit of company. The local kids thought she had no shame, and she suffered for it at the boys’ braying mouths, with one Jerry Moss commenting at a trial that he would take her “gifts” while calling her a “bitch” and throwing rocks at her to make sure no one associated them together. Torn between the two personalities of an innocent dreamer and a derelict, Aileen was *Les Misérables*: a little girl lost. The ailing Aileen was turning blue, both through lack of love and barely any body heat owing to living outside at such a tender age. Realising she would have to save herself, she reached for the sunny smile of Florida.

COME ON, AILEEN

The good-time party girl followed that dream and rocked up on Daytona Beach in search of clear blue skies. First she married yacht club president Lewis Gratz Fell (getting divorced shortly after). Then she got on down to the local biker bar, The Last Resort, like there was no tomorrow. She became great mates with The Human Cannon Ball (though



“ QUIETER MOMENTS SUGGEST SHE HAD THE CAPACITY TO BE A RELATIVELY ‘NORMAL’ INDIVIDUAL WHO HAD SUFFERED THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY AND TERRIBLE OF CIRCUMSTANCES ”

none of the lads would touch a lesbian or ‘flap cracker’, as she was known). Eventually, she formed a relationship with Tyria Moore, a woman she met in a gay bar in the area. She professed love for this lady despite Tyria’s alleged demands for more robberies for more money to fund their pleasure-seeking lifestyle. Aileen was creating the illusion that her life was full of love, fun and friends. All the while she was still turning tricks, but as any decent magician knows, the greatest effects work by correctly assessing the risks. Aileen’s prop was a pistol, carried for ‘protection’, but this didn’t just pop a little flag out when she pulled the trigger, and she couldn’t reset the scene afterwards.

But those are just the facts. Or at least, they’re the recollections that people have of her. They jar and jive with the images we have of the woman from the medium that made her famous – the movies she knew even then that the police working on her case were selling their stories to make. We know Aileen through films: Nick Broomfield’s two documentaries (*Aileen Wuornos: The Selling Of A Serial Killer* and *Aileen: The Life And Death Of A Serial Killer*) and as played by an ‘uglified’ Charlize Theron in the film *Monster*. This is in addition to lesser-known features such as *Overkill*, *The Aileen Wuornos Story* and others. Wuornos

was portrayed either as a drama queen with puppy-dog enthusiasm who was betrayed, or an abused pitbull that would snap if petted by the slightest unwanted hand.

That unwanted hand came courtesy of Richard Mallory, a typical pickup on the highway. Like any sex worker who wants to stay safe and make money, Aileen had to be a people pleaser on the job and spoke in *Aileen Wuornos: The Selling Of A Serial Killer* about how she would converse on politics and religion with her clients. While this is probably an exaggeration of the thematic depth of her actual conversations, the style normally worked. With Mallory, however, it fell on deaf ears and he began to verbally and sexually abuse Aileen, calling her a slut and anally raping her, aided and abetted by rubbing alcohol. Relating her thought process during the attack in court, rather than simply recalling an instantaneous reaction to the situation, there is the suggestion that she realised she had to kill or potentially be killed. It is as though she projected the attack on to someone else, and Aileen cried while giving her evidence. Dragging on every ounce of her reserve, she spat in his face to buy time, grabbed her bag and shot him. It was a scene of pure survival, and like Jennifer from *I Spit On Your Grave*, she sought to make herself safe.

TIMELINE OF AN INNOCENCE LOST

- Aileen is born. Her mother divorces her father two years later. **1956**
- Diane, Aileen’s mother, abandons her children to their grandparents. **1960**
- Just 11 years old, Wuornos begins exchanging sexual favours for cigarettes. **1967**
- Wuornos is raped by her grandfather’s friend. She falls pregnant and the child is adopted. **1970**
- Her grandfather throws her out of the house. Aileen lives in the woods. **1971**
- Having spent some time as a prostitute, Aileen marries, then divorces. **1976**
- After many run-ins with the law, Aileen moves in with Tyria Moore. **1987**
- Aileen shoots her first victim, convicted rapist Richard Mallory. **1989**



19 NOVEMBER 1990
WALTER ANTONIO, 62

Location: Dixie County
A security industry man whose body was found on a logging road naked, barring his socks. He had been shot four times and his car was found five days later in Brevard County.



12 SEPTEMBER 1990
CHARLES HUMPHREYS, 56

Location: Marion County
The widow of this former police chief, Shirley, went on TV to talk about Aileen meeting 'Old Sparky'. Humphreys had been shot six times and his car was found in Suwanee County.



4 AUGUST 1990
TROY BURRESS, 50

Location: Marion County
A delivery worker reported missing on 31 July, this time found fully clothed in a wooded part of the county, along State Road 19. He had sustained two bullet wounds.

BODY NEVER FOUND



4 JULY 1990
PETER SIEMS, 65

Location: Marion County
The missionary's body was never found, though his abandoned car was. Tellingly, Wuornos's palm print was found on the inside of the handle.



6 JUNE 1990
CHARLES CARSKADDON, 40

Location: Pasco County
A part-time rodeo worker whose body was once again found naked in the woods. He had been shot no less than nine times with a small-calibre pistol.

“ SHE WAS THE ANTITHESIS OF WHAT THE MEDIA STILL SAYS A WOMAN SHOULD BE — PLIANT AND BEAUTIFUL ”

If that were the end of Aileen's tale, she might still be here today. It has been commented by Broomfield that during her trial she was “medically described” as being “too immature to properly grasp the finality of death.”

Instead, she simply kept going. It's impossible to know what to believe next. What we do know is that the killings happened in the aftermath of the gay rights revolution. Along with this, courtesy of theorist Judith Butler, came the theory of gender as something that is performed and the idea that we play social roles to make ourselves understood. Having progressed from giggled 'favours' for ciggies and food to shotgun rape, Aileen's behaviour changed as she found a whole new audience, not least herself.

In one version of events, she simply snapped: the first assault became too much to bear and she killed six men after the first murder to enact her own personal revenge for earlier experiences, over and over and over again. In the

other version, she became Aileen the Warrior Queen: a Joan of Arc-style figure who charged hotrods in order to stack up the lines of dollars that would help her and Tyria fight their way to a new life. At the same time, she would avenge all womanhood by hunting down any guy who attempted to get beyond his station, particularly if this involved using rape as a weapon of on-woman war.

The argument demonstrated by director and writer Patty Jenkins' Academy Award-winning movie *Monster* is perhaps closest to the Aileen seen in court and Nick Broomfield's documentary footage. This Aileen has humour but is righteous about what she did. However, the confusing image we retain of Aileen is no doubt complicated by the constellation of scene-stealing extras, including Arlene

RIGHT The house of Dawn Botkins, close childhood friend to Wuornos. She inherited all Aileen's worldly possessions



BLOOD AND BULLETS

SHE STOLE THEIR CARS, OFTEN LEFT THEM NAKED AND MADE SURE SHE FILLED THEM WITH ENOUGH LEAD TO KILL THEM

THE LAST RESORT BAR

Location: Port Orange

Aileen had her last drink here as a free woman before she was arrested at the bar. It has since become a ghoulish tourist attraction of some international renown. The bar was also featured in the movie about Aileen's life, *Monster*.



13 DECEMBER 1989

RICHARD MALLORY, 51

Location: Volusia County

Found fully clothed and shot twice. Wuornos's first killing was claimed as self defence during rape. A plausible defence, considering Mallory was a convicted rapist.



1 JUNE 1990

DAVID SPEARS, 43

Location: Citrus County

A construction worker, found naked apart from his baseball cap along Florida's Highway 19. In a similar case of murderous overkill, he had been shot six times.

Pralle, the woman who adopted Aileen after her case hit the papers and played a large part in the crucible of her later acts.

AILEEN AND REALITY

Just as Aileen's own testimony changes depending on whom she's talking to (and, presumably, how she wants them to react), it's also important to remember that documentaries such as Broomfield's are not necessarily any more of a true picture of her mental state than the fictionalisations such as the biographic movie *Monster*. Broomfield uses the reflexive

mode of cinema, wherein his film narration talks through the process of making his movies and the things that can go wrong in production rather than just showcasing his subjects. It is sometimes considered a more honest approach than showing documentary films as polished products rather than gritty reality, but it also highlights the conceit at the heart of his representation of Aileen – barring one segment in which we cannot see her face, she constantly references her own representation, looks into the camera and shows that she knows she's being both watched and judged by the audience. She's not being the 'real' her, so we can't judge the films as proper representations of her personality, sanity or insanity.

What's more, Broomfield cuts his footage of Aileen to represent her differently across his two different documentaries, separate products he will sell as part of his job (one now playing on the paid-for streaming service, Netflix, more than a decade after its release). A key sequence shows him interviewing Aileen about her adopted mother, Arlene, and her lawyer, Steve. The sequence focuses on the segment where Aileen rants and repeats herself, boggle eyed and fingers jabbing, about the legal weighting accorded to the principle of self-defence versus importance of the number of people killed. She looks mentally unstable and thus suitable for Broomfield's final comment that justice has not been served through the punishment by execution of someone unable to comprehend what they had done.

In Broomfield's other film, an extended version of the same interview is shown. Here, while the same gestures and expressions are present, Aileen also talks calmly about knowing that her two closest allies are using her as a prize heifer. We see only what Broomfield wants us to see, rather than what actually happens, a point brought up in the court itself as evidence. Furthermore, considering the enormity of Arlene and Steve's actions – demonstrated by Broomfield's footage to be the knowing emotional exploitation of a soon-to-be-executed rape victim for their own financial gain via payment for interviews – Aileen could be forgiven for being rather more angry than she appears. Her representation is not the truth, but an edited view of her suited to Broomfield's argument, as is the norm for any documentary no matter how honest it aims (or claims) to be.

RIGHTEOUS RAGE

Quieter moments suggest she had the capacity to be a relatively 'normal' individual who had suffered the most extraordinary and terrible of circumstances. As Dr Stephen Holmes, author of *Serial Murder*, told Real Crime: "Aileen Wuornos was a classic example of an individual that suffered from borderline personality and antisocial personality disorders. With these afflictions and her history of being abused both physically and emotionally as a child, it is no wonder she ended up in the position she was in."

Borderline personality disorder and antisocial personality disorder both sound menacing until one realises that 2.6 per cent of Americans were diagnosed with the condition as of 2007, according to a study published by the *Biological Psychiatry* journal. Living with mental ill health is a relatively common problem. Considering what she was up against, even the most saintly would rant and rave.

This, however, does not make for a good scandal. Instead, what we see is the image of Wuornos as the snaggle-toothed, ageing and bloated drow who raised her cuffed hands to her own neck (to tidy her hair) and who pulled grotesque faces (because she was tired).



“GOD HAS FORGIVEN HER FOR WHAT SHE’S DONE AND OUR STATE HAS THE DEATH PENALTY SO WHY NOT GO FOR IT, I MEAN, WOW! SHE COULD BE HOME WITH JESUS IN ANOTHER FEW YEARS”

ARLENE PRALLE



HIDDEN AGENDAS

FROM THE MOMENT OF HER CAPTURE, THE MEN AND WOMEN AROUND WUORNOS SHAPED THE SERIAL KILLER'S IMAGE

AILEEN WUORNOS (THE MONSTER)

Loathed lesbian, good-time girl, multiple murderess and Christian-adopted daughter. Aileen is convinced that the cops have used her to “clean up the streets” by killing curb crawlers. She willingly plays the role others have cast her in, but the ‘real Aileen’ is increasingly elusive.

RICHARD, DAVID, CHARLES C, PETER, TROY, CHARLES H AND WALTER (THE VICTIMS)

Aileen meets them on the freeway over the course of a year. They are normal men. They meet the lady on the highway and wind up sometimes naked and robbed, and always dead. Innocent victims in the wrong place at the wrong time, or curb-crawling abusers who finally got what was coming to them... it depends which narrative is currently in play.

ARLENE PRALLE (THE ADOPTIVE MOTHER)

Tiny, brunette and a born-again Christian, Arlene contacts Aileen (on Jesus’s say so) after seeing the story on TV. They exchange letters and Arlene adopts the murderess as her daughter. Arlene is convinced that Aileen should confess her sins and “go back to Jesus” via execution. She says this direct to the camera with a big, beaming smile on her face in *Aileen Wuornos: The Selling Of A Serial Killer*. Aileen apparently agrees with this and is shown smiling in a photo supposedly taken after she stated in court that she will happily die for killing in cold blood if that’s what the court wants.

NICK BROOMFIELD (THE FILM MAKER)

English, upright and with a shock of unkempt brown hair, Nick is the quintessentially honest documentary man looking to sell his ethically investigative film. Nick asks death-row inmate Aileen if she knows that Arlene has asked for more money to talk about her daughter’s impending death, but Aileen calmly waves him quiet. Her subsequent lines show that she knows Arlene and her lawyer-musician-ex-hippy-with-an-invisible-friend Steve have allegedly been telling her to kill herself already because Arlene can’t take the strain of the her adopted daughter’s trials.



R'S STATION

GOVERNOR JEB BUSH (THE WHITE HOUSE WANNABE)

Bush, Nick argues, is riding the back of Aileen's execution chair as his ticket to re-election. Bush's prison psychiatrists, Broomfield states, take a whole 15 minutes to declare the ranting, raving and clearly paranoid prisoner sane, making her 'no contest' confession to murder kosher. Aileen is scared the prison government are trying to drive her insane so that no one will believe her about the corrupt cops selling her story to Hollywood. Now in the running for Republican Presidential candidate, Bush's role may be due a reassessment.

TYRIA MOORE (AILEEN'S EX-GIRLFRIEND)

They lived together in a motel for years, Aileen stating that 'Ty' told her to keep turning tricks to make sure she had more money. Ty's taped phone call to Aileen was the confession used to catch her and manoeuvre Moore into her own movie deal.

CAPTAIN BINEGAR, SERGEANT MUNSTER AND MAJOR DAN HENRY (THE COPS)

While some of the USA's finest are accused by Aileen of spying on her for years, these guys' boss will broadcast a statement saying that they have been found guilty of selling their stake in Aileen's story to the highest bidders.

**“ A GREAT
MAJORITY OF
FLORIDIANS WANT
THEIR GOVERNOR
TO DO THIS ”**

JEB BUSH



ABOVE After her first death sentence, Aileen is led away to be tried for each and every one of the remaining victims

We cannot know who she truly was because everything about her prosecution and depiction was inherently motivated by politics, both of government and the media. She was the antithesis of what the media still says a woman should be – pliant and beautiful, especially if blessed with accepted standards of good looks, such as her blonde hair. It was as if the media were offended by her image alone; in comic-strip coverage she was shown as a beautiful, shapely (near naked) young streetwalker before the murders, and as an aggressive and androgynous convict in their next frame. As Broomfield's *Selling Of A Serial Killer* reports, news outlets directly linked the seriousness of her crimes to her gender, and she and Tyria were instantly dubbed 'Angels of Death' who added "an even more chilling twist to the slaying" by "murdering with the feminine touch" in the otherwise standard, gun-based crimes. Aileen was demonised in order to be exorcised for being too 'unnatural'.

This may explain her final filmed behaviour in an interview with Nick Broomfield. When she thought the cameras stopped rolling, she commented that she had committed most of the murders in self-defence but was pleading guilty because she couldn't stand being in prison anymore. When Broomfield challenged her on this in their

final interview, she refused to comment and demanded to talk about the police and prison guards, mixing the fact of their corruption with ramblings about surveillance and poisoning. She may have believed this and wanted justice, or simply said it to make the public hate her more so as not to prolong her prison stay.

Aileen's last words reflect the life she was denied. She spoke of meeting Christ as well as going in a spaceship in the same way as her heroes from the movies. She also pronounced that she would be back. She perhaps chose to believe in just about anything that remained within the grasp of her tattered sanity – a religion of the truly lost.

Her story reads like a cheap paperback fantasy but it is horribly real. What remains of Aileen are documentaries, press clippings, letters and faux-fascinated compare-and-contrast memes matching her to the beautiful Hollywood actress who 'uglied up' to play her. Aileen Wuornos was a multiple murderer who robbed her victims and shot them more times than was necessary to aid her escape. We will, however, never know how situations played out or comprehend how the bright-eyed, flossy-haired little girl wound up a bulge-eyed woman washing herself in public toilets and thankful for any human contact that came in her direction. We do know how her eventual death sentence was executed as much by ballot box and media ratings as by lethal injection: she was killed at 9.47am on 9 October 2002.

"I'll be sailing away with the rock. I'll be back with Jesus Christ like on *Independence Day*. On June sixth. Just like the movie on the big mothership. I'll be back. I'll be back."

“ SHE PERHAPS CHOSE TO BELIEVE IN JUST ABOUT ANYTHING THAT REMAINED WITHIN THE GRASP OF HER TATTERED SANITY ”

AILEEN'S MANY CONFESSIONS

WUORNOS WASN'T SHY OF DROPPING CONVENIENT SOUND BITES TO THE DELIGHT OF THE PRESS AND THE PROSECUTION, WITH EVERY PARTY BRINGING THEIR OWN LAYERS OF TRUTH AND FICTION

"Listen, do what you gotta do... I'm not gonna let you go to jail... listen, if I have to confess, I will"

AFTER HER FIRST TRIAL AND PRIOR TO SENTENCING FOR HUMPHREYS', SPEARS' AND BURRESS'S DEATHS

Aileen had been persuaded to plead guilty by her newly adopted, born-again Christian mother Arlene, as a supposed show of religious devotion. The sincerity of this newfound faith is contested, but it's a natural fit. Wuornos's world is one of saviours and tormentors, and by coaching her admission in the language of repentance and sacrifice, she subtly recasts herself not as a sinner, but a saint.

"I have made peace with my Lord and I have asked forgiveness. I am sorry that my acts of self-defence ended up in court like this, but I take full responsibility for my actions. It was them or me. I am sorry for all the pain that my actions have caused. I am prepared to die if you say it is necessary"

COURT APPEARANCE IN 1992

A taped telephone conversation between Aileen and ex-girlfriend Tyria is played to court. It was a set-up and Ty talks Aileen into taking sole responsibility for the crimes. She does, implicating herself while painting a florid portrait of Moore as an innocent and the only kindness in the killer's ugly world. This is a very different Aileen from the one we expect, but this glimmer of redemption – love and selflessness – is instead distorted and repurposed to feed a different narrative, that of the man-hating lesbian she-devil.

"I'll be up in heaven while y'all are rotting in hell... I know I was raped and you aren't nothing but a bunch of scum... putting someone who was raped to death?"

30 JANUARY 1992, ON BEING SENTENCED TO DEATH FOR THE MURDERS OF HUMPHREYS, SPEARS, AND BURRESS

Broomfield believes Aileen expected some clemency owing to self-defence. She was outraged at the "immorality" of being handed more death sentences, taking the tone of the righteous, wronged to the point of fury. Few hearts, however, softened as she hurled abuse at the judge and jury. This outburst became a media money shot, repeated ad infinitum to emphasise her volatile nature and white-trash barbarism at the expense of her perceived injustice.

SPOKEN DIRECT TO NICK BROOMFIELD'S CAMERA AFTER TEN YEARS ON DEATH ROW

A confession and show of aggression to provoke prison governors into signing her execution warrant. Still the snarling, spitting monster of news reports and newspaper headlines, Wuornos rants and raves as is expected of her, suggesting that any death, no matter whose, will satisfy her. The truth is far sadder...

"I want to get in the fucking chamber tomorrow and leave... I'm on hold with my execution... and they're just daring me to kill again... you mother fuckers keep fucking with my goddam execution, there's gonna be bloodshed!"

"I can't do it. I would never be able to handle a life sentence or anything... that's why I can't say nothing about self-defence on tape or anything... I can't tell anybody. Never"

SECONDS LATER IN THE SAME INTERVIEW AND SPOKEN WHEN SHE THOUGHT THE CAMERAS WERE OFF

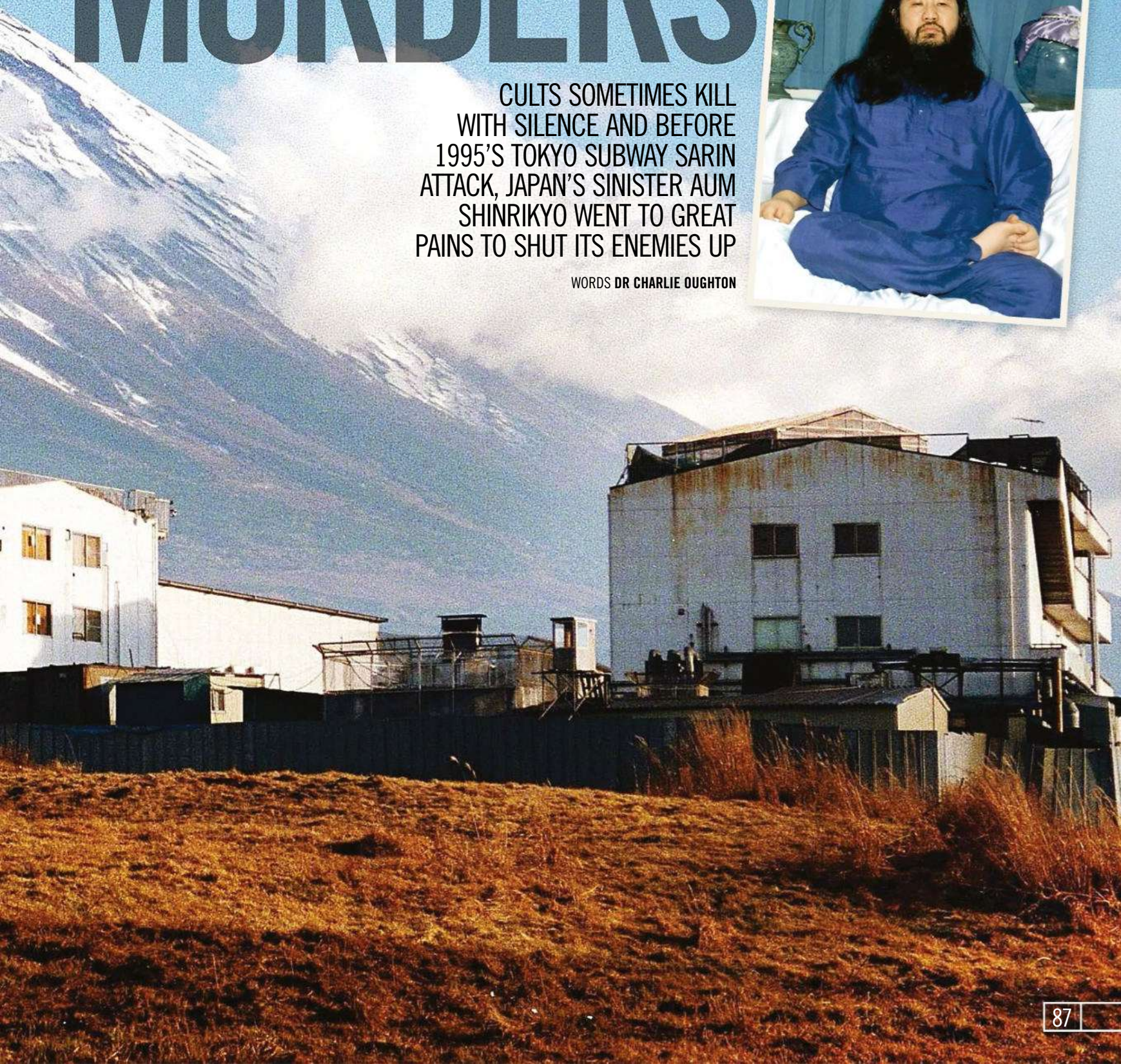
Aileen appears to admit her guilty plea is to avoid the doom of a lifetime in prison. This moment of apparent sincerity comes with one caveat: for a woman who won't "say nothing about self-defence on tape," she's certainly mentioned it a lot.



DEATH CULT MURDERS

CULTS SOMETIMES KILL
WITH SILENCE AND BEFORE
1995'S TOKYO SUBWAY SARIN
ATTACK, JAPAN'S SINISTER AUM
SHINRIKYO WENT TO GREAT
PAINS TO SHUT ITS ENEMIES UP

WORDS DR CHARLIE OUGHTON



The way into work is the splintered blue-grey of your average, rush-hour Monday morning. The clothes feel too tight and you're trapped in an underground carriage with other people who look similarly like the world is going to end. Hitching slightly, it seems a cold is coming as your nose runs a little and a tiny, sharp needle drags from your throat to pricking at your watery eyes. Looking up to steady yourself, your vision is obscured. Are you really that tired? It's too warm, too tight and breathing has become a conscious effort. Straighten up. The other well-mannered shapes appear to be holding napkins to their mouths. Thump. Thwud. Shoosd. The thrum of the train is being gradually tuned out by gargling sounds as bodies around you retch yellow strings of liquid then drop to the floor... No one noticed the five gentlemen who placed potted newspapers down a little earlier. They vanished before the sarin poison seeped through the newsprint, took to the air and crept into the folk they left behind. On that day of 20 March 1995, those men maimed more than 5,000 of Tokyo's people and left a dozen dead.

Cult killings are not just about supposedly enabling the 'chosen' to ascend to the next life or about proving devotion. The men who committed the sarin attack on the Tokyo subway system were part of Aum Shinrikyo, a religious movement. Their leader, Chizuo Matsumoto (or Shoko Asahara, as he was later known), had told them he was the Lamb of God and that their actions were part of a campaign to do no less than kick-start the end of the world.

Fighting against them from the start was Tsutsumi Sakamoto, a lawyer who specialised in smashing the false idols of cult commerce with the book of law. The case's climax began when camera crews took the masses to his remains on 6 September 1995, six years after his murder. Aum Shinrikyo's members were found guilty of murder, but what was it about Sakamoto that gave him the power to take on the might of Aum Shinrikyo's megalomaniac 'messiah'? Crucially, did Sakamoto stop Matsumoto's 'second coming'?

RELIGION, CULTS AND CRACKPOTS

The reason why Aum Shinrikyo is so frightening is because it challenges how we think of cults. As stated in *The World Of Sociology*, we tend to think of cults as "small, radical, religious groups" considered as "dangerous or harmful". They have strange beliefs, charismatic leaders and people following orders without thought. They appear very different to our ideas of 'proper' beliefs that are shared by mass society and have a considerable historical legacy behind them. Religious beliefs trusted by millions include Christianity, Hinduism and Buddhism – and so it was that these very systems were incorporated by Chizuo Matsumoto into his own organisation. Calling his practice Aum Shinrikyo, Matsumoto's project name translated as 'Supreme Truth'.

Possessed of a 'Jesus' beard and swathed in robes, Matsumoto appeared in Aum Shinrikyo's promotional videos as a cartoon. It would be comical if it wasn't so terrifying. In animation strikingly similar to that of the 1980s Japanese myth-fantasy series *Ulysses 31*, he presented himself as a conquering hero. He changed his name to Shoko Asahara and declared himself Christ.

FOLLOWERS

'Weak-minded fools' is, conversely, the way we tend to characterise – and dismiss – cult followers. As Dr Linda

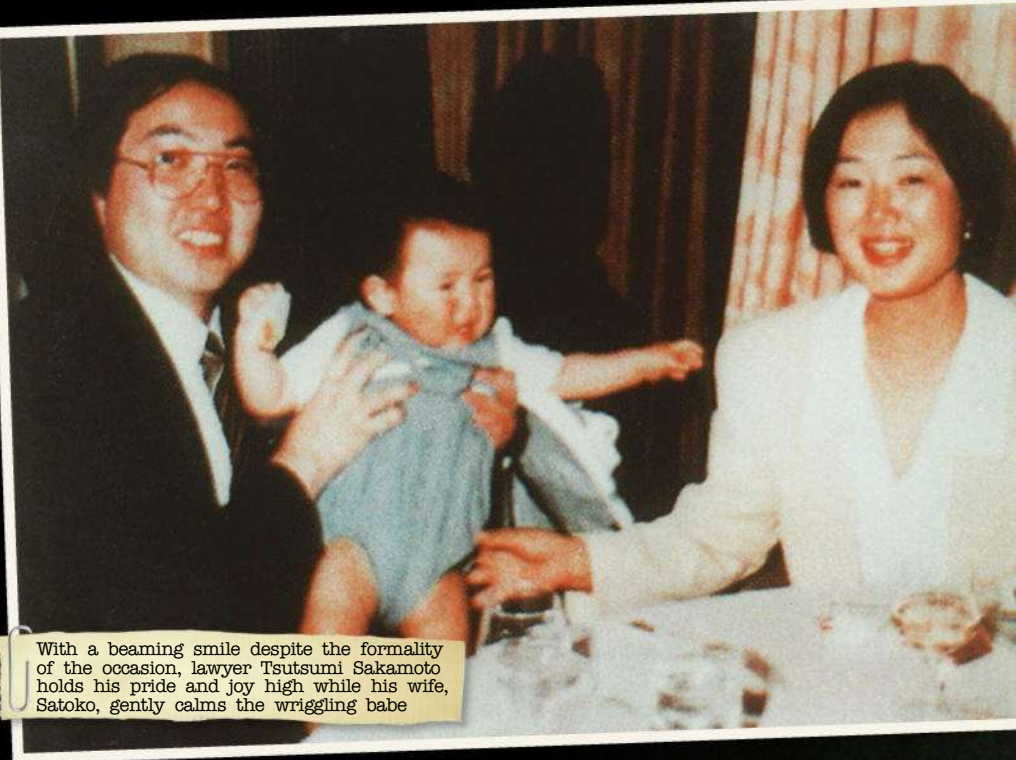
Dubrow-Marshall, an expert on coercion at the University of Salford, comments: "Anyone can be vulnerable to cultic influence and it is naïve to think that being educated will protect us from it. On the contrary, being educated often includes being open to new and original ideas." The followers who planned the 1995 sarin attack for Asahara included scientists and a medical doctor. They truly believed their leader was the messiah. They believed him and in many cases, they killed for him. They were terrorists. Psychopathology professor Susumu Oda has stated such cultists may be attracted by the image of the man of learning as a father figure, particularly in Japan where the orderly 'salaryman' stereotype may have been considered to have deprived people of that parental figure in their own childhood. What's more, Asahara seemed to offer a genuine progression of the human mind, with magazines such as *Twilight Zone* stating his claim that he had supernatural powers, including that of levitation.

Blood will, however, tell, and it is true that there was something special in Asahara's veins and in that of his followers, especially after they had ritually supped from his reddened cup. That 'something' wasn't alcohol (the standard toxin of Christian communion) but LSD. Long associated with New Age science, art and belief-based movements, LSD can induce hallucinations and mind-altering experiences that may have made Asahara's preaching seem plausible. His little cult is recorded as having amassed around 10,000 members in Japan alone.

ENTER THE LAWYER

Tsutsumi Sakamoto was an idealistic lawyer with a wife, Satoko, and a baby by the name of Tatsuhiko. It was the 1980s and Aum Shinrikyo had just begun operations. With youth on his side, Sakamoto wanted to make a difference and seeing the shadowy and coercive practices of some belief-based organisations, he began to make a name for himself as an anti-cult specialist.

Faith-based organisations, no matter how ideologically outlandish they seem, are protected under Article 18 of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights and Japan adhered to that agreement. To officially stop abuse such as blackmail,



With a beaming smile despite the formality of the occasion, lawyer Tsutsumi Sakamoto holds his pride and joy high while his wife, Satoko, gently calms the wriggling babe

“ FIGHTING AGAINST
AUM SHINRIKYO FROM
THE START WAS LAWYER
TSUTSUMI SAKAMOTO ”



The speck in the middle
(in front of the camera) is
Shoko Asahara. He lounges
atop a throne and listens to
his own voice as minions
lap up his every word

AUM AND ON

BECAUSE OF CRIMES ASSOCIATED WITH ITS PAST INCARNATIONS,
AUM SHINRIKYO HAS BEEN REBORN

Many of Aum Shinrikyo's members are now behind bars, but it is important to note the organisation did not accept responsibility for many of the crimes of which it was accused. Nor can it be assumed that because some of its prior members committed criminal acts that they are a reflection on the movement in general – researcher Robert Lifton found through interviews that many members were not aware of the violence. The organisation was stripped of its religious status

by the government in 1996 and from it emerged organisations including Aleph and Hikari no Wa. Aleph's website reveals its philosophies, dojos and FAQs. The public relations section's polite prose discusses the compensation it pays to victims of “the so-called Aum Supreme Truth relating case”. The money is detailed almost in an accountancy style and member figures are not listed. It remains under the scrutiny of Japanese law enforcement.

Sakamoto would have to show that the groups were actually breaking laws.

But faith is difficult to challenge. It is better to prevent people from becoming victims in the first place. Anyone who has a belief system will likely have based it as much on their own experiences as on the words of a text deemed Holy. Therefore, the easiest way to remove the power of an organisation is to make it prove its claims and show the followers their messiahs are often just very naughty boys. As anyone who has seen a fake mystic exposed in the media knows, bad PR can be the non-believer's best pal as word of non-materialised miracles spreads. The second way to remove their power is to prevent the preacher from procuring more smoke and mirrors by cutting off the money they need to hire office space, distribute materials and recruit more paying members.

PRESS POISON

Crime is considered something of an anomaly in Japan's orderly society. The social structure is very family orientated and departure from that tradition is frowned upon. So Sakamoto worked with the Association of Aum Shinrikyo Victims, who had complained of kidnappings and financial irregularities. He decided to go to the popular press to warn people what was happening so they themselves could help stop the spread to friends and relatives. Tokyo Broadcasting System was one of Japan's seven key television channels and part of a trusted media company with a heritage dating back to the 1950s. In a recorded interview with the channel, Sakamoto detailed his concerns about Aum Shinrikyo and debunked their beliefs one by one.

What, as an ethics-focused lawyer, he didn't bargain for was the impact of ratings on his new partner's actions. While a lawyer may interest the intellectual viewer, the promise of a charismatic cult leader is an audience coup. Subsequent courts heard that a deal had been struck between Tokyo Broadcasting System and Aum Shinrikyo where it was agreed the channel would show Sakamoto's interview to the cult before broadcasting, on condition that the religious organisation kept it quiet. In return, Asahara himself would appear on camera. At the trial however, company president Hirozo Isozaki denied that any such deal existed and said their involvement was "only one of a series of factors" that led to what happened next.

Normality returned. A little over a week later, all was still at Sakamoto's home. The interview had not yet been aired and he was asleep with Satoko. Tatsuhiko was close at hand in his cradle exactly as it should be. As the minutes ticked close to 3am, figures stole into their darkened bedroom. Pressure wrapped around the lawyer's neck. While not a large man, he resisted as his attacker squeezed and squeezed before potassium chloride was injected into his body to hasten death. The house was awake. Satoko was kicked in the stomach as she watched. She begged the attackers that their child be spared, but her cries were as muffled as the infant's own. The family's faces were to stare from posters asking about their whereabouts thereafter. All that remained in the house was a badge carrying a legend: Aum Shinrikyo.

Over the years, there were rumblings of torture and kidnap. Aum Shinrikyo launched numerous chemical attacks including the two noted sarin incidents; a trial run on judges dealing with a case against them on 27 June 1994 that left eight people dead and hundreds injured, and the 1995 attack on the Tokyo subway.



ABOVE Simply on their way to work, these men were felled by the sarin attack while others look on, helpless. It is not known whether they survived

CAPTURE AND COMEUPPANCE

Ironically, their bullishness became their undoing. The sarin attacks merely highlighted their existence and police raided them. After their interrogation, a sizeable but sombre pack was dispatched to Mount Okenashi in Niigata Prefecture. There they uncovered the remains. Sakamoto and Satoko were identified by their hair and fingerprints. They were reunited. Asahara had told his followers the child's death was a blessing as Tatsuhiko would be "born again in a higher-level world," as he "ended up not being raised by Sakamoto, who tried to repeat bad deeds." The baby had been 14 months old.

26,000 people, including the then Prime Minister, attended the family's memorial service. So great was the work that Sakamoto had done for safeguarding his people that the thanksgiving was accompanied by the Japanese Philharmonic Orchestra, music having been one of the great loves of his life.

Today, the legacy organisations of Aum Shinrikyo are still operational. One such example is Aleph. On their website

“ SHE BEGGED THE ATTACKERS THAT THEIR CHILD BE SPARED, BUT HER CRIES WERE AS MUFFLED AS THE INFANT’S OWN ”





AUM ATROCITIES

AUM SHINRIKYO BECAME KNOWN FOR ITS SARIN ATTACKS, BUT THE ORGANISATION SOUGHT CONTROL, FROM FAMILY MATTERS TO NUCLEAR ATTACKS



TOP Devotees honour their Science and Technology minister, Hideo Murai, after he was stabbed to death at their headquarters on 23 April 1995. Murai appeared on television to defend Aum Shinrikyo

LEFT These suspicious barrels were found by the police on Aum Shinrikyo's property on 22 March 1995, two days after the sarin atrocity on Tokyo's subway

cluttered text is topped by a crystal-blue mountain banner, suggestive of calm. As psychologist Dubrow-Marshall states, "People might stay linked to such a group as they have reinterpreted the atrocities (eg a heroic act, or act of war), and/or they believe that the group mission justifies atrocious means." Psychologist Robert Lifton talked about this as "destroying the world to save it". People still sometimes cling to solidarity, though the group's former members claim they were brainwashed. Aleph is their new start.

LEGACY

Sakamoto's work paved the way for his killers to be captured. Following the attacks Japan also amended their Religious Juridical Persons Law to oversee profit-making organisations and prevent any future abuse. Many of Aum Shinrikyo's members have been found guilty of involvement in murder and will hang.

At the close of an eight-year trial, Aum Shinrikyo's apparently confused, babbling leader was similarly condemned. It has been suggested that the Japanese government is wary that executing Shoko Asahara may make him a martyr among his remaining followers and so he remains in solitary confinement on death row.

But rumours of splinter cults exist. Japan, according to survivors of the sarin attacks, has a habit of forgetting.

EXPERT



DR LINDA DUBROW-MARSHALL

Dr Marshall is the programme leader for the MSc Psychology of Coercive Control programme and the MSc Applied Psychology (Therapies) programme at the University of Salford.

KIDNAPPING

Aum Shinrikyo interrogated its 'family' for information on their relatives. If any of their bloodline had assets, the cultists themselves would often be sent to extract the cash by kidnap. Accounts state that 60 million yen (over £400,000) was pried from one man's hands – by his own daughters.

TORTURE

Think you're safe in the circle? Think again. Aum Shinrikyo used thermotherapy to gain enlightenment. Followers would be scalded with hot water in purification rites and their minds blasted 'clean' with force-fed narcotics. If that failed they were taken to chambers hidden in vast shipping containers and tortured.

TOXIC ASSASSINATIONS

Individuals were targeted with noxious substances too: in January 1995 Hiroyuki Nagaoka, a vocal opponent of Aum, survived an attempt on his life when an acolyte sprayed the deadly nerve agent VX onto his neck. He collapsed hours later but was saved because most of the VX was blocked by his jacket collar.

DESTROYING EVIDENCE

Destruction of the body was part and parcel of the cult. Sprawled carcasses of sheep, tortured to death on the ranch, showed they had been used as experiment subjects. People who had been kidnapped were incinerated until no trace remained of them.

MANUFACTURING WMDS

Sarin is a silent killer, but Aum Shinrikyo were also said to be preparing something on a more obvious scale. In 1993, in Banjawarn, Australia, locals witnessed the earth shake when a sonic boom heralded a fireball across the sky. The uranium mine police allegedly found suggests the cult were testing nuclear weapons.

KILLER CLOWN

CONVICTED OF THE TORTURE AND MURDER OF 33 BOYS AND YOUNG MEN, JOHN WAYNE GACY JR — AKA POGO THE CLOWN — CLAIMED HE DIDN'T ACT ALONE RIGHT UP UNTIL HIS EXECUTION. WAS SOMEONE ELSE HAVING THE LAST LAUGH?

WORDS DR K CHARLIE OUGHTON

John Wayne Gacy is one of the supposed 'canon' of celebrity serial killers. A Chicago businessman and political activist with a sideline in playing his Pogo the Clown character at community parties, Gacy was imprisoned for murdering 33 young men and boys between 1972 and his final arrest in 1978.

He hid 29 of the bodies in the crawl space under his house and left four others in the local Illinois River. He is one of the few killers who have entered the popular imagination, via

the seminal TV series *To Catch A Killer*, books and critically acclaimed films such as *Dear Mr Gacy*. He also earned a comfortable sum selling his story on the murder memorabilia market. Much of this media examined the contrast between Gacy's public and private personae, but there have been suggestions that Gacy may have had one or more accomplices or been a 'mere' accessory to some of the crimes. How likely is this, and if it is possible, does that leave the convict clown or Lady Justice with egg on their face?



POLICE DEPT.
DES PLAINES, ILL.

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SERIAL KILLER SLAPSTICK

John Wayne Gacy, though named after the square-jawed, tough-guy film star, was always thought of as something of a fool. He was born in Chicago in 1942 to John Gacy senior and Marion. John's dad was stern and regularly chastised his son for his clumsy attitude towards life. No matter what the kid did (for he adored his father) he couldn't please Gacy senior, so he would be beaten. They ran around in circles as Marion tried to protect her baby from her braying, bullying husband, while the boy tried to keep ahead of his dad as well as running for cover with his mother. Their mismatched efforts just made matters worse. Gacy senior came to see his son as an effeminate momma's boy that, he pronounced, would probably grow up 'queer'.

Life wasn't much better for John junior at school, either. A congenital heart problem meant he couldn't engage in the rough and tumble with the other children and he became the butt of jokes as the teachers' pet who would mop up after his superiors by doing their errands. The other children laughed, not with little John, but at him.

At age 11, John fell from a swing and was knocked unconscious. Far from coming up to the sound of a comedy klaxon with a giddy grin and a shiny red bump on his bruised bonce, John developed psychomotor epileptic seizures, which were to plague him and keep him away from school for about a year over time. Such bad luck may have led to further misfortune, as scientists at the University of Wisconsin identified such physical trauma as one of the key indicators for potential future serial killers.

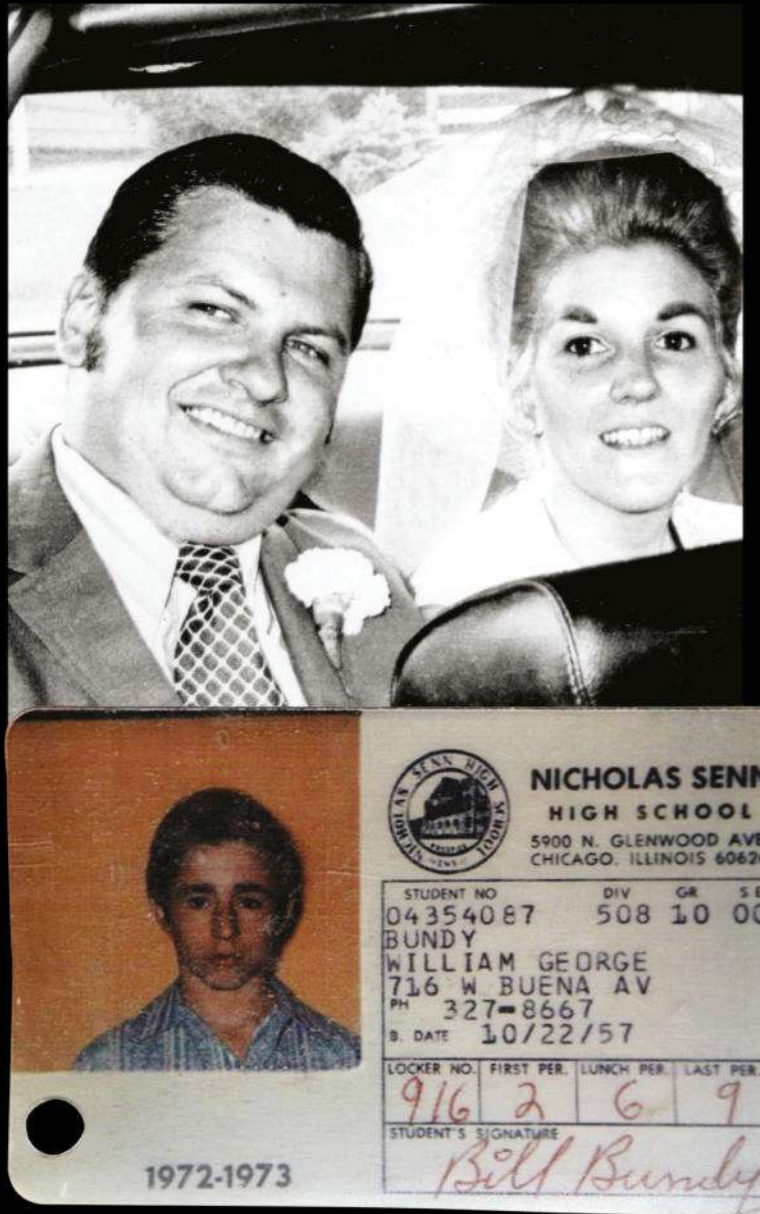
ENTERING THE ARENA

John tried to make Gacy senior proud by following in his father's footsteps. Reprising the traditional routine, he found himself a wife in Marilyn Myers. Her father owned several fried chicken restaurants and John soon began working for him. He turned out to be a natural businessman. Developing his veneer of respectability, Gacy also began work as a political activist. He campaigned for the Democrats (despite his dad considering their liberal views as 'sissy') where he would rise to be the precinct captain and have his photograph taken with Rosalynn Carter, wife to US President Jimmy. He was also elected vice president of the Springfield branch of the United States Junior Chamber, or Jaycees. The formerly clumsy kid was officially considered a community leader.

It was superb sleight of hand. Gacy's politics were an effort to attract the right kind of attention. They hid his discovery that his father had been right: John Junior had experienced sexual attraction to other men. The realisation that this was okay was, quite frankly, light years away for someone of his background, and he buried his head in secret dalliances with boys. It had started when he was a mortuary assistant for a brief time, when he found himself caressing a coffined corpse. His feelings continued, along with occasional liaisons, but he was playing with fire, and the loaded cannon he had effectively been priming blew up in his face, propelling him to prison in 1968 for the felony of raping a boy. Gacy's wife filed for divorce on his arrest, taking their two children with her. Gacy was released early for good behaviour.

POGO THE GO-TO GUY

After prison, Gacy hid himself in a house of heterosexual mirrors and remarried with divorcee Carole Hoff. He bought



a home with the help of his mother and set himself up on the outskirts of Chicago. A typical clown act involves physical comedy – pratfalls and feats of balance emphasised by ladders – and so John diligently established his own PDM (painting, decorating and maintenance) building-construction company. He swiftly somersaulted his way to the attention of other local bosses in undercutting their prices by hiring local lads to help with the heavy fetching and carrying. At the same time, he endeared himself to the local community by becoming Pogo the Clown. John Wayne Gacy, the business fire-breather with a conviction for felony against a minor, created the jovial character and played him not once, but regularly. He would visit children's hospitals and became known for running massive community events in the guise of the grinning Grimaldi. Using the mask, he had finally become 'The Great American Man™'. He'd just needed a pointy hat and a pom-pom on his head to do it.

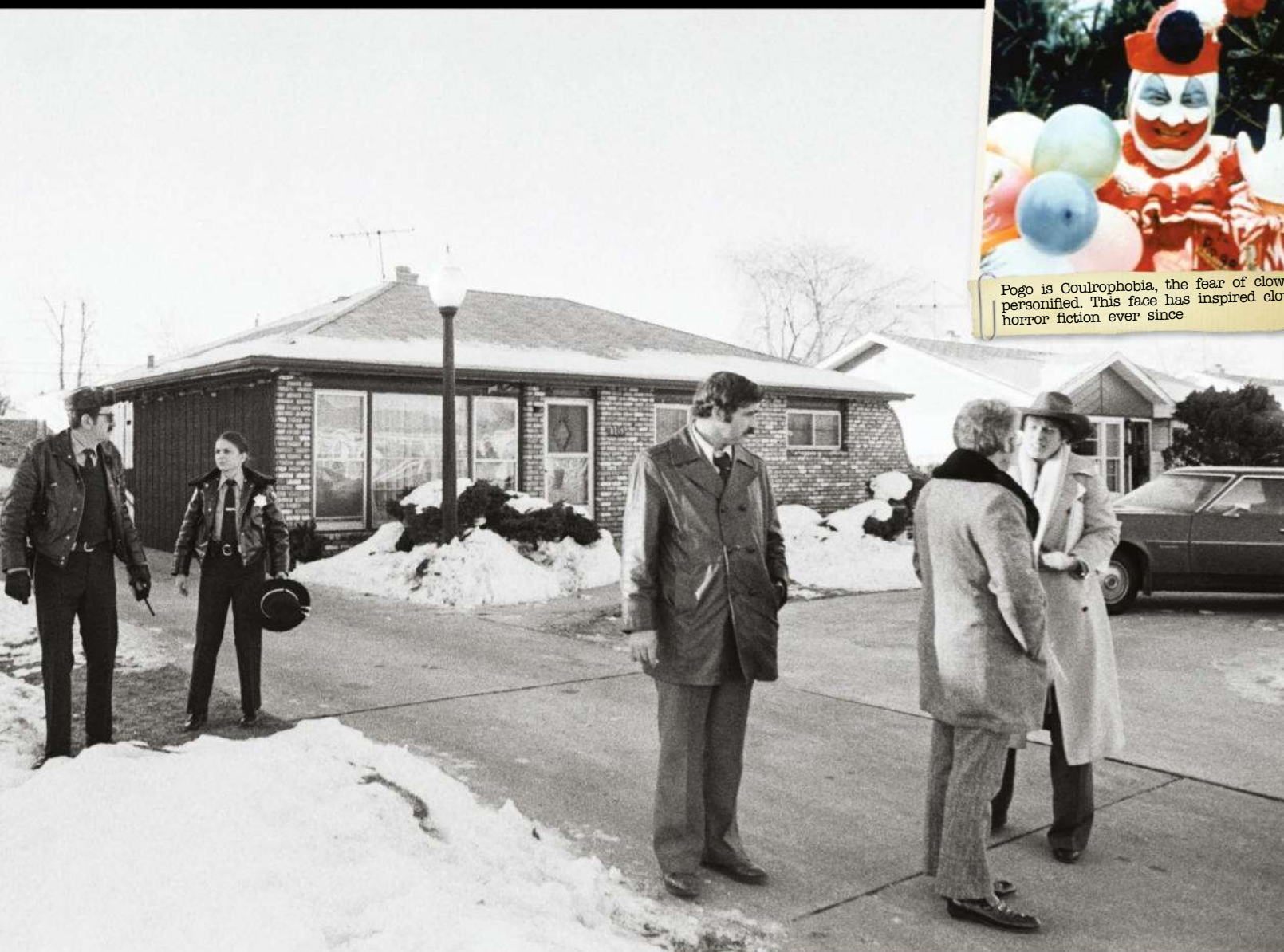
Every lead clown needs friends to help behind the scenes, so John established himself as a benevolent trickster to his young male employees. Rather than being a ringmaster who would seem too much like (his own, fearsome) dad, he became a playmate to them. Like Stromboli, the circus master from *Pinocchio*, he would welcome the kids into his office

TOP Bride and groom: despite the smile, John felt forced to suppress his sexuality and married second wife, Carole Hoff, in 1972

ABOVE 35 years after his disappearance, William George Bundy was identified as one of Gacy's victims in 2011. He was 18 years old



Pogo is Coulrophobia, the fear of clowns, personified. This face has inspired clown horror fiction ever since



home with the offer of late night snooker and smokes, the latter made more enticing by being marijuana, and he and the boys would get tightrope high together. Sometimes, the tinkling sound of their laughter was payment enough, but at other times he'd decide the show must go on. Only it couldn't.

MURDERING RINGMASTER

Over and over again, John was squirted in the face not by the 'flower' of some beautiful young beau, but by the shame he felt because he couldn't stand the scent of his sexuality. It had pervaded his life to the extent that he didn't even bother hiding his male porn stash from his wife anymore and would regularly go cruising the Chicago red-light districts for rent boys. The only way he could deal with his inability to be what he thought of as a stand-up guy was to get off (both erotically and in terms of handling his homosexuality hobby horse) by tripping the 'tricks' he picked up: flooring and killing the objects of his desire.

He did this by fooling the boys and men into placing themselves directly in his ring – handcuffs – during which he would force them to commit sexual acts on him or would rape them. Then he would kill them. One thing he

hadn't bargained for, however, was the inevitable need for a disappearing act. The men's and boys' bodies were put in what became little more than a theatrical trap door in the base of John Gacy's mind. 29 of them were buried in the crawl space directly beneath his house. The final four he was convicted for were flushed out and into the river.

COPS, PROPS, PROBLEMS

Some clowns pretend to be stupid, but because of Gacy's arrogance, he was the real deal. The rule of any magic act is to keep the trick out of view of the audience, lest they catch the conjurer with his pants down, mid quick change. Gacy, however, was a messy showman, and found clearing up afterwards became impossible because the bodies began to

ABOVE Suburban sifting: Illinois police continue their search for evidence in Gacy's home, a sad contrast against the cold beauty of the snow

“ WHEN HE HEARD PIEST'S POSSESSIONS HAD BEEN FOUND, HE CONFESSED TO THE MURDERS OF THE BOYS IN HIS BASEMENT ”

degrade and smell. Like a smoke bomb gone wrong, the odour leaked up into his house, causing alarm from his neighbours. John, famously, tried to blame this on his sewage system.

Like many serial killers, he also kept keepsakes from those he killed. His final unwilling volunteer was Robert Piest, a pharmacist's assistant he'd been seen with prior to the boy's disappearance. Gacy had offered Piest a job and so was investigated by police. Only true entertainers can hide their secrets in close-up illusion, and on investigation, police searching Gacy's home found a roll of Piest's camera film. As if because of some great cosmic joke, Gacy was in custody already for possessing marijuana, and when he heard Piest's possessions had been found, he confessed to the murders of the boys in his basement immediately.

The bodies were uncovered, caked in a cruel makeup of flesh and bone-dissolving lime. Taped conversations with Gacy's lawyers released to the public showed the most macabre sense of humour imaginable as the man intermingled lurid sexual jokes with discussions about his case. What a great way to make your audience hate you. The jury took all of two hours to find Gacy guilty of all 33 murders, completely discarding his defence team's plea for life imprisonment, rather than the death penalty, owing to his claimed insanity.

Ever notice how so many people seem almost proud to be scared of clowns? Folk often say it's because they can't believe how anyone could be that happy. The clown's gestures are too manic, the smiles too fixed and the glee with which the custard pies are thrown a little too forced for comfort. Like a killer 'bad' pun, Gacy's garish gurning kept coming and coming, terrifying and titillating in equal measure.

DOUBLE ACT?

Far from being a killer who solely glorified in his showmanship, Gacy grew scared of his own spotlight. In televised interviews, he claimed he had accomplices, men who worked for his construction firm. Indeed, surviving victim Jeffrey Rignall has stated there was someone else in the room during his encounter with the convicted killer.

That Gacy may have not have been alone is a claim that has been re-investigated by Chicago attorneys Steven Becker and Robert Stephenson. Both men worked voluntarily, and as Gacy is long dead, let alone convicted, some may wonder whether they were the legal circus's 'first aid' or illusionists. Their professed aim to help the families connected with the Gacy case to find closure is, however, laudable.

The men intended to see if there had been a miscarriage of justice by focusing on the case of Michael Marino, named by police as a Gacy victim. Sherry Marino, Michael's mother, is convinced that the body that has been discovered and named as Michael is not in fact her son but a different dead man,

stage-placed by cops to cover up mistakes in the original murder investigations. The body identified as Michael's has been exhumed and Becker and Stephenson state that tests have concluded there is no DNA match with Michael's mother, and so the body cannot be her boy. This claim is flatly denied by forensics officers involved in the original case and reiterated by Cook County Sheriff Thomas Dart. According to the sheriff's office, the test report the attorneys provided is "redacted and incomplete" and "does not allow for competent review or conclusion."

Nevertheless, it is undoubtedly the case that eight of Gacy's victims were left merely unidentified, their bones in boxes for 30 years. Gacy's crimes, it must be remembered, took place before DNA was widely used as a method of genetic criminal profiling and police had to rely on psychological profiling to catch the killers, hence the title of

“ GACY WAS PERFECTLY, PUBLICLY PLACED TO TAKE THE FALL FOR AT LEAST THREE CO-CONSPIRATORS ”

POGO'S 'MAGIC TRICK'

GACY USED HANDCUFFS AND CHLOROFORM TO MANOEUVRE HIS VICTIMS INTO PHYSICAL HELPLESSNESS PRIOR TO MURDERING THEM. HERE'S HOW HE DID IT

CHEMICAL CLOWNING

Sometimes Gacy would cruise for male prostitutes on the streets of Chicago. Once they were in his van, he would subdue them with a cloth laced with chloroform before taking them to his home.

A JOKE BETWEEN BUDDIES

Gacy lured other young men such as his employees by offering to show them a neat trick supposedly taken from his clown act. He would place himself in handcuffs, 'escape', then encourage the men to try the trick themselves.

THE CLOWN FACE CRACKS

When they gave up trying to wriggle free, he'd whip his hand out as he still had the key, which had been palmed carefully between his fingers: the handcuffs weren't the illusion – his friendship was.



ABOVE The frozen ground frustrated the search for bodies, but four more were discovered on 26 December 1978, bringing the total to nine bodies



On 6 May 1978, Gacy's work as a community servant saw him meet with First Lady Rosalynn Carter

LEFT The investigation team worked at Gacy's home to restore justice by recovering the bodies of young men and youths cut down before their prime

THE KILLING JOKE

GACY'S ANGER SEEMED TO FRACTURE HIS SANITY. HE RECANTED HIS CONFESSIONS IN AN INTERVIEW WITH 2 NEWS EXTRA, HE APPEARED TO HAVE LOST THE PLOT ENTIRELY... IT WAS UTTERLY LUDICROUS

On his drug use and how it may have hampered his memory and behaviour: "I started back in 1974. I started taking ten milligrams of Valium, and by the time 1978 had come around, I was doing 130 milligrams of Valium. But then I was moving 80 jobs a year and I was working 18 hour days and I just had to have something to take the pressure off."

On his 'accomplices': "If you want to charge me with anything, charge me with complicity in two of the murders... That's all I know about... Robert Piest was killed by another individual in my home... He was transported to the house by another... I believe he was strangled... I was there afterwards and I watched the removal of the body... The body was taken to the river and

dumped in the river... I'm in complicity with that. I've always... I've always... don't look at me as an innocent babe of the woods.

On blaming the smell of 29 rotting corpses on his puppy dog's pee: "When I was arrested, uh, they claimed there was a putrefied odour in the house. I could say that was a lot of hogwash too, because one officer, Schultz, claimed that on the 18th or the 19th that he came into the house... and when he came into the house... my little... my little [inaudible] was in the house and of course he'd been locked in the kitchen, you know, all day, and he was... a little... puppy – he piddles – see? And while he's piddling and... while he is... doing his business on the paper, you can imagine what it smells like when you go into

a closed room... and when the heat came on. And when the heat came on it gave you that strong kind of... faeces odour.



13 years after his conviction, Gacy gave interviews with 2 News Extra, trying to paint himself as a misunderstood victim

SIMPLE SUFFOCATION

Using a simple 'under, over' double knot that is often learned by Boy Scouts, Gacy would tie a single chord around his already-subdued victim's neck. With their hands restrained, they had no way to fight him off.

TOURNIQUET TERROR

Gacy then inserted a piece of wood in the space between the two knots. It would be twisted as a tourniquet, enabling him to control the amount his victim could breathe. In interview, he demonstrated this using his Catholic communion rosary.

GRIM FINALE

Gacy would rape his victims as they fell in and out of consciousness due to suffocation. When they had finally died, he would move their bodies to his crawl space or, later, the local river.

RIGHT He may well hang his head: Gacy's bluster is absent as he is led to a court room after being busted and he hides his face from the press

CENTRE The sweaty serial killer looks bad tempered and utterly unglamorous posing for his murder charge mugshot in Illinois in 1978

the Gacy biopic, *To Catch A Killer*. As far-fetched as it may sound, investigators were still looking for additional bodies as recently as 1998, 20 years after Gacy's original trial.

Having re-examined more of the cases at hand, Becker and Stephenson stated that the families of three of the victims have not been dealt justice. This is because (they said) these cases – those of Robert Gilroy, Robert Nelson and Russell Mowery – showed dissimilarities with the other Gacy victims. Gilroy's autopsy report showed there had been a "cloth-like" material stuck in his throat and that he was murdered when Gacy's travel documents suggested he was not in the area. Nelson was allegedly kidnapped while with a friend and his throat stuffed with a cloth, again when Gacy was supposedly away, and distance was also used to discount John from the death of Russell Mowery. In short, Becker and Stephenson argued that police took their eye off the ball by conducting a sloppy investigation that ensured Gacy was perfectly, publicly placed to take the fall for at least three co-conspirators (two dead, one alive) who had, Houdini-like, disappeared.

Modern magicians – those who really can change the world – often look ordinary, and no more so than your standard law enforcement officer. **Real Crime** spoke to Cook County Sheriff's Office's Ben Breit, who suggested that while the lawyers' evidence may seem like well-meaning smoke and mirrors, it was a stage front for sensationalism – "a fabrication". It also disguised a sideshow all of their own: following their high-profile interviews in the Gacy media spotlight, Becker Stephenson was itself 'sawed in half' because Robert M Stephenson was disbarred from practice for "misappropriating" \$339,000 from his own children, and involvement with drugs. Becker Stephenson's office did not respond to **Real Crime**'s request for comment, but the sheriff's office has promised that the cops carry on and will investigate new evidence at any time. That Ben Breit gave **Real Crime** detailed information on a large number of the cases during an unexpected telephone call while away from his desk speaks volumes – the officers know the case, are highly approachable, and they care.

ENCORE!

Gacy is getting an encore. Detective Jason Moran has used the publicity Pogo brought to develop a national database to reunite the bodies of those who have been slain with their living loved ones for proper burial. There are, after all, a further seven bodies that have yet to be identified, and there may be more. Gacy's original legal team suggested that there may yet be further bodies purely by refusing to state categorically that there are not. We cannot know whether their phrasing is a result of something Gacy said or whether it is conjecture based on their dealings with the killer – Gacy never made a written statement but confessed in taped interviews prior to trial. His team cannot reveal the information because client privilege in law ensures they must take the information to their own graves.

There's an old adage in show business that you have to know when to quit. The curtain of Gacy's custodial sentence wasn't about to close when (or even after) he was on death row. He consciously courted controversy, lapping up that last



ABOVE In 2011, officials examined containers that held the upper and lower jaws and the teeth of the unidentified victims of John Wayne Gacy

A terrible portrait of Pogo the clown that Gacy painted in prison. The revelation of Gacy's dark secret gave a new dimension to his alter ego



VICTIM'S ATTORNEYS VANISH, COPS CARRY ON

REAL CRIME SPOKE TO COOK COUNTY SHERIFF'S OFFICE'S DIRECTOR OF COMMUNICATIONS, BEN BREIT, WHO REVEALS HOW THE SEARCH FOR JUSTICE CONTINUES

What's your view on the Becker Stephenson investigation?

It's no longer Becker Stephenson because Stephenson has been disbarred. He was on drugs and he stole hundreds of thousands of dollars. He's no longer legally able to practice law in the United States. [Becker Stephenson] claimed there was a home on Miami Avenue that Gacy used to own and they knew 100 per cent – 100 per cent – he has more bodies under this home. Begging, they said if you don't unearth all these bodies you're doing a horrible injustice. We go using ground-penetrating radar – the most up-to-date technology imaginable... there's nothing there. It's a fabrication.

BIO BEN BREIT

Ben Breit is director of communications at Cook County Sheriff's Office in Chicago, Illinois. He joined the department long after the main Gacy case concluded but has developed a detailed knowledge of all of its investigations and provides assistance to other law enforcement agencies on a national basis.

Is the Gacy investigation still ongoing?

We will investigate anything (Becker Stephenson client and Gacy victim) Mr Marino's poor mother wants. Becker Stephenson will talk as long as you like but they will never present evidence. You show us evidence and we'll investigate it.

Do you still use the Gacy database?

Oh absolutely! We care. These cases matter. These families, what they go through, with your loved one never coming back... I just can't imagine what that's like. It's a very high priority for us. We've received a few hundred leads from families and we've been able to close 11 other unrelated cold cases. With five of those people we were able to reunite them with their families. With two of the cases, 40+ years cold, they died many years later of natural causes.

Who were those two?

We have never released those names. I think the families asked us not to. One was found on the side of a mountain and one was found in the woods of New Jersey.

Most importantly, [we need to] raise awareness to families of missing persons that hope is not lost. When their loved ones went missing in the 1970s and 1980s, DNA evidence didn't exist. The DNA database and these resources are now available. Hope is not lost. When is the expiration date on when a family deserves justice? Is it five years? Ten years? You know, we just don't subscribe to that point of view and demonstrating that it is possible to close cases has given us the ammo to take a look at all of our cold cases nationally.

Do you offer support to victims' families?

It's important that every family member of the missing person gets their DNA in the database – it's just a quick cheek swab – the easiest thing in the world. We get back to every family and let them know what's come of it. We provide them with all sorts of counsel in terms of next steps they can take and other agencies that may be able to help them.



ABOVE This 1998 photo of 6114 W Miami Avenue, Illinois, shows an area under investigation in continuation of the search for potential victims

applause – and the coins rolled in. First came the paintings. Ever the artiste, he splashed about with brushes and canvas, producing likenesses of everyone from Elvis to ‘himself’ (obviously, having a King-sized ego) and depictions of infamous figures including Jeffrey Dahmer when he realised there was a market for the macabre. The critics weren’t kind to his new act – Gacy was described by one gallery owner as “no Rembrandt”, but his flourishes fitted the bill in exhibitions across the world and are said to have been bought by celebrities including Tom Cruise. True carny that John was, he also worked out how to charge his audience for hot air itself, establishing a premium rate phone number through which the public could listen to 12 minutes of his taped confession retractions at a rate of about \$30 for the lot. His work is palmed from hand to hand to this day.

POGO GETS PRANKED

Of course, clowns are famous for falling over their own feet, and the show John put on eventually illuminated his own demise in 1994. With the bitter bile of the failed performer, his final words were that the public should kiss (the equivalent of) his custard-stained pants. Instead, they bit it. The death penalty never brings victims back either and Gacy’s audience were left angry. Pogo’s ‘public’ stood outside the courtroom, dressed in mockery of him and hurled the insults they hoped would chase him down him to hell. You could say it worked. His execution injection didn’t work at first and it took 18 minutes for him to die in torturous agony. It was no laughing matter.

The media circus often focuses attention on the performer, even if for such sad reasons, but this can still serve the audience. Aside from an abstract idea of gaining justice for justice’s sake, the reason officers continue to investigate the case is that the men Gacy killed were people of worth regardless of who they were in life. Detective Jason Moran is taking the lead on the establishment of a DNA database to clarify the identities of bodies that are uncovered. These people were brothers, sons and perhaps fathers themselves and they and their families deserve remembrance. Detective Moran’s work has, so far, cleared 11 cold cases.

John Wayne Gacy’s gone and thankfully the world is now a somewhat better place. Attitudes towards sexuality are gradually altering, meaning that others should realise they don’t need to follow in his ridiculous, exaggerated footsteps out of shame of their self-identification or desires. Ironically, direct good is actually part of Gacy’s legacy. The quest for justice continues and Detective Moran’s Gacy database continues to reunite those who have left us with their living loved ones, regardless of whether or not their deaths were at the hands of John Wayne Gacy. There have also been some happier endings – Theodore ‘Ted’ Szal, long believed to have been one of Gacy’s victims, has been confirmed as alive by the Cook County sheriff. Ted had simply decided to relocate all those years ago and his family can now breathe with peace.

The last laugh is on John: Pogo’s publicity-grabbing pratfalls will serve the public in the end. Just not in the way that he intended.

Anyone who has a missing loved one and who wishes to log their DNA on the ‘Gacy database’ can arrange to do so by calling The Cook County Sheriff’s Office on (US code) **708 8656244**. More information about the database is available on the department’s website, at www.cookcountysheriff.org/departments/c-c-s-p-d/unidentified-victims-john-wayne-gacy



SURVIVING GACY

JEFFREY RIGNALL ISN'T THE ONLY ONE TO HAVE SURVIVED GACY'S CLUTCHES, BUT HIS WAS THE CLOSEST BRUSH WITH DEATH

It was 22 May 1978 and Rignall – a slim, tanned 26-year-old – was on his way to a gay bar in the village of Rosemont when Gacy cruised up alongside the kerb in his Black Oldsmobile and asked if Jeffrey would like join him in smoking a joint. He accepted, but as soon as Rignall had climbed into the passenger seat, Gacy held a chloroform-soaked rag over his mouth until he passed out. The effects of chloroform on a person's consciousness are short-lived, so Gacy had to repeatedly chloroform the man every time he came to, until they arrived at Gacy's house.

The next time Rignall awoke, he was strapped to a rack with the serial killer standing in front of him, naked, with a selection of dildos. Gacy described what he was going to do to Rignall, before beating, whipping, raping and chloroforming him over and over again. Eventually, Rignall came around and he was no longer at Gacy's house. He stumbled home from Lincoln Park, where his girlfriend took him to hospital.

Rignall was lucky to escape with his life, and to this day we don't know why Gacy freed him. Unfortunately, the repeated use of chloroform took a heavy toll on Jeffrey, causing his liver serious damage.

LEFT Gacy completed a number of rather basic self-portraits. Devoid of actual artistic ability, they were sold by places including the easily searched AAA Antiques Mall. Auspicious...



The sister of Gacy victim Rick Johnston throws one of Gacy's artworks into a bonfire

GETTING AWAY WITH MURDER

WANT TO AVOID GOING TO THE GALLOWS? SIMPLY ACT AS A KEY WITNESS AT THE TRIAL OF YOUR NEIGHBOUR AND SEE HIM HANG FOR YOUR CRIMES. IT WORKED FOR JOHN CHRISTIE... AT LEAST, FOR A WHILE...

WORDS GAVIN MACKENZIE

It is 9 March 1950. Four months ago, Timothy Evans, a 25-year-old lorry driver from Merthyr Tydfil, lost his wife and baby daughter. Now he is about to lose his own life. He has been accused and convicted of the murder of his daughter. Throughout the trial he has protested his innocence, and continues to protest to the very end.

But Evans' executioner, Albert Pierrepoint – already a veteran of hundreds of hangings – will spare him only one mercy: that of “dignity in dying and death”.

Whether the experience of being hanged by the neck until dead can ever be a dignified one is highly debatable, but what is no longer in question is that Timothy Evans did not murder his wife and daughter. It later transpired that the killer of Beryl and Geraldine Evans, as well as at least six other victims, was Evans' neighbour – and key witness in his trial – John Christie, otherwise known as the Rillington Place Strangler.

Evans received a royal pardon in 1966 and, in 2004, a judicial review described his execution as “an historic and unique injustice”, although the same review declined his sister's request to have his conviction formally quashed. The case really was historic too, having been cited as a key example in the campaign to abolish capital punishment in the UK, which finally succeeded in 1965.

So how did it happen? How did an innocent man go to the gallows? How was the real killer able to frame him so brazenly? The answer is an entire catalogue of police incompetence, negligence, prejudice and possibly even corruption. Detectives simply took the word of Christie (an ex-special constable) over Evans', while literally failing to dig up evidence that would have proven Evans' innocence.

CAREER KILLER

Beryl and Geraldine Evans were not John Christie's first victims. He had killed twice before.

While Christie generally claimed to have only very vague memories of his crimes, he seemed to remember his first murder very well: “[It] was thrilling because I had embarked on the career I had chosen for myself,” he said. “The career of murder.”

This “career” began in 1943. By then, Christie had been married to his wife Ethel for more than two decades, but it was not a happy marriage, and apparently never had been. The couple had married in Halifax in 1920, separated in 1923, then reunited in London about a decade later.

They may have been back together, but the ground-floor flat of 10 Rillington Place in Notting Hill was still far from a happy marital home. During August 1943, Ethel was away on an extended visit to relatives in Sheffield and so Christie, as was his usual habit, was making the most of having the flat to himself by enjoying the services of local prostitutes. One of his favourite girls at the time was 21-year-old Austrian munitions worker

Ruth Fuerst. Christie had been seeing a lot of Fuerst in his wife's absence, but when Ethel sent a telegram informing him that she would imminently be returning to London, Christie had apparently been worried that Fuerst might be indiscreet about what had been going on, and that word might eventually get back to Ethel. He ultimately concluded that there was only one way to really be sure that Ethel never found out.

On 24 August, Christie invited Fuerst to his home for sex. During intercourse, he used a rope to strangle her to death, then hid her body under the living room floorboards

“ ETHEL WAS VISITING RELATIVES SO CHRISTIE WAS MAKING THE MOST OF HAVING THE FLAT TO HIMSELF BY ENJOYING THE SERVICES OF LOCAL PROSTITUTES ”



Christie was able to project an image of a decent, respectable member of his local community

overnight, before burying her in the back garden the following evening. He later claimed that he had done so impulsively, although it seems highly likely that the idea had been in his mind for some time. Regardless of how spontaneous his first murder had been, Christie's 'career path' was now set, and it was only a matter of time before he killed again.

SPECIAL CONCOCTION

That time would come just over a year later. Having resigned from his role as a special police constable soon after Fuerst's murder, Christie was now working in the Ultra Electric radio factory in Acton and a conversation with a colleague presented his homicidal mind with an irresistible opportunity. Fellow factory worker Muriel Eady, 31, told Christie that she was suffering from bronchitis, and he convinced her that a "special concoction" he had prepared at home could be just the treatment she was looking for. Eady had visited Christie at home before, but always accompanied by a male friend. Her visit on the afternoon of 7 October 1944 would be the first and last time she would visit him alone.

Upon her arrival, Christie instructed Eady to sit on a deckchair in the middle of the kitchen floor and inhale from a jar that contained his supposed bronchitis cure. In fact, it merely contained Friars' Balsam, an ordinary decongestant. Behind Eady's back, Christie inserted a second tube into the jar, this one attached directly to the domestic gas supply. With the Balsam masking the odour of the gas, Eady continued inhaling deeply and, before long, fell unconscious. Christie then raped her, strangled her, and buried her in the garden beside Fuerst, in what he later described as "a really clever murder, much cleverer than the first".

For the next five years, at least as far as anyone knows, Christie would manage to control himself. But the wheels of his next and most notorious killings would be set in



ABOVE An excited crowd gathers outside Clerkenwell Magistrates Court for the hearing at which Christie was charged with murder. The case was a huge media event at the time (Getty Images)

LEFT Timothy Evans under police escort. The young Welshman was wrongly convicted and hanged for the murder of his own baby daughter, after Christie testified against him



motion over Easter 1948, when a young Welsh couple, Timothy and Beryl Evans, moved into the top-floor flat of 10 Rillington Place. Beryl gave birth to their first child, Geraldine, on 10 October of that year, but this initially joyous event quickly began to put a strain on an already volatile marriage.

Timothy had had a rough upbringing with very little education, and is reckoned to have had an IQ of only 70. This being the case, he struggled to find anything other than very low-paid work, and the couple would frequently row (sometimes violently) about money and Timothy's drinking, especially once there was one more mouth to feed.

So, in the summer of 1949, when Beryl fell pregnant once again, it was really more than the Evans family could afford. Timothy was against getting an abortion (as was the law at the time), but Beryl made it no secret that she wanted to terminate the pregnancy. John Christie soon caught wind of this and made an offer that Beryl, and eventually Timothy, agreed to.

While no concrete evidence has ever been put forward, it's widely believed that the Christies had already been performing illegal abortions together for several years. This would certainly explain how well-prepared Christie had been to knock Muriel Eady unconscious using domestic gas. In Beryl Evans' case though, John Christie offered to perform the abortion without his wife's participation. This is because he never had any intention of performing the abortion at all.



HIDDEN IN PLAIN SIGHT

On 8 November 1949, Timothy Evans came home from work to be greeted by Christie, who told him that the abortion had gone wrong, and that Beryl was dead. What happened next is unclear because neither Evans nor Christie made consistent, verifiable statements on this or any other matter. It seems likely, however, that Evans saw his dead wife, but not his baby daughter. He may even have helped Christie to temporarily hide her body. Christie then persuaded Evans to go back to Wales and lay low, promising that he would hide Beryl's body in the drains outside the house, and would arrange for a local childless couple to adopt Geraldine.

Christie fulfilled neither of his promises. Geraldine was, in fact, already dead.

Evans was unable to lay low for long. On 30 November, he walked into Merthyr Tydfil police station and told officers that his wife was dead. In his first formal statement, he said that someone had given Beryl a bottle of something that was supposed to abort her pregnancy, that she'd died, and that her body was in the drains in front of 10 Rillington Place. At this point, he did not name John Christie.

Word was sent to officers in Notting Hill, who searched the drains at Rillington Place and found no body. Upon further questioning, Evans changed his story, telling officers that Beryl had died during a botched abortion performed by John Christie. Police searched 10 Rillington Place again, this time finding the bodies of both Beryl and Geraldine, strangled and hidden in the outside wash house.

Somehow though, the police failed to find the two skeletons buried just beneath the surface of the garden. One of those skeletons was, in fact, missing a thigh bone. Christie had accidentally dug up the bone some years earlier and, instead of reburying it, had been using it to prop up the rickety fence. Police had failed to notice that too.



A policeman delivers a deck chair to the Old Bailey for Christie's trial. Christie sat his victims in the chair before using gas to knock them unconscious

Officers showed Evans the clothing found on the bodies of his wife and child and asked him if he had killed them. This was the first Evans knew of his daughter's death, but, perhaps due to his low IQ or feelings of guilt, he confessed to killing Beryl during a row, and to killing Geraldine two days later.

As was legal practice at the time, the prosecution proceeded with only a single charge of murder, that of Geraldine. By the time the case went to trial on 11 January 1950, Evans had retracted his confession and was accusing Christie of killing his wife and child. Christie, meanwhile, was a key witness for the prosecution who, along with other neighbours, claimed to have heard the Evanses arguing frequently and aggressively, and to have seen Evans hit Beryl on a number of occasions. These accusations were probably true, but they ought not to have been sufficient to find Evans guilty of murdering his own baby. The jury disagreed and, despite both Evans' withdrawal of his confession and the lack of forensic evidence, he was found guilty, and sentenced to death by hanging.

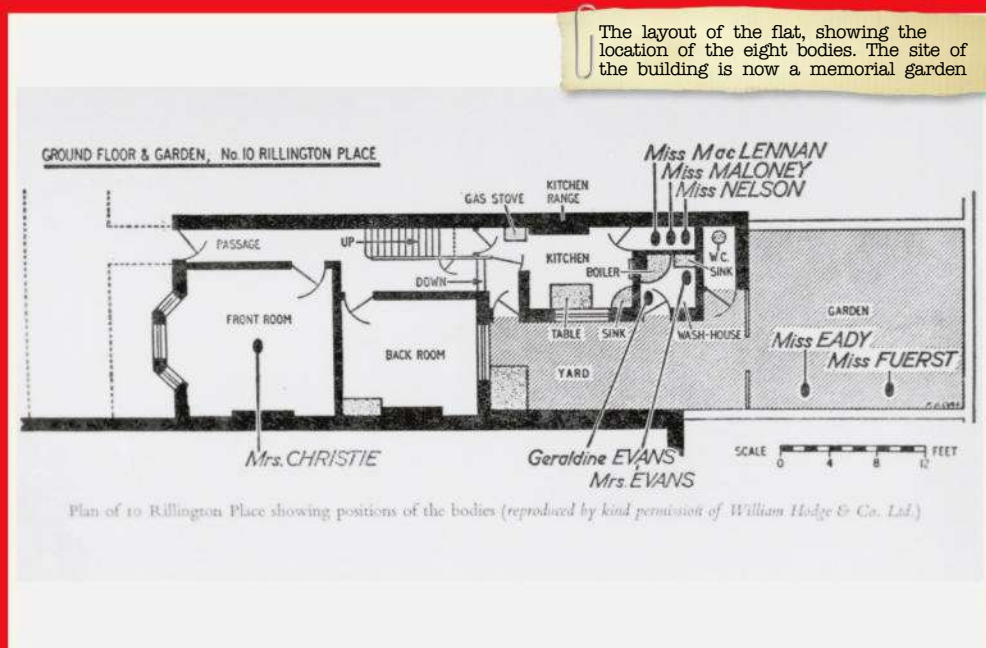
PLANNED AND PREMEDITATED

THE FLOOR PLAN OF 10 RILLINGTON PLACE RESEMBLES A HORRIFYING REAL-LIFE CLUEDO BOARD

This plan of the ground floor and garden of 10 Rillington Place is a grim illustration of just how stacked up the corpses were, with Christie living among the bodies of his victims on a day-to-day basis. Criminologist David Wilson has speculated that this may have been symbolic and deliberate on Christie's part, particularly in the case of his wife Ethel. Burying her under the floorboards of his front room meant he could literally walk all over her.

By spring 1953, John Christie was running out of places to hide the bodies of his victims in the tiny flat and garden. His first two victims were buried in the garden, the third and fourth had been hidden in the outdoor wash house (but had been discovered by police in 1950), the fifth – his wife – buried beneath the floorboards in the front room, and the final three victims crammed together in a tiny kitchen alcove.

Apparently realising that things were getting out of hand, Christie moved out of the flat on 20 March 1953, but this decision would quickly lead to the discovery of the six as-yet-undiscovered bodies, and ultimately to his arrest.



The layout of the flat, showing the location of the eight bodies. The site of the building is now a memorial garden



OUT OF CONTROL

Serial killers do what they do because it gives them an intensely gratifying feeling of power and control. For John Christie, Evans' execution took that feeling to whole new levels – he had manipulated the entire legal system and, while hiding in plain sight, had seen an innocent man sent to the gallows in place of himself. If he could get away with that, he could get away with anything. There was only one thing standing in his way: Ethel.

The precise events leading up to Ethel's murder are unclear, but it seems likely that Christie had been looking for an excuse to get rid of her for quite some time. The Christies hated their new neighbours, who hailed from the Caribbean. They hated their music and cooking smells, so much so that Ethel wanted to move. John Christie obviously couldn't risk leaving their flat, lest the bodies of Ruth Fuerst and Muriel Eady be discovered in the garden by the new residents. He also claimed he had grown tired of his wife moving around in bed. For these reasons or maybe others, Christie snapped and strangled Ethel with a stocking on 14 December 1952. On this occasion, he didn't have sex with his victim, neither before nor after she was dead. He just

“CHRISTIE KILLED THREE MORE YOUNG WOMEN, HID THEIR BODIES CRAMMED TOGETHER IN A SMALL ALCOVE IN HIS KITCHEN, AND WALLPAPERED OVER IT”

TOP LEFT As this photo demonstrates, the alcove in Christie's kitchen was a tight squeeze for just one man, but he somehow managed to cram the bodies of three women into it

TOP RIGHT The bones of one of Christie's victims, wrapped in newspaper, are moved from the house to a police van. The bundle pictured here is believed to be the remains of Ethel Christie

BELOW Christie typically hid his face with a hat or newspaper whenever he transported to and from court, but he's believed to have enjoyed his fame and notoriety

dragged her body downstairs and hid her under the living room floorboards.

With Ethel no longer around to at least somewhat keep him under control, Christie dramatically increased the frequency of his murders. Over the next three months, he killed three more young women – Kathleen Maloney, Rita Nelson and Hectorina MacLennan – and hid their bodies crammed together in a small alcove in his kitchen. The alcove now full to capacity, he wallpapered over it.

It seems that at this point, Christie realised he was losing control and might soon be discovered, so he decided to get away from the scene of his crimes. He moved out of 10 Rillington Place and sub-letted the ground-floor flat to a young couple without notifying the landlord, who soon discovered what was going on, and kicked the couple out. While the flat was empty, the landlord allowed Beresford Brown, who was renting the top-floor flat at the time, to use the ground-floor kitchen.

On 24 March 1953, just four days after Christie had moved out, Brown started trying to put a shelf up on what he thought was the kitchen wall. Upon discovering there was actually just a thin layer of wood behind the wallpaper, he investigated further and was horrified by what he found: the naked bodies of three women.

This time the police search was much more thorough. In addition to the three bodies in the kitchen, police uncovered the one in the living room, and the two in the garden. John Christie immediately became the subject of one of the biggest manhunts in London's history, and just a week later he was found wandering aimlessly near Putney Bridge, and arrested.





He confessed to killing all of the victims found at 10 Rillington Place, with the exception of Geraldine Evans. All the prosecution needed was one conviction, and the most watertight case against Christie was that of his wife's murder. On 15 July 1953, he hanged for it. His executioner was Albert Pierrepont, the same man who'd hanged Evans, and who reported that Christie had used his last words to complain of an itchy nose. "It won't bother you for long," Pierrepont told him. John Christie would never get away with murder again.

ABOVE Police excavating the back garden of 10 Rillington Place discovered the skeletons of both Ruth Fuerst and Muriel Eady, whom Christie had buried in shallow graves



BERYL AND GERALDINE EVANS

BEAUTY AND DIGNITY

JOHN CHRISTIE ONCE SAID THAT HE FOUND THE CORPSES OF HIS VICTIMS BEAUTIFUL, DIGNIFIED AND SOOTHING

Like most serial killers, Christie chose victims who were easily accessible and unlikely to be missed. All of them lived locally, some of them even in the same building as Christie. And the majority were either prostitutes, or pregnant girls whom Christie lured into his home with the promise of a discreet, safe (if not at all legal) abortion. Certainly, they all had reason not to tell anyone they were going there. Only a few of them were even reported missing.

Christie reportedly had great difficulty performing sexually, other than with prostitutes, and so would visit them frequently. He sexually abused and raped his victims after knocking them unconscious, and would continue to do so both during and after strangling them to death. The only one of his adult victims that he did not sexually abuse was his own wife, Ethel.



HECTORINA MACLENNAN



ETHEL CHRISTIE



RUTH FUERST



RITA NELSON



MURIEL EADY



KATHLEEN MALONEY

SNIPER TERROR IN WASHINGTON, DC

THREE WEEKS OF FEAR, TWO ARMED MEN, ONE MODIFIED CHEVROLET, AND A PSYCHOTIC MULTI-PHASE STRATEGY OF CARNAGE. HOW AND WHY DID TWO KILLERS LEAVE TEN DEAD IN THE WASHINGTON, DC AREA AND PULL THE ENTIRE USA INTO A FRENZIED PANIC

WORDS CHRISTIAN CIPOLLINI

Although 15 minutes doesn't sound like much time, in a situation that involves a national manhunt, suddenly every second of waiting is a virtual lifetime expended. For truck driver Ron Lantz, those moments of time most certainly felt like an eternity. On 24 October 2002, Lantz, who was only a few delivery runs shy of retirement, spotted a vehicle matching the descriptions he had heard from police bulletins. He quickly realised that the 1990 blue Chevy parked at a rest stop off Interstate 70, near Myersville Maryland, could very well be that of the pair wanted in

connection with more than a dozen shootings. It was a subject he and other truckers discussed; some, including Lantz, even held prayer sessions in hopes of the perpetrators being stopped. And there, right before his eyes, was 'the car' that cops were desperately searching for. Lantz hopped on the radio with fellow truckers, contemplating his next move. "I'm calling 911," he eventually proclaimed.

"I just sat there and waited, kept watching my mirrors," Lantz told the press of the 15 minutes he waited for authorities to begin their descent. "It was all I could do."



RIGHT On 9 October 2002, 53-year-old civil engineer Dean Harold Meyers was killed with a shot to the back of the head while filling up his car at this Sunoco gas station in Prince William County, Virginia



ABOVE Sniper victim Kenneth Bridges, 53, was shot while pumping gas into his car in Spotsylvania County, Virginia. The petrol filling hose was still in the car when police arrived on the scene

NOT AGAIN

Barely a year had passed since the most tragic act of terrorism ever perpetrated on American soil tore the nation's sense of safety to shreds. The September 11 attacks were, and probably always will be, uncomfortably fresh in the public's mind. People were not even close to feeling normal or secure. And then this: seemingly random assassinations taking place from Maryland to Virginia, fatalities and casualties random and felled everywhere from shopping centre parking lots to street corners. Nobody knew what was happening, yet understandably a public's collective presumption was that of another terror attack.

It began at 6.04pm on 3 October when 55-year-old James Martin was shot and killed outside a grocery store in Wheaton, Maryland. The realisation that this was no

isolated incident came the following day when five more people were hit with gunfire between the hours of 7am and 10pm. Four of these victims were in Maryland and the final fatality of the day, Pascal Charlot, was shot and killed while crossing a street in the District of Columbia.

On 4 and 6 October, the perpetrator fired at two more people. Caroline Seawell, aged 43, was shot in the back while placing groceries in her car. She survived. 13-year-old Iran Brown was shot while on the way to school in Bowie, Maryland, and he too survived. Montgomery County Police Chief Charles Moose – who became a familiar face to all television news-watching Americans – had expressed concern over the lack of evidence to that point, saying, “Some of the more desirable smoking gun leads just aren’t there.” However, as is often the case in police investigations, there were clues, leads and even some credible witness recollections, but the cops were keeping much of the sensitive information under wraps.

EPIC PROGRESS; EPIC FAIL

The shooting spree continued, and just as Kenneth Bridges was shot in the chest outside a gas station in Massaponax, Virginia, on 11 October, police released a wanted poster for a “white van” or box truck. Again, authorities knew more than what was being shared with the public, but locating the mysterious white van that witnesses reported seeing at many different shooting locations was a top priority for the police, or so it seemed.

Stop and searches of vehicles fitting the wanted poster's description proved futile. First, the ‘white van’ was eventually ruled out when investigators publicly stated that they were in fact also seeking another car that had often been seen in the vicinity of shootings – a blue Chevrolet Caprice. The van turned out to be a wild goose chase that



Police Chief Charles Moose (left) became a household name in October 2002; the ‘face’ of law enforcement's hunt for the perpetrators of the Beltway attacks. Moose didn't go it alone and quickly brought in other law enforcement entities, including Marshals, ATF and FBI

BLUE CAPRICE

POLICE ESTIMATED 11 OF 14 SHOOTINGS WERE CARRIED OUT FROM MUHAMMAD'S MODIFIED, MOBILE KILLING MACHINE

CUSTOM SNIPER'S NEST

Muhammad had some mechanic skills, and as such he adapted the car's interior to stealthily accommodate his assassination plot. The entire compartment was carefully altered for accessibility, visibility and concealment.

WINDOW TINT

Muhammad tried to make the Caprice exterior appear nondescript while simultaneously shrouding the suspicious interior modifications.

LICENCE PLATE

Two holes had been drilled into the trunk, just above the licence plate. The lower opening was used to lodge a rifle muzzle and the smaller, upper aperture for the scope.

TRUNK LID MAKEOVER

In conjunction with tinted glass, the trunk lid's underside was painted blue to help subdue the reflection of interior lights.

FOLDING SEAT

The back seat was modified to fold down so the shooter could comfortably lay flat and maintain steady aim.

BUSHMASTER XM-15

The weapon of choice, a Bushmaster XM-15 with scope, is a 'commercial' version of the military grade Colt AR-15.

ASSASSIN'S SANCTUM

The Caprice's remodelled back half was a perfect perch for a gun-wielding madman to remain virtually invisible while observing targets and carrying out acts of carnage.

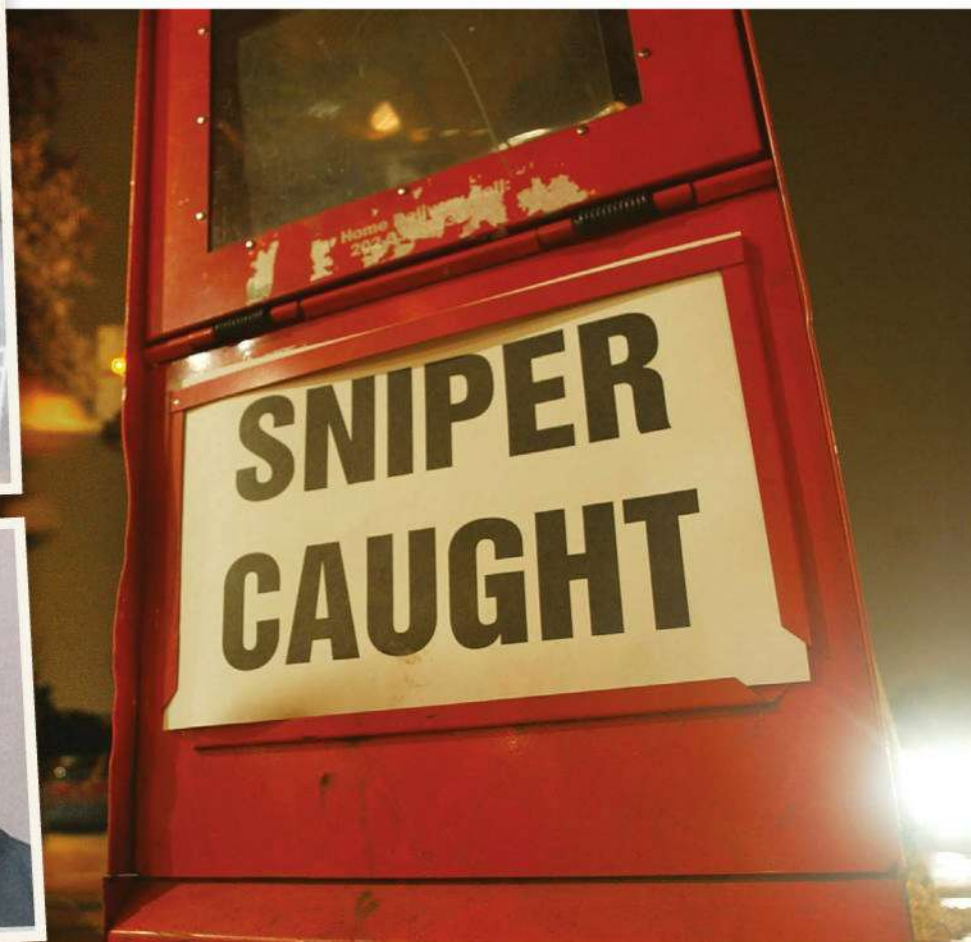
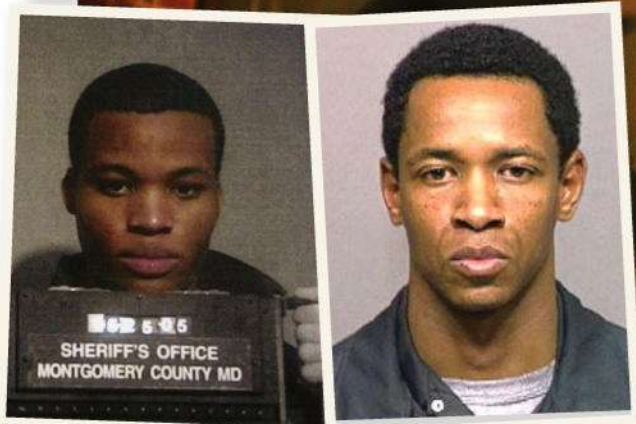


the killers made work to their advantage for quite some time. Interestingly, police were aware of the 'blue Caprice' from the moment the van wanted posters were distributed for what the press unaffectionately dubbed the "Red Herring" of clues. On 5 October, Chief Moose confirmed there were two individuals being sought. "You've got a driver, you've got a shooter," he said.

The entire region was literally living in fear of white vans. Chief Moose addressed the 'vehicle' matter by simply saying the Caprice had been seen at two crime scenes and was "more of a law enforcement focus" than a "public push for feedback." It was exactly the scenario that the mastermind of these seemingly random murders wanted to unfold. That said, behind the scenes of the investigation, authorities were absolutely putting together very important clues and evidence. Some witnesses had even made eye contact with the suspected perps and were able to give fairly good physical descriptions. The killers had intentionally left tarot cards and letters behind at some of the scenes. Then cryptic phone calls were dialled in to 911 and various police departments. Both forms of communication, letters and calls, always began with the introduction, "Call me God."

Investigators had correctly established that many of the shootings were being carried out with the same weapon – a .223 calibre Bushmaster rifle, and, letters that had been intentionally left for police were beginning to 'give away' some crucial information that the killers may or may not have expected. Some of the crime scene discoveries also revealed that the shootings were not always carried out from a vehicle, but also from makeshift 'blinds' fashioned in wooded areas. It was in one such blind that police made the definitive discovery. Following the 19 October non-fatal abdominal shooting of Jeffrey Hopper in Ashland, Virginia, investigators recovered shell casings, candy wrappers and a plastic sandwich bag containing yet another message to police. What the police later found on the candy wrappers broke the case – the DNA of John Allen Muhammad and Lee Boyd Malvo.

“ THE REALISATION THAT THIS WAS NO ISOLATED INCIDENT CAME THE FOLLOWING DAY WHEN FIVE MORE PEOPLE WERE HIT ”



Like so many high profile criminal investigations, this one had its share of missteps and setbacks. The empty chase for a white van wasn't the only instance of such mistakes. Once the suspects – Muhammad and Malvo – were positively identified by DNA analysis, the investigation took a look back and found that on 3 October, the day Lori Lewis-Rivera was shot in the back at a gas station in Kensington, Maryland, a witness told police they saw a suspicious blue Caprice in the area that morning. At 7pm, a police officer in Washington, DC stopped (and subsequently released) a Chevy Caprice for a 'minor traffic violation'. The driver was identified as John Lee Muhammad. Just a few hours later, Pascal Charlot was shot and killed 30 blocks away from where Muhammad was pulled over. The oversights and mistakes were not good for the situation, but the authorities definitively knew who their killers were, what they were driving, the weapon they were using and, by the third week of terror, they knew some background on the suspects.

It was 6am on 22 October when bus driver Conrad Johnson was shot, and he later died in Aspen Hill Maryland. The .223 round that entered Johnson's chest would be the last bullet fired in the three-week-long spree.

At 3am on 24 October 2002, Police officers from Frederick, Maryland, arrived at the truck stop where Ron Lantz had spotted the blue Caprice. FBI teams were en route. To describe the situation as 'touchy' would have been a grand understatement. The windows of the 1990 Caprice were heavily tinted and nobody on scene knew if the occupants were actually inside the vehicle or somewhere in the vicinity. History clearly proved the wanted parties were strategic and careful, so the possibility of these men hiding along a tree line or perhaps being stowed away in a nearby

truck or car was a major concern. The only thing authorities did know and could confirm was that this was indeed the car everyone had been searching for.

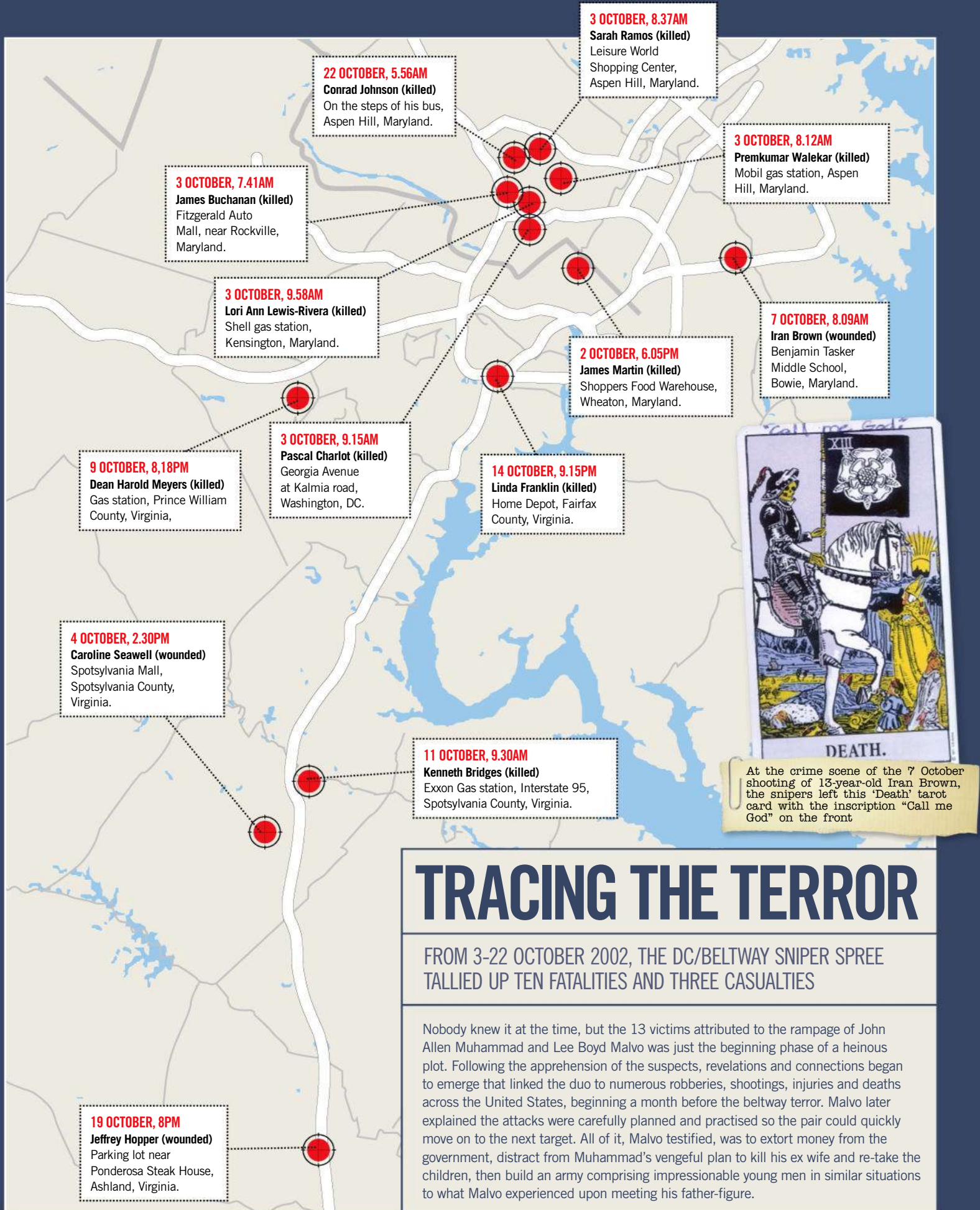
After all the exits were blocked; the SWAT team descended upon the blue Caprice. Inside the vehicle they found John Allen Muhammad and Lee Boyd Malvo, asleep. There was no ruckus, no resistance. The pair were taken into custody and the car immediately and meticulously examined. The most dangerous weapon in any arsenal is, ultimately, the mind of a person determined to kill. Apart from the warped and murderous visions that cycled within Muhammad's brain, there were of course the distinct pieces of physical equipment needed to execute his grand scheme. Each tool was methodically chosen, just as each movement over the course of time was carefully tested and tweaked accordingly. The murderous pair learned to adapt not only in terms of maintaining stealth but also in the art of patience and the psychology of using the witnesses 'mistakes' to further throw authorities into chasing falsehoods. Case in point – the elusive white van.

The car's interior revealed more of the killer duo's secrets. Among the items were the Bushmaster rifle, telephone charge card, a piece of paper bearing the Sniper Task Force phone number, a list of Baltimore area schools, a stolen computer, a global-positioning receiver and two-way radios. As for premeditation, the vehicle modifications alone spoke volumes. Muhammad had holes drilled in the trunk, just above the license plate; one for the rifle barrel and one for the scope. To make the shooter's position more stable and stealthy, the back seat was modified as well. The 2007 CNN documentary *Minds Of The DC Snipers* described the vehicle alterations and adaptations. "The firewall between

LEFT TOP The snipers were eventually caught with little fanfare, found asleep in their blue Chevy Caprice (top centre) at a rest stop in Myersville, Maryland

LEFT BOTTOM Lee Boyd Malvo (left) and John Allen Muhammad (right) first met in Antigua and had then reconnected when Malvo arrived in Washington

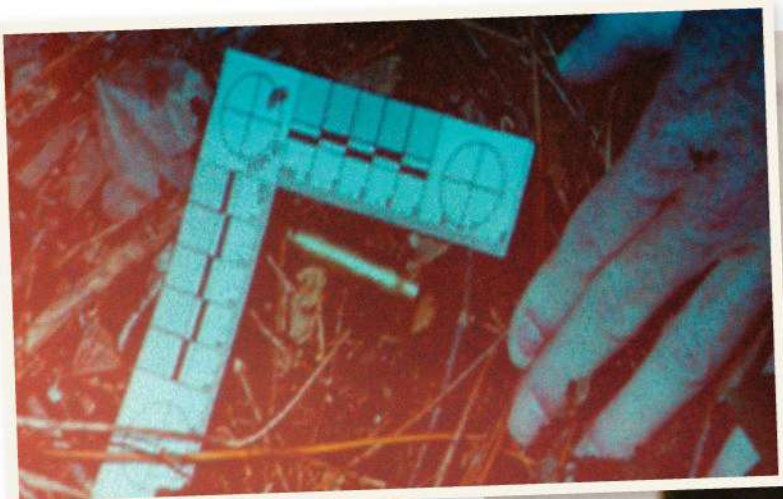
ABOVE The Washington, DC area breathed a collective sigh of relief upon learning of the snipers' apprehension



TRACING THE TERROR

FROM 3-22 OCTOBER 2002, THE DC/BELTWAY SNIPER SPREE TALLIED UP TEN FATALITIES AND THREE CASUALTIES

Nobody knew it at the time, but the 13 victims attributed to the rampage of John Allen Muhammad and Lee Boyd Malvo was just the beginning phase of a heinous plot. Following the apprehension of the suspects, revelations and connections began to emerge that linked the duo to numerous robberies, shootings, injuries and deaths across the United States, beginning a month before the beltway terror. Malvo later explained the attacks were carefully planned and practised so the pair could quickly move on to the next target. All of it, Malvo testified, was to extort money from the government, distract from Muhammad's vengeful plan to kill his ex wife and re-take the children, then build an army comprising impressionable young men in similar situations to what Malvo experienced upon meeting his father-figure.



TOP This crime scene photograph of a rifle cartridge found at the scene of the shooting of Jeffrey Hopper on 19 October was displayed during John Allen Muhammad's trial

ABOVE A 17-year-old indeed, but Lee Boyd Malvo was the one who methodically and willingly fired .223 calibre rounds into innocent victims from the trunk of Muhammad's Chevy. Malvo is seen here, in January 2003, at a hearing in Virginia



RIGHT John Allen Muhammad, with attorney Greenspun, listens as the judge in the Manassas, Virginia, courtroom rules in favour of allowing three prosecution witnesses to testify

the trunk and the rear seat was removed, allowing the snipers to lie down and crawl into the trunk... Half of the inside trunk lid was sprayed with blue paint to prevent light from bouncing off when raised. The car's battery was rigged to run a stolen laptop computer with map software to make killing locations easy to find."

MEET THE KILLERS

So then, who were these two men? Muhammad, born John Allen Williams in Louisiana in 1960, changed his name in 1987 upon joining the Nation of Islam. A veteran of the Gulf War, Muhammad was also quite the marksman, but had exited the military in 1994. After several failed business ventures, and a second divorce, Muhammad's downward spiral truly began. He took his three children from his second wife and fled to Antigua, where it is believed he first met Lee Boyd Malvo.

Muhammad eventually returned to the states and was located by authorities, who returned the children he had taken to their mother. Muhammad's rage over losing the children ushered in the twisted manifesto of murder he soon initiated.

Lee Boyd Malvo was born in Jamaica in 1985. A nomadic childhood with his single mother led him to Antigua, and then eventually the United States of America. By 2001, Malvo was spending a great deal of time with Muhammad, who he met in Antigua, but ultimately began a close

relationship after meeting up in a homeless shelter in the state of Washington. Muhammad took Malvo under his wing, often telling people that the boy was his son. Malvo looked up to Muhammad, followed his commands, was taught to shoot guns, and readily took to killing when his mentor's sinister plot was unleashed.

AFTERMATH AND MODUS OPERANDI

More frightening details regarding the history, plots and previously unconnected homicides were revealed between the apprehension of Muhammad and Malvo and when the two finally faced the music in the courtroom. The complete list of known and 'believed' victims of the killing team dated back to early 2002 and included murders and injuries carried out in numerous states – Washington, Arizona, Texas and Alabama among them.

Although initial beliefs pointed towards Muhammad, the expert marksman, as the most likely trigger-puller, some theories and testimony raised the possibility of both men having taken to the gunner's nest. Furthermore, the bulk of credible evidence (such as Malvo's fingerprints on the rifle and strands of his hair in the car trunk) strongly suggested that Muhammad was the master of puppets and Malvo served as the actual trigger man most of the time. The latter was particularly true when the pair needed money and settled on armed robbery to get it. Malvo later



MOOSE IN THE CROSSHAIRS

POLICE CHIEF'S BOOK DEAL CAUSED UPROAR



Chief Charles Moose was thrust into the public eye almost immediately upon the realisation that killers were roaming the Washington, DC region. He became the recognised 'face' of law enforcement for those three weeks of hell. So when it was all over, and the inevitable tell-all book offers were thrust upon him, Moose was ready to clean up with a sweet payday. The proposed book quickly stirred up a controversy. Was it ethical? Would it compromise the trials? There were solid arguments both for and against it. Moose and his wife were determined. He quit the job to pursue the book (which was published in 2003), but an over-the-top publicity campaign caused an equally sensational backlash, nearly jeopardising the prosecution's case.

testified that Muhammad's logic was drawn from the assumption that if the 17-year-old was caught, he would face a far shorter prison term than for a 41-year-old with a record. Basically, Muhammad was looking out for number one, thereby commanding Malvo to perform stick-ups. It was one such robbery that eventually put the final nail in the metaphorical coffin. The laptop computer, stolen from Paul LaRuffa, a Clinton, Maryland, restaurant owner who miraculously survived six bullet wounds at close range, was a match. The incident, perpetrated by Malvo, happened a full month before the infamous three-week killing spree began and further pointed investigators to discoveries of other assaults connected to Muhammad and Malvo.

Malvo's attitude and details changed a few times over the course of trials and post-conviction press interviews, but essentially the story had one constant truth – Muhammad's deadly plan had its roots in his bitter divorce from his second wife, who he had decided that he wanted to murder. By killing random people around her in the Seattle area, or so Malvo explained of his partner's plan, and murdering his ex-wife in the process, authorities would not look to or suspect Muhammad. He thought that the chaotic scenario would look like the work of some maniac on a random killing spree. Muhammad's plan in Seattle didn't come full circle, so he and his underling Malvo moved about the country, continuing to rob and hone their skills of mobile murder until the time they plotted out the Washington, DC area phase.

“ MUHAMMAD'S DEADLY PLAN HAD ITS ROOTS IN HIS BITTER DIVORCE FROM HIS SECOND WIFE, WHO HE WANTED TO MURDER ”

Muhammad rarely spoke of any details, and he never expressed remorse. Malvo matured over the years and eventually came clean on some details, accepted the life terms he received and asked the victims' families to “forget” about him and the horrible atrocities he carried out, all in hopes, he said, that the families would try to move on with their lives. John Allen Muhammad was sentenced to death on 9 March 2004 in a Manassas courtroom. The presiding judge called the murder spree, “So vile that they were almost beyond comprehension.” Muhammad, usually very soft-spoken and unrepentant, told the court, “I'll say it again, I had nothing to do with this.”

Lee Boyd Malvo was in court several days later to be sentenced for his part in the Beltway killings. The prosecutor expressed he would pursue the death penalty for Malvo, but defence attorneys argued that Malvo was basically brainwashed by Muhammad. The judge sentenced Malvo to life in prison with no possibility for parole. Malvo is currently serving multiple life sentences at Red Onion State Prison in Virginia.

Muhammad was put to death via lethal injection on 10 November 2009.

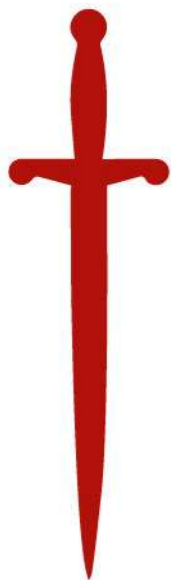
MICHAEL GARGIULO

A KILLER IN HOLLYWOOD

MICHAEL GARGIULO HAD A TYPE: BEAUTIFUL LONE FEMALES WHO DIDN'T STAND A CHANCE AGAINST HIM, UNTIL ONE OF THEM FOUGHT BACK AND MADE HIM AN A-LIST FIGURE ON THE POLICE'S RADAR

WORDS TANITA MATTHEWS





Accounts of Michael Gargiulo varied depending on who he was around. Those who had known him in college described Gargiulo as the fastest and strongest of the football team. The Pacaccio family of Illinois, Chicago regarded him as the long-term friend to middle child Doug. Gargiulo's friends outside of college said he considered himself a master of forensic science. To his female neighbours in California – LA fashion student Ashley Lauren Ellerin, El Monte mother-of-four Maria Bruno, and Santa Monica resident Michelle Murphy – he was a 'creepy' and 'strange' loner. According to the prosecution, he was a lust killer who slaughtered three women and attacked a fourth, as a means of control.

His method, the prosecution laid bare in court as Gargiulo faced the death penalty, was to "identify the target who lived near him. Acquaint himself with that victim and her habits and routines. Watch, shadow, stalk and hunt down the victims relentlessly as part of his plan to kill."

GARGIULO GOES TO HOLLYWOOD

Before Gargiulo was given a sickening moniker to go with his horrendous acts, he was a teenage boy living in Glenview, Illinois, and a student at Glenbrook South High School. The Pacaccio children also went to the same school. The middle child, Doug, was a close friend of Gargiulo – the family had known him since he was in the second grade. They were blissfully unaware that a connection to Gargiulo was a pathway to grief and devastation. Tricia, the eldest of the Pacaccio children, was a beautiful 18-year-old girl. With fair skin, deep brunette hair, and straight, pearly white teeth, she was a radiant young woman with her whole life ahead of her.

By August 1993, she was days away from continuing her education at Purdue University, where



1975 - 1993
(Age 18)

1978 - 2001
(Age 22)

she had earned a scholarship to study engineering. In her lifetime she should have had the opportunity to dance with her girlfriends to The Spice Girls, witness the development of the internet, see America's first African-American president sit in the White House, and to have years of happy memories with her family. But her life was unfairly cut short in the early hours of Friday, 13 August 1993. The morning of a notoriously unlucky day was made all the more tragic when her father Rick found her body. His beautiful child, the only

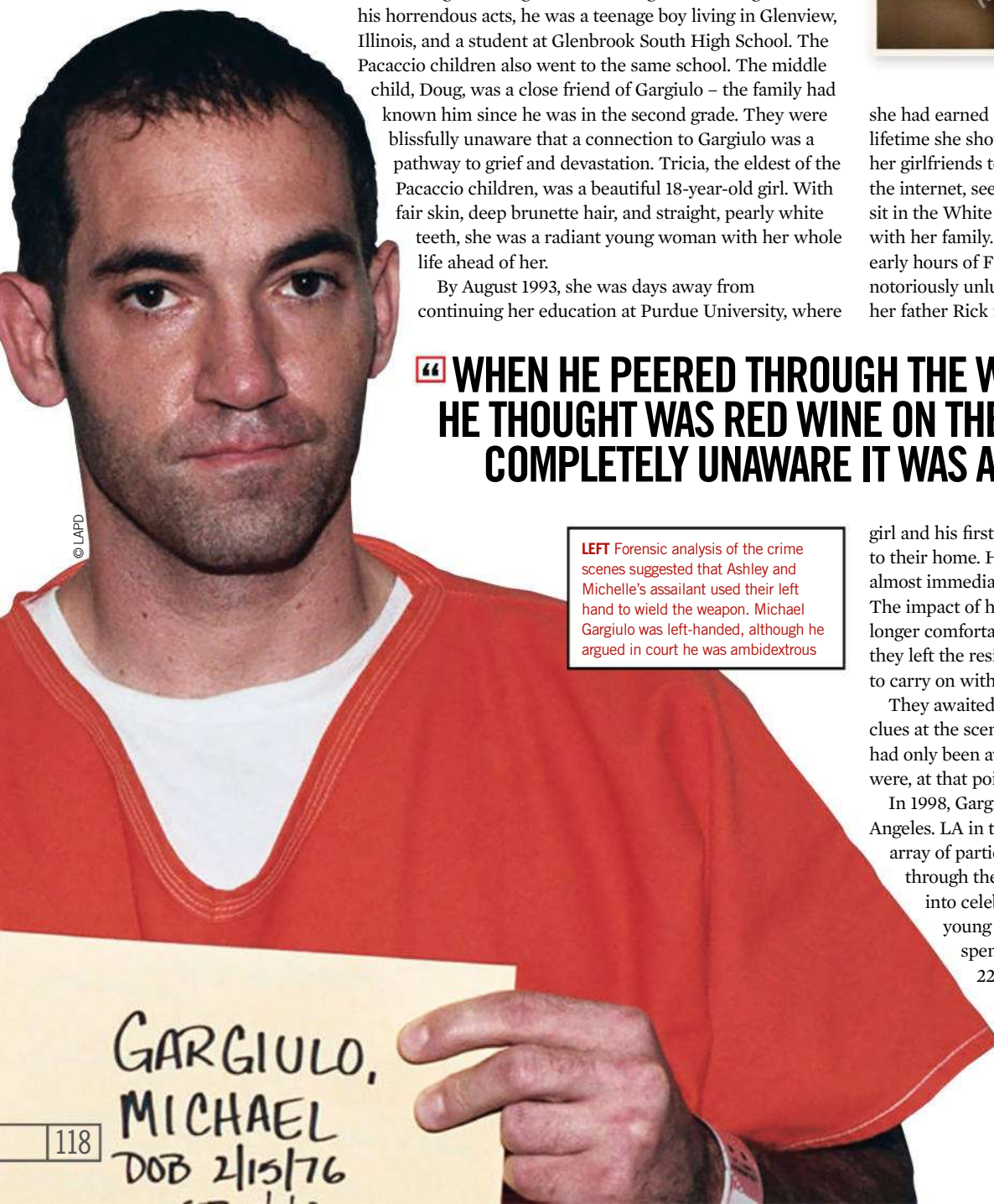
“ WHEN HE PEERED THROUGH THE WINDOW HE SAW WHAT HE THOUGHT WAS RED WINE ON THE HARDWOOD FLOOR, COMPLETELY UNAWARE IT WAS ASHLEY’S BLOOD ”

LEFT Forensic analysis of the crime scenes suggested that Ashley and Michelle's assailant used their left hand to wield the weapon. Michael Gargiulo was left-handed, although he argued in court he was ambidextrous

girl and his first-born was dead, discovered outside a door to their home. Her killer had twisted her arm, snapping it almost immediately, before plunging a knife into her 12 times. The impact of her death on their lives meant they were no longer comfortable living at home. For around four years, they left the residence, eventually returning and attempting to carry on with their lives.

They awaited justice for Tricia. But with no leads and no clues at the scene, police were stumped. Forensic DNA tests had only been available in the US since 1987 and its uses were, at that point, still rather limited.

In 1998, Gargiulo moved to the bright lights of Los Angeles. LA in the late 1990s and early 2000s was a colourful array of parties, fuelled by magic dust that whispered through the air with the power to turn ordinary people into celebrities overnight. Ashton Kutcher was the young star of *That '70s Show* when he agreed to spend the evening with Ashley Lauren Ellerin, a 22-year-old fashion student. Blonde, attractive, outgoing and full of life, Gargiulo noticed Ashley too, when she was caught with a flat tire during the fall of 2000. Gargiulo





Justice was served for Ashley Ellerin, Maria Bruno and Michelle Murphy as a California jury found Gargiulo guilty. He is still awaiting extradition to Illinois for Tricia's murder

offered to help, and soon after attempted to weasel his way into Ashley's life by any means.

His attempts grew increasingly brazen. Before long, Gargiulo began showing up at Ashley's home uninvited and unannounced. He lived at 1759 North Orchid Avenue, just 120 metres from Ashley's apartment, 1911 Pinehurst Road. In the weeks leading up to Ashley's murder, Gargiulo's behaviour grew more and more concerning. He offered to fix Ashley's broken boiler. Her friends caught him lurking outside the apartment at strange hours of the night. He gatecrashed her friend's birthday party, sat on the sofa, and – according to those who were there – was completely fixated on her. On another occasion Ashley and her friend came into the house, and he jumped out and surprised them.

It would be said after her murder that Ashley wasn't interested in Gargiulo or even particularly hung up on Kutcher; instead her heart was set on Mark Durbin, her apartment manager who lived close to Ashley's home with his girlfriend. The Pinehurst Road apartment was occupied by Ashley and her roommate Jennifer Desisto. The evening of 21 February 2001 was her date with Kutcher. Jennifer was out of the apartment and would not be home for hours. Ashley and Durbin were at her apartment alone. Ashley showered and the pair had sex. Kutcher was due to pick Ashley up but was running late. He called to confirm he was behind schedule but would be there.

According to Durbin's testimony, he had to be home by 8.30pm to see his girlfriend. He left shortly after her phone call with Kutcher and insisted Ashley had locked the door behind him. Kutcher would arrive at the house at approximately 10.45pm. He claimed to have seen the lights on but saw no sign of anyone inside. He tried the door. No answer. He called Ashley again. No answer still. When he peered through the window he saw what he thought was red wine on the hardwood floor, completely unaware that it was Ashley's blood. Kutcher believed that Ashley had stood him up, unimpressed with him turning up so late, and had left her home. He tried the door but found it locked, as did Ashley's

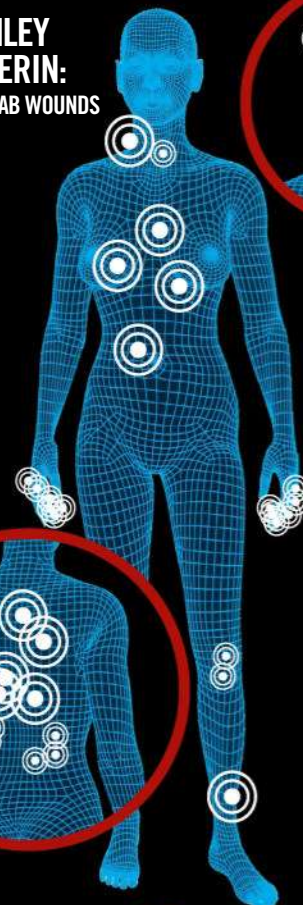
BODY OF PROOF

A LOOK AT THE INJURIES OF THE WOMEN LINKED TO GARGIULO SHOWS A CRUEL PATTERN OF FRENZIED VIOLENCE

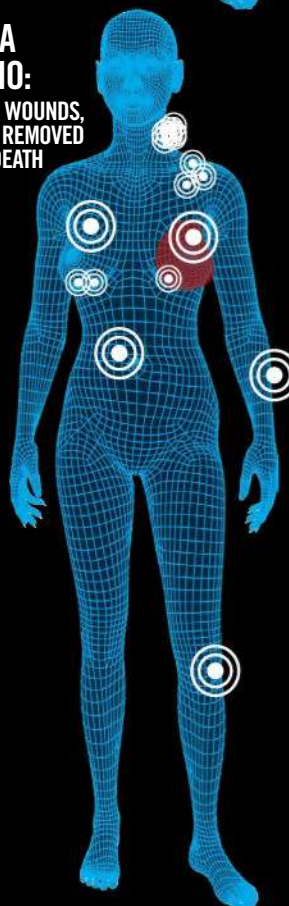
TRICIA PACACCIO:
12 STAB WOUNDS
LEFT ARM BROKEN



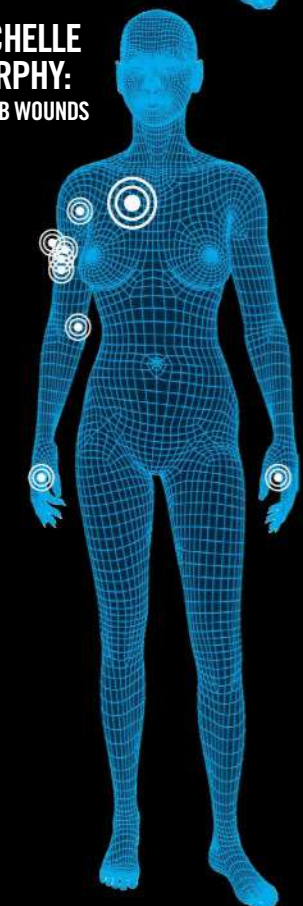
ASHLEY ELLERIN:
47 STAB WOUNDS



MARIA BRUNO:
17 STAB WOUNDS,
BREAST REMOVED
AFTER DEATH



MICHELLE MURPHY:
9 STAB WOUNDS



STAGE SET FOR MURDER

THE SCENE OF GARGIULO'S FIRST CONFIRMED VICTIM WAS A BLOODY MESS, BUT DESPITE A LACK OF DNA, CLUES STILL SHONE A SPOTLIGHT ON THE KILLER

HAIR AND MAKEUP

A hairdryer and curling iron found in the bathroom indicate that Ashley was getting ready for her date before she was attacked.

LEADING LADY

Ashley's body bore signs of a blitz-like attack. Her body was riddled with 47 stab wounds. She was almost decapitated, and her body posed as part of her killer's sick signal that he had orchestrated her demise.

STEP IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION

Bloody tracks leading from the body were determined by forensic experts to be footprints. Drops of blood situated to the left of the footprints were thought to have come from the murder weapon/knife held in the killer's left hand.

CLOSED SET

When Kutcher tried to enter the house that evening, it was locked. Mark Durbin testified that Ashley locked the door behind him after he left. Whoever killed Ashley had access to her house or was let in by the victim.

THE STAR WITNESS

Ashton Kutcher arrived at Ashley's home at 10.45pm. With no sign of Ashley, Kutcher peered into the window, where he saw what he thought to be red wine on the floor. Little did he know it was his date's blood.

Ashton Kutcher confessed he had been worried about being suspected of Ashley Ellerin's murder because his fingerprints had been left on the door at the scene



Defence attorneys Daniel Nardoni (L) and Dale Rubin (R) stand outside Ashley Ellerin's home. In court they argued that there was no evidence that Gargiulo was present on the night of the murder

A COMPELLING SCRIPT

The last call taken by Ashley was at 8.24pm from Kutcher. Durbin called Ashley two or three times between 9pm and 9.20pm. The calls went unanswered, as did a call from one of Ashley's friends, while multiple calls from Kutcher at 10.15pm and 10.45pm give a strong indication of a timeline for her murder.

IN THE WINGS

Ashley's neighbour, Todd Jackson, was walking his dog in the dog park adjacent to Ashley's home when he heard two people between 8.15pm and 8.30pm.

“ BUT POLICE HAD NO CLUE WHERE HE WAS, AND FRUSTRATINGLY, THE DNA MATCH ALONE WAS NOT ENOUGH EVIDENCE TO ARREST GARGIULO ”



roommate when she returned from her night out. Jennifer stayed with a friend that night, returning to the apartment the next morning.

As Jennifer opened the door she walked in on a gruesome scene. Ashley lay in the doorway of the bathroom, her body still dressed in the light green bathrobe, blue tank top and blue shorts she had worn when getting ready for her date. Blood pooled around her and throughout the apartment. Ashley had been stabbed more than 47 times, her neck slashed so deeply she was almost decapitated.

Police were keen to speak to Kutcher and Durbin about their movements that night. Both cooperated with police, and they were soon ruled out as suspects. The crime scene was evaluated by the LAPD, and friends immediately pointed the finger of blame at Gargiulo. Officers took a DNA sample from him but there was no DNA at the scene. Then, much like he had done following the murder of Tricia, Gargiulo moved on, this time to the El Monte area of California.

Approximately a year after Ashley's murder, police in Cook County, Illinois received a stroke of luck. DNA testing, having advanced in the last decade, meant that the DNA samples previously collected from Tricia's body could now be evaluated for further evidence. Cook County police looked at all the people they had previously spoken to during their 1993 investigation and set about tracking them down for a DNA sample. They called the Los Angeles Police Department, aware that he had moved out to California, and asked about their new lead, only to learn that he had been named in another murder. Furthermore, the LAPD had a sample of his DNA from their investigation. When police put the sample into the national database it came up with a match to the DNA found under Tricia's fingernails.

But police had no clue where he was, and frustratingly, the DNA match alone was not enough evidence to arrest Gargiulo. Gargiulo had admitted that he had seen Tricia two days before her murder, so his DNA could have come to be on her due to 'casual contact'. Both Tricia and Ashley's murders remained unsolved.

CREEPY NEIGHBOURHOOD KILLER

Details of Gargiulo's movements after Ashley's murder are scarce, but he did become a father before finally settling alone in El Monte. In 2005 he set up residence at 4626 Arden Way, apartment number 35. Approximately 30 metres away in the same complex, number 20, lived Maria Bruno. According to investigators, the beautiful young immigrant from El Salvador had moved to the US as a teenager. Shortly after her arrival she met her husband, Irving, and they had four children.

Around the same time Gargiulo had moved in, 32-year-old Maria had reported Irving to the police for an incident of domestic violence. On 23 November 2005 she moved out of the family home. She left her husband, who had full custody of their children, and moved to Ardon Way. This was an apartment complex that she picked for its security.

On 1 December 2005, her body was found by her husband when he entered her apartment. Her body had been savaged and mutilated, her blood splashed throughout the apartment. A damning clue to Maria's killer was discovered – a blue shoe cover, which lay a few yards from Maria's front door. Her blood was on the sole.

With another female neighbour dead, Gargiulo made haste, abandoning his wife and son in El Monte. This time he moved to San Francisco. His new address was 1232 Euclid Street, apartment number 10. Approximately 30 metres away

in 1229 12th Street, in apartment number 10, lived 26-year-old Michelle Murphy and her flatmate Olga.

Michelle awoke at around midnight on 28 April 2008 to a searing pain – Gargiulo stood over her body with a kitchen knife, plunging it into her chest. Michelle bravely fought back; she managed to get her legs under Gargiulo's chest and push him from her. In the tussle for Maria's life, Gargiulo nicked himself with the blade. Aware that it was a battle he was losing, he retreated. "I'm sorry" he cried as he fled Michelle's apartment. Michelle locked the door and called her then-boyfriend, who dialled 911.

Police were at her home by 12.30am. In very obvious fashion, Gargiulo had left a trail of blood from Michelle's apartment. DNA testing commenced, and within a few weeks a result was in – there was a match to none other than Gargiulo, who lived within sight of Michelle's home. Police swooped in on Gargiulo and arrested him. When he was in custody, he asked the officer which agency was charging him – leading police to realise that Gargiulo was a wanted man. Within a month of his arrest, he was charged with the attempted murder of Michelle as well as the murders of Ashley and Maria. They were unable to charge him with Tricia's murder, but her killing would be part of a capital murder case to support arguments about what had become Gargiulo's criminal pattern.

STAR WITNESSES

Getting Gargiulo to trial was a mammoth task. No other inmate in the history of the LA county jail has taken so long to go to trial. After more than a decade since his arrest, and almost 18 years since Ashley's murder, Gargiulo's trial finally began on 2 May 2019. With mounting tensions and suspense surrounding his trial, a number of cheap monikers had been attached to his name as Hollywood cashed in on their most famous murder suspect.

Gargiulo was dubbed 'The Boy-Next-Door Killer' for his trademark method: selecting a victim who lived close by. He was also referred to as 'The Hollywood Ripper' by the media, as journalists paid an eerie homage to serial killer Jack The



ABOVE Jurors were taken on a tour of the crime scenes during the trial. Prosecutors wanted to show the jury how close Gargiulo lived to his victims

RIGHT During his final attack Gargiulo left a trail of his blood along the alleyway leading out of Michelle Murphy's San Francisco home

FAR-RIGHT Throughout the trial Michael Gargiulo remained stoic, barely reacting to any of the often-gruesome evidence that was being shown



WHO'S THAT GIRL?

PHOTOS DISCOVERED BY INVESTIGATORS SHOWING A YOUNG GARGIULO WITH A PRETTY BRUNETTE RAISED THE ALARM

After his arrest, police began picking through Gargiulo's possessions, looking for evidence that tied him to the murders. When they came across a picture on his computer hard drive showing Gargiulo with a mystery brunette woman, they grew increasingly concerned that Gargiulo had more victims. The Los Angeles County Sheriff's Office released the image to the public, appealing for information. The woman in the picture was later confirmed to be Yadira Reyes. During his trial, Yadira testified that the last time she saw Gargiulo was when they went on a date when she was 26, but she alleged that the outing turned sour when he forced her into the back of his work van and raped her. She told the court that after she pleaded with him to stop, he began to drive her home. However, as he dropped her off, Gargiulo threatened to hurt her family if she told anyone about what happened.



Image source: LA Sheriff's Office

Ripper, who claimed the lives of at least five women in 1888. Since that Victorian onslaught of terror, the 'Ripper' moniker has been attributed to other serial killers, such as the late Peter Sutcliffe, and now Gargiulo is part of the same club: depraved killers who mutilate their victims for their own gratification. Gargiulo would sneak around under the veil of night, break into his victims' homes and subject them to his depraved methods, leaving a shocking scene behind for their loved ones and police the next day. He was an amalgamation of the worst kinds of serial killers, rolled into one terrifying and deadly assailant.

It was not the defence attorneys, Daniel Nardoni and Dale Rubin, who had the difficult task. The weight of justice fell on prosecutors Dan Akemon and Garrett Dameron to prove beyond reasonable doubt to 12 strangers that Gargiulo was responsible for each attack. Given that there was no forensic evidence that he had been in Ashley's apartment the night of her murder, and that both Ashley and Maria's cases included other men with purported motives, their job was going to be a tough one.

The prosecution's strongest case was that of survivor Michelle. Giving her testimony, she described the terrifying night she fought for her life against Gargiulo. Using her left hand, she illustrated to the court the stabbing motion Gargiulo made as he stood over her armed with a knife. She confirmed that Gargiulo had used his left hand when he stabbed her. This would be a fundamental part of the prosecution's evidence linking Gargiulo to Ashley's crime scene – Steve Schliebe, a blood splatter expert with the LA Sheriff's Department, testified that blood droplets found in Ashley's home pointed to a left-handed killer. The star witness was Kutcher. Since *That '70s Show* he had gone onto



Judge Larry Fidler, who is presiding over the case of one of Hollywood's most notorious criminals, is still to deliver the sentence for convicted double-killer Michael Gargiulo



“WHERE GARGIULO WENT, THE MOSTLY FATAL ATTACKS ON LONE ATTRACTIVE FEMALES FOLLOWED, NOT ONCE, NOT TWICE, BUT FOUR TIMES IN TWO DECADES”

several other A-list TV programs and films and was now married to actress Mila Kunis. When he was in court during the trial, he described his movements the night Ashley was killed – the timeline was crucial to reveal exactly when she had been murdered.

During investigations into Maria's murder, police had recovered a blue shoe cover from Gargiulo's attic that matched the one found outside of Maria's apartment. His DNA had been found on the elastic band left just metres from the murder scene – it was a one in 25,644 match.

One witness, another resident in Ardon Way, testified at court that days before Maria's murder he had seen a man, matching Gargiulo's description, wearing a black cap, who had followed Maria into her apartment. Almost immediately he had retreated with his palms up in front of him “indicating that he was not welcome” according to prosecutor Akeman.

The evidence against Gargiulo was somewhat circumstantial, but a larger picture was building. Where Gargiulo went, the mostly fatal attacks on lone attractive females followed, not once, not twice, but four times in two decades. While Gargiulo was not on trial yet for Tricia's murder, two men, Anthony DiLorenzo and Temer Leary, who worked with Gargiulo in the late 1990s, testified that he had bragged to them about having killed a woman prior to his

move to California. “I actually left the bitch on the step for dead,” he had told them. There were 20 similarities between all four women who had been murdered, including the fact that they were young, attractive and had all been killed with a knife.

The defence argued that Gargiulo had not been behind the murders of Ashley and Maria. Ashley had been in the company of Durbin before she was killed, and it was well known among her friends that she had developed feelings for him. Could Durbin have been worried that Ashley would inform his girlfriend of their affair? If so, that could have been his motive, they claimed. On the stand, Durbin, now married to that same girlfriend, denied he had killed her.

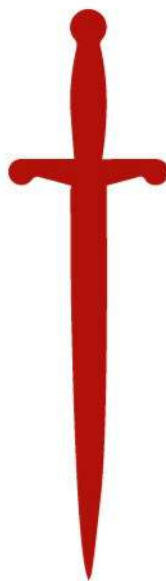
The defence's argument was the same for Maria's case. Her husband was a violent man, and Maria had left the family home. Maria's blood was found in his car on the inside passenger door and on his hat. By his own admission, Irving had been inside the apartment between 2am and 2.45pm. Irving insisted that although he and Maria had split up, they were trying to “patch up” their relationship and were dating. Maria had cut her finger while they were out at a restaurant the evening of 30 November 2005 on a date – an account backed up by the restaurant manager. Irving claimed that they had gone back to Maria's apartment and had sex, and that he had left at 2.45pm, returning at 7.40am to find Maria dead.

The defence insisted that the blue shoe cover found at the scene was Gargiulo's, but that he had dropped it on his way home from work and it had picked up Maria's DNA as the real killer left the scene. Michelle's case was different: they did not argue that he hadn't attacked her, but instead presented evidence from two different psychiatrists who evaluated Gargiulo and concluded that he suffered from dissociative identity disorder (formerly known as multiple personality disorder). Having such a disorder prevented Gargiulo from being able to premeditate – vital when considering someone for first-degree murder.

After a three-month-long trial and dozens of witnesses, the jury retired on 12 August to consider their verdict, almost exactly 26 years after Tricia's murder. It took them three days to consider the arguments, but finally the foreman of the jury stood before Judge Larry Fidler and announced that they found Gargiulo guilty of two murders and one attempted murder. The jury recommended Gargiulo be put to death.

At present the penalty phase of his trial has faced delays as the defence insists on a new trial after revelations that one of the prosecution's witnesses, now-retired detective Mark Lillienfeld, had posed as a deputy in 2018 and smuggled contraband into a county jail while he was working as a district attorney's investigator. Gargiulo's defence attorneys have argued that the prosecution was required by law to disclose it to the defence. This information would have allowed the defence to attack his credibility as a witness and detective during the trial.

Regardless, the death penalty is a real threat for Gargiulo. At present he is also facing extradition to Chicago to face trial, as Tricia's family waits to see if a jury believes that their daughter was Gargiulo's first victim.



INTERVIEW

DEAD MAN WALKING

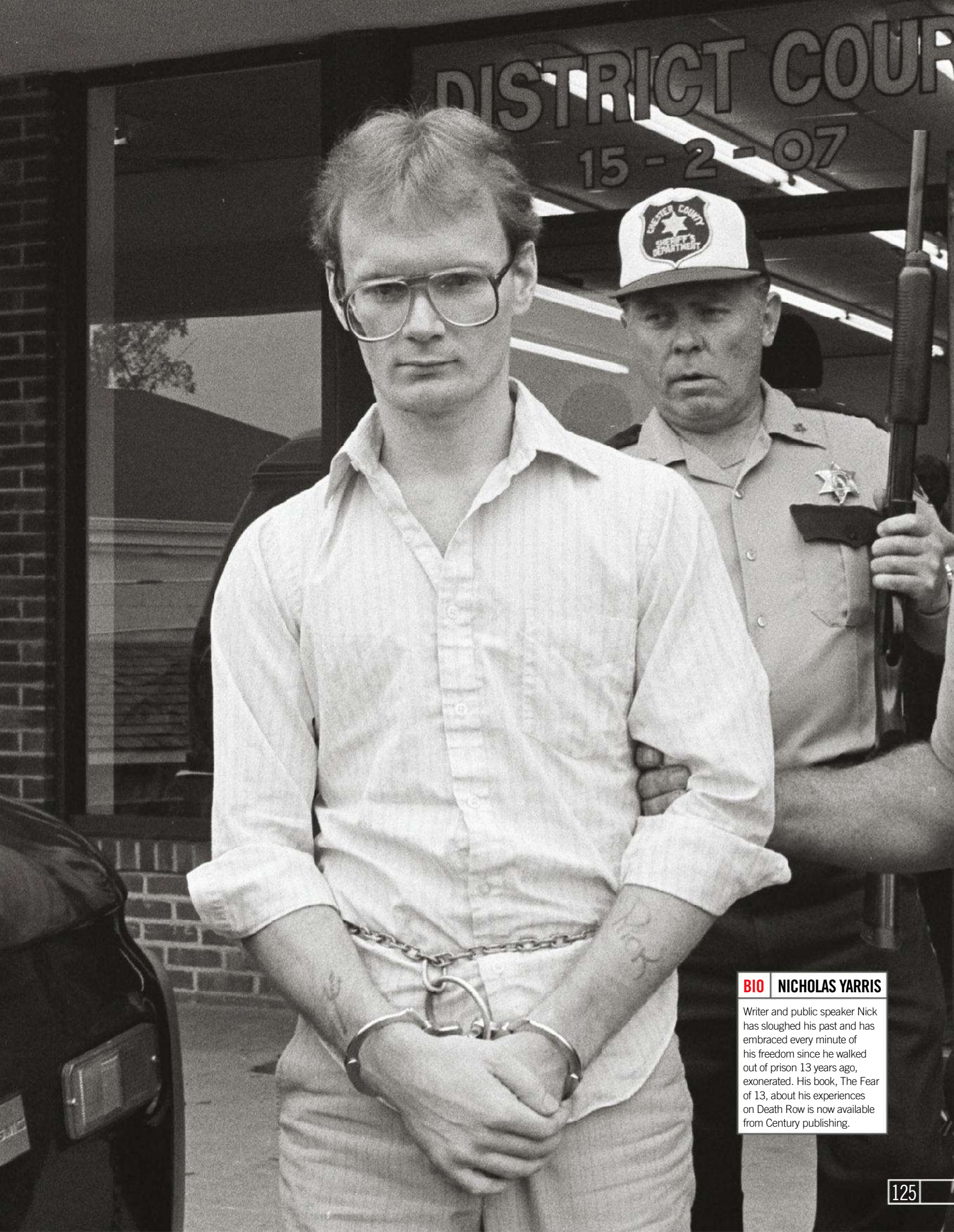
IN 1982 NICK YARRIS WAS SENTENCED TO DEATH FOR A CRIME HE DIDN'T COMMIT. EXONERATED IN 2003, TODAY HE'S FREE TO TALK ABOUT HIS SUFFERING AT THE HANDS OF PRISON GUARDS, THE MENTAL ANGUISH OF BEING ON DEATH ROW AND A SYSTEM THAT SEEMED HELL-BENT ON KEEPING HIM INSIDE

WORDS BEN BIGGS

For a guy who spent over two decades of his life behind bars – most of this time in solitary confinement, most of it expecting to be executed in the near future – Nick Yarris seems surprisingly content with his lot. At the age of 20, he was driving a stolen car through Chester, Pennsylvania, high on methamphetamine when he was stopped by patrolman Benjamin Wright, arrested and jailed. In a state of panic, he pretended to know who was responsible for

the rape and murder of local woman Linda May Craig, and told detectives in the hope he would get a more lenient sentence. Unfortunately for Nick, the man he blamed, whom he thought had recently died of a drug overdose, was very much alive – and had a cast-iron alibi. So, instead of being released from jail, Nick was put on trial for her murder, was found guilty and swiftly sentenced to death. While inside, he struggled with the hopelessness of death row and the

“ INSTEAD OF BEING RELEASED FROM JAIL, NICK WAS PUT ON TRIAL FOR THE MURDER OF LINDA MAY CRAIG, WAS FOUND GUILTY AND SWIFTLY SENTENCED TO DEATH ”



BIO **NICHOLAS YARRIS**

Writer and public speaker Nick has sloughed his past and has embraced every minute of his freedom since he walked out of prison 13 years ago, exonerated. His book, *The Fear of 13*, about his experiences on Death Row is now available from Century publishing.

fear of another beating at the hands of the guards. He chose to educate himself, reading nearly 10,000 books in 20 years, which was his only escape. After a long legal battle with the Pennsylvanian authorities to have evidence from the crime scene released for DNA testing, he was able to prove that he was not at the scene of Linda May Craig's murder.

It's been 13 years since he was released and today, Nick lives in the UK, is married and has children. His Zen outlook that has evolved through years of intense study, mental hardship and introspection has helped him and his family sail through trying times since his release.

You were born into a stable American family, but were attacked and suffered a life-changing head injury as a child. Do you think you would have gone down a different path if this hadn't happened?

It's funny because... I have a photograph of all my friends [from then] who are dead except for me. And I'm the only one who went to prison like that. So it's so strange for me to know for a fact that if I hadn't gone the way that I did, I'd probably have ended up like all of them – with drug overdoses or violence. It's crazy how they all died.

People said that you were going to die or end up on death row if you carried on the way you were, even before your arrest. How much did you believe that yourself?

You wouldn't believe how many people told me that by the time I was 21 I'd be dead or I'd be in prison. I'd be playing out this battle in my mind of not fulfilling this prophecy. And it's a terrible feeling when people you know project that on you. I had no outward projection of anything but hostility and anger; if you had met me at the age of 19, you would have been horrified – I had no time for language, I was very vulgar, I disrespected everyone, I stole, I lied, I had no internal fortitude. It's a terrible thing that a lot of people go through – if you look at substance abusers, these young lives – that's what they do, they're projecting while inside, they're totally ripped apart.

Describe your average day on death row.

It changed a lot because in the beginning there was complete silence; you weren't allowed to speak in your cell. It was really harsh, really draconian. Then there was this explosion of the crack epidemic. They flooded the system with mental patients and the one place you could put them was in solitary confinement. So they flooded death row with all these crazy guys. For 24 hours a day it was like the scene where Charlton Heston rattles the bars and screams in *Planet Of The Apes*, "It's a madhouse"! I had to really adjust. I put on headphones in 1989 and tuned them all out while I got this really great education for myself, listened to albums and read books... then I found out about DNA and I went on that journey for 15 years, then I got short-changed.

While you were on death row, you had committed yourself to the idea that you were going to be executed. Did you wholly accept that?

It's crazy, I did everything so that I wouldn't be embarrassed on my execution day. Isn't that crazy? I went to all this mad effort so I could become strong and have poise for about four minutes of my life while giving my speech. And that's what all my educational efforts were geared for. Everything about your life has to be an effort to try and be ready for execution, and that's all I had left. I worked and I educated myself, and I thought that would be my answer.



The certainty that you're going to die must have some irrevocable changes on a person. How do you think it affected you?

It made me have some perspective of my life. I was forced at a very young age, to try and play out how I would face my death. A lot of people don't have that. That really was a kind of burden to me because, I had a secondary burden all along. I wasn't just accused of a crime I didn't commit, but of a psychologically base crime. Because of that, I was dismissed and demeaned, and treated in the most horrible fashion... I had to deal with all of that and realising that I had to perform a duty for my parents to remain this remarkable person for them, that there was something worthy to come home with.

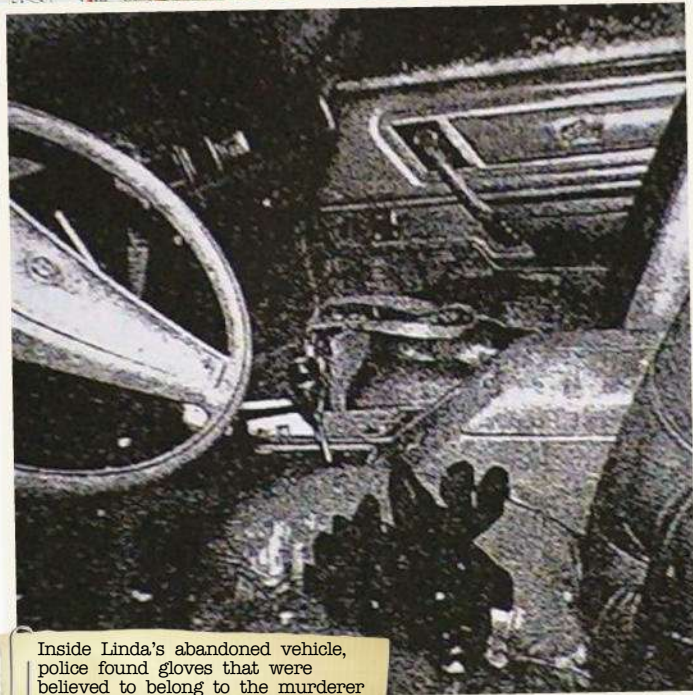
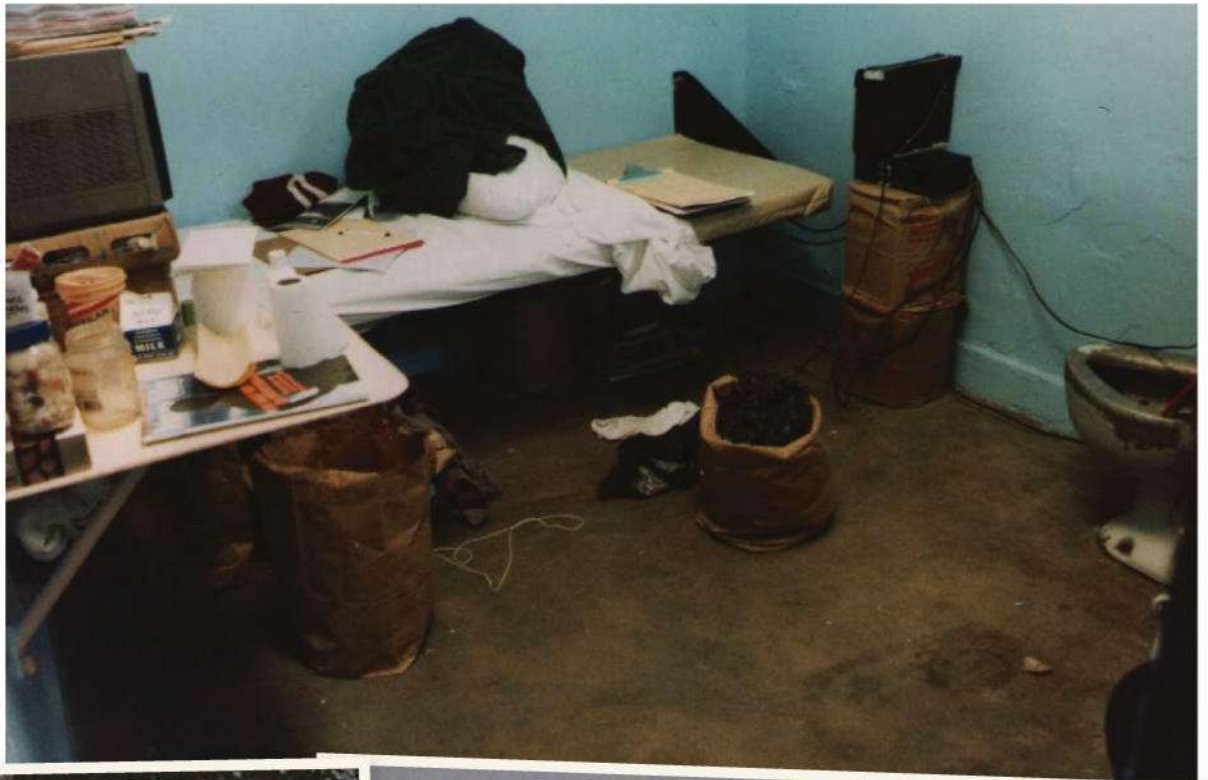
What were your coping mechanisms?

My coping mechanism became my ability to speak to myself. All along I was vulgar and nasty – I never spoke nicely in my life. I realised the ability to transform anything about myself had to begin by speaking to myself in a kind way. I took all the photographs [in my cell] down – the beaches and boobs and cars and stuff – then put one photograph of myself up. I began trying to learn to speak to this person in the hope that they would get me out of this mess. Because I had no-one else to rely on, so I had to try this remarkable thing.

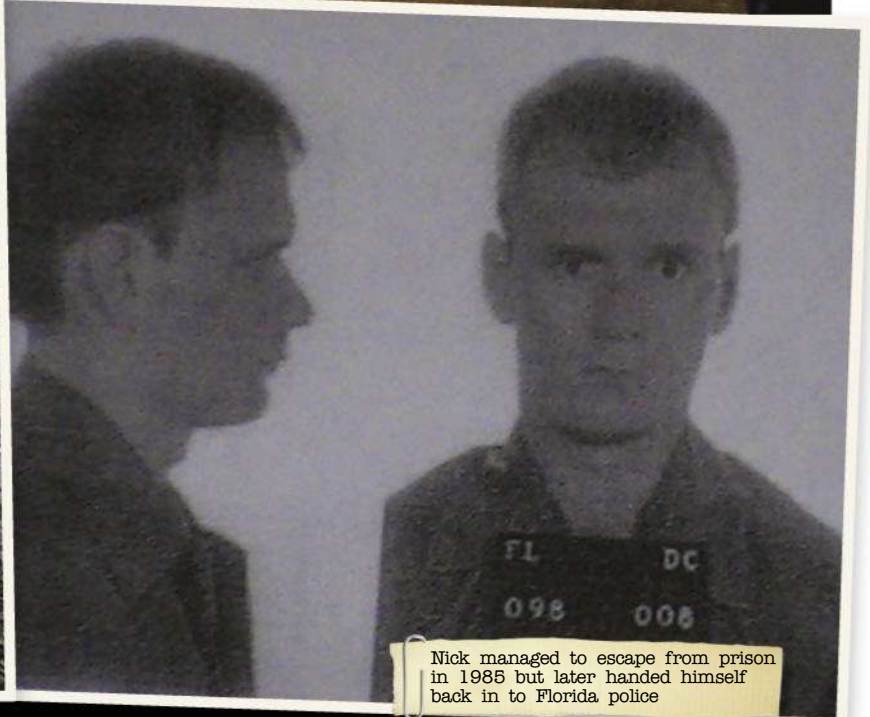
ABOVE Less than a year into his sentence, on Valentine's Day 1983, Nick was transferred to SCI Huntingdon, feared for its draconian methods

TOP RIGHT Solitary allowed Nick to immerse himself in books and music, away from the general prison population

“EVERYTHING ABOUT YOUR LIFE HAS TO BE AN EFFORT TO TRY AND BE READY FOR EXECUTION, AND THAT'S ALL I HAD LEFT”



Inside Linda's abandoned vehicle, police found gloves that were believed to belong to the murderer



Nick managed to escape from prison in 1985 but later handed himself back in to Florida police

WHO WAS STALKING LINDA MAY?

THOUGH NICK HAS BEEN EXONERATED, JUSTICE HAS NOT BEEN SERVED IN THIS UNSOLVED 36-YEAR-OLD MURDER

Having waited hours after Linda May Craig's expected return from her workplace in Delaware's Tri State Mall, her husband phoned the police. Her body was found the following morning on 16 December 1981 in the parking lot of a church two miles from her home, covered with a layer of

snow that had fallen the evening before. Linda had been beaten, her clothes cut open, and she had been raped before she had died from multiple stab wounds. Her abandoned yellow Chrysler Cordoba was found a mile and a half from the scene. Nick Yarris was arrested four days later.

In the week prior to her death, Linda had spoken to both her husband and colleagues at her workplace in the mall about a man that she had suspected was watching her, whom she was afraid of. To this day, this suspicious man has never been identified, and the case remains unsolved.

I didn't know that I was beginning all this brain healing, neuroplasticity. When they [the guards] beat me, broke my face and all, the only voice I heard was the one speaking to me comfortingly later. That's all I had and it became this mantra when I got out... My mother said, "You know, for you to get out and if you're going to be a nasty person, it's going to be a total waste of everyone's time." I really took that to heart, so, I think that's where I got an advantage over everyone. In the previous life that I lived for 23 years, if I expressed myself angrily someone would bash me in the face... and it conditioned me to be a very polite person despite whatever I felt inside. Out here I've mastered that and turned it into a grace, where kindness and politeness are outwardly projected easily. Because it's so much easier for me to be out here. I really get it, I really do. And I'm lucky for it.

During your arrest and your incarceration, there seemed to be a lot of people willing to step on you to benefit their own interests, or simply out of malice.

Yeah, the one who really bothered me was the prosecutor who handled the DNA efforts, Dennis McAndrews. Ironically he now represents handicapped people but at the time, while working for the prosecutor's office, he orchestrated a 15-year effort to destroy all the DNA. I proved it in the court and they paid me millions for it, because they took all the autopsy material and threw it away. And when I found out there was new evidence, they tried to destroy that. They manipulated the system so badly that they felt they'd murdered me... With the passions of the jury being involved, a new case and a murder trial... I can understand that. But a 15-year-long effort to professionally murder me by erasing all the evidence from a rape-homicide case really had to be something big for me to get over. The way I could do that is if I didn't take the whole thing personally. 150 men went through this, they've all been released on DNA evidence, they were all on death row and they're all home. 1,600 people have been proven innocent by DNA since 1996. So I'm thinking, it ain't personal. And that allows me to move on, otherwise I'd live the rest of my life like a prisoner in angst. A lot of us don't recognise that we're living every day under a death sentence, we just haven't had someone tell us the date and time.

It must be easier for you to harbour resentment towards others for putting you on death row, knowing you're not responsible for the crime.

I put myself on death row. I, without any reason or excuse, made up the story about an investigation I had no business getting involved in, and it burnt me. I did that to myself. You see, if I went around trying to blame somebody, I'm an idiot... I have to take responsibility for what I did.

What was it like, to be freed after such a long time in solitary confinement?

The best analogy I can think of is, being 42 years old, someone hands you a blank piece of paper and says, "Tell us who you are." And no-one knows you, no-one's met you and no-one has any idea who you are. I knew right off that no-one would believe a word I had to say... When I first got out, I said that there were two men behind me in the prison who

were innocent, could someone please come help them? And I walked away. I didn't have time for argument because I knew I had no standing. So I then went on a crusade, trying to fight the death penalty. I ended up speaking in UK parliament and other governments. I realised how strange it was for me to be in a death row cell in January 2004, then to be in parliament in October 2004. I'm the same person, but my whole world has flipped. I had to go away and learn how to live again. At age 20 I went to prison and my life stopped. I've only been out of prison for 13 years, so I'm like this 34 year-old man and my living experience reflects that.

You were in solitary for most of your time, so you must have some very unfamiliar human experiences when you got out.

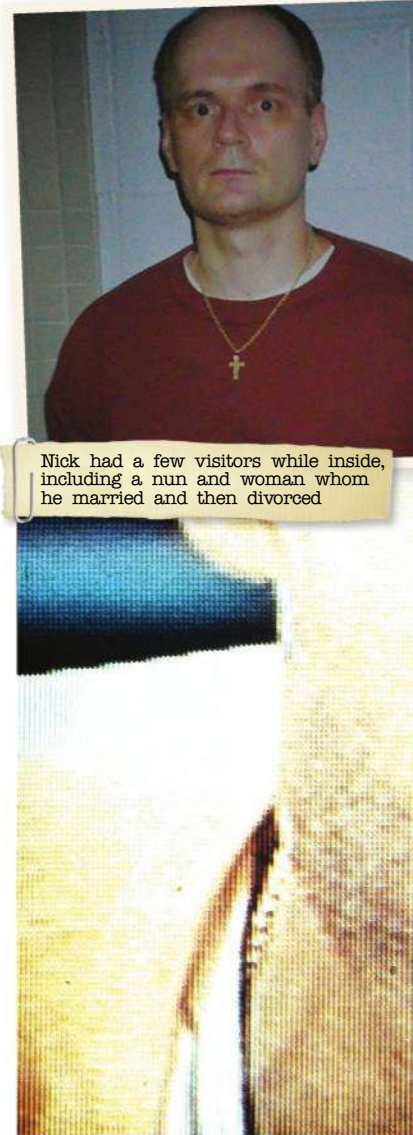
The only thing I realised was that everyone is an extrovert. Before we really used to cherish our diaries and friendships were close bonds. We used to keep things very in-house. If you got into a clique of guys who were friends, it was an exclusive thing. Now everyone's friends on Facebook, everybody has an opinion. Everybody now is outwardly expected to give an opinion, where before, to give an opinion was to expose yourself to weakness and a lot of people were loathe to do so. So when I got out it was amazing to me how many people were so critical and judgemental and... everything's a meme. It's like we're repeating the French Revolution where we're caricaturing humanity en masse. That was the one thing... and I bet if you asked 1,000 people in the street how many of them kept a diary, you'd probably get one per cent.

So social media has replaced that.

It's that or a journal, which we share only with our partner. That's crazy, I don't understand it – it should be you and your wife have Facebook for sharing your memories with your children online and no-one else. Instead, we show everybody this image that we're trying to project of who we are. It's appalling to me in so many ways, but I have to use Facebook for professional reasons to sell books. I get it. As someone who sat in a glass bubble and watched you all develop, I can't believe that so much has been taken off the veneer of our own privacy. We complain about it from the aspect of George Orwell's 1984, but we're willing to splash it... It's unbelievable.

Would you change anything about your life?

Nope. I can't say that. If I do, then I erase everything that remains that makes me who I am today, that makes me happy. No-one wants to take the baggage and the bad with them, but that's the shit that made them who they are, really. I know that, without going through what I went through, without making the mental preparations to die gracefully, I wouldn't be able to live gracefully. I'll take the bad with the good because the good is something I can truly appreciate. We're about to go to the United States with the kids. [We're] going to Disneyland, then we're going to get a motorcoach and drive all the way up to Canada so I can do a professional speaking gig there to 2,000 employees. It's a dream come true for all of us... The only thing holding us back is what we hold in our heads.



Nick had a few visitors while inside, including a nun and woman whom he married and then divorced

ABOVE Nick spent some time on death row next to Ted Bundy. He was continuously taunted by the notorious serial killer after a perceived snub

RIGHT Today, Nick has books and a documentary to his name, and he's working on a film based on his book as well as a stage play



“WITHOUT MAKING THE MENTAL PREPARATIONS TO DIE GRACEFULLY, I WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO LIVE GRACEFULLY”



YARRIS VS THE SYSTEM

FOLLOWING HIS ARREST, NICK YARRIS' EFFORT TO FREE HIMSELF BACKFIRED SPECTACULARLY, AS THE U.S. JUSTICE DEPARTMENT CRUSHED THE CASE FOR HIS DEFENCE

CONFESSED UNDER DURESS

When it became clear Nick had lied about the Linda May murder, he was placed in a cold cell with no blankets or warm clothes, next to a biker gang that was leaked the information that he was an informant. They pelted Nick with urine and water for three days before the sergeant coaxed a "confession" out of him.

TAKING IT PERSONALLY

Before facing the murder, Nick went on trial for assaulting patrolman Wright. When he was acquitted, prosecuting attorney Barry Gross lost his temper, shouting, "Motherfucker – you'll never leave this county alive." Gross went on to take over the prosecution for Nick's murder trial and sought the death penalty, instead of second-degree murder.

WITHHELD FILES

The prosecution refused to hand over 20 pages from the homicide file and 50 paragraphs had been deleted from the pages given to Nick's lawyer, Samuel Stetton. These contained vital evidence and conflicting witness accounts. An attempt by Nick's defence to force the prosecution to hand over the missing material over was refused by Judge Kelly.

A LYING WITNESS

Charles Catalino, an inmate from a cell neighbouring Nick's, testified against him in exchange for a more lenient sentence. Catalino lied, incriminating Nick in his statements about what he had heard Nick say in Chester County Jail.

WHAT AUTOPSY MATERIAL?

Having read about a new watershed in forensic science, Nick asked for DNA testing to be used on the Linda May crime scene evidence. But all of this had somehow been lost. When Nick discovered that a lab still had several slides of material and requested it, the prosecutor sent two unsupervised detectives to retrieve them. The material never made it to the testing lab in Maryland.

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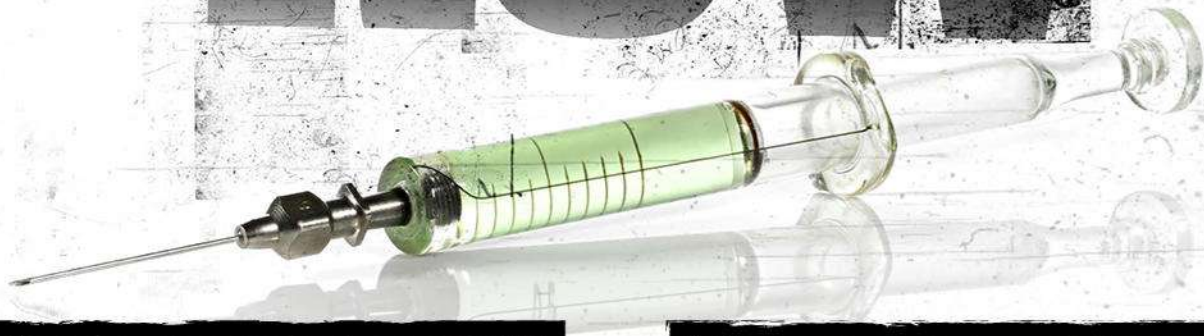
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DEATH ROW

THEY PAID THE ULTIMATE
PRICE FOR THEIR CRIMES



BORN EVIL

BUNDY'S LAWYER REVEALS WHAT IT
WAS LIKE TO DEFEND THE DEVIL



MAN HUNTER

DID THE USA'S MOST INFAMOUS FEMALE
SERIAL KILLER DESERVE TO DIE?



FACING THE FIRING SQUAD

NINE AUSTRALIANS VERSUS THE WORLD'S
MOST DRACONIAN JUSTICE SYSTEM



RILLINGTON PLACE

HOW JOHN CHRISTIE NEARLY GOT
AWAY WITH MURDER